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THE
ATHENEUM;

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OR
SPIRIT OF THE
ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

COMPREHENDING

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, ON ALL
SUBJECTS.

MORAL STORIES.

MEMOIRS AND REMAINS OF EMINENT
PERSONS.

MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.

ORIGINAL LETTERS.

CURIOUS FRAGMENTS.

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ARTS AND SCIENCES.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

REMARKABLE INCIDENTS; DEATHS
WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES;
CHEMICAL AND AGRICULTURAL IM-
PROVEMENTS; &c. &c.

VOL. IX. SECOND SERIES.

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APRIL TO OCTOBER, 1828.

Vol. 23

MONTHLY MAGAZINES have opened the way for every kind of inquiry and information. The intelligence and discussion contained in them are very extensive and various; and they have been the means of diffusing a general habit of reading through the nation, which, in a certain degree hath enlarged the public understanding. HERE, too, are preserved a multitude of useful hints, observations, and facts, which otherwise might never have appeared.---*Dr. Kippis.*

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THE subscribers to the *ATHENEUM* are this day presented with the last number of the present volume. The Second Series now consists of nine volumes. Some alterations and improvements are to be made in the work, and in order that each series may be uniform, a third will be commenced with the next number. It will be printed in a new type, and no pains will be spared to render its appearance superior to that of the preceding volumes.

During the eleven years the *ATHENEUM* has been published, its patronage has always been such as to convince the Proprietor of its usefulness, and to induce him to believe it has been acceptable to its readers. Although, from the nature of the work, we have been unable to seize upon and turn to account every passing local event, or to trim our sails to the various and changeful breezes which at different times sweep across the current of public opinion in this country; yet, treating of subjects which are confined neither to time nor place, which are interesting wherever there is an intellect to understand, a heart to feel, or a desire for amusement to be gratified, we believe the *ATHENEUM* has been a valuable, as well as a popular Magazine.

With regard to the Third Series, we do not wish to be profuse in our promises; but a few words in relation to the course we shall pursue, may not here be out of place. It has been said, we think with truth, that "Literature is uniformly in its best state, and fulfilling in the best manner its legitimate purposes, while ministering to the elegant enjoyments of life,—mixing up the bright and beautiful elements of imagination and sentiment with the every-day opinions of mankind, speaking in a tone of higher feeling than is current in the common walks of existence, and bringing together the moralities of reason and fancy for the mental food of men in general." These sentiments will be held in mind by the Editor, in selecting articles for the *ATHENEUM* from sources so ample and varied as those to which he has recourse. The English Magazines are at the present time conducted by men of the highest intellect and of the greatest learning. By their means an extended community receive the instructions, and enjoy in a manner the society, of the most distinguished scholars and philosophers, whose opinions or genius could in no other way have become known or useful to them. The best, most instructive and entertaining articles contained in these magazines; interesting tales, intelligence of what is new or

useful in the arts and sciences, travels in different countries, reviews of new publications, original poetry, essays on moral and religious subjects ; in short, every species of writing which will amuse or edify, without offending the delicacy or touching the religious or political creed of any one, will receive its due place in the pages of the *ATHENEUM* ; and it is hoped it will thus constitute a Miscellany which shall not only afford entertainment to all classes of readers, but also subserve the interests of science and of morality.

A series of Sketches of Contemporary Authors has been commenced in this volume. The author of them is a writer of great power, and we doubt not they have been read with pleasure and profit. These, with Sketches by other writers, will be continued in succeeding numbers.

The occasional introduction of a plate will be continued, if our patronage continues to warrant us in this expensive ornament.

The *ATHENEUM* will be published, as heretofore, on the 1st and 15th of every month, each No. containing 40 pages, large octavo, forming two volumes a year of nearly 500 pages each. The price is five dollars a year.

Boston, September 15, 1828.

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SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

NO. 1.]

BOSTON, APRIL 1, 1828.

[VOL. 9, N. S.]

THE MAJOR AND MYSELF.

"Life is illusion : else my heart had borne
The feelings at this moment, which it bore
In youth's warm noon."—ANON.

AS I have nothing better to do, it is clear that I cannot do better than get rid of a few melancholy hours, by a fond recollection of past events; wherein I have (it has so happened) been a chief feature. In these recollections, I find a great deal to congratulate myself upon, but very little for which I can, with any consistency, affect gratitude. My vices have been, and are, not worth mentioning; my virtues I do not care to speak about. It is well said, "Virtue is its own reward;" but it is not well that it should be so.

I was, it has been told me, an extraordinary child; giving early indications of a wonderful precocity of intellect and fertility of imagination, which soon discovered itself in harmless and pleasant conceits of shifting facts occasionally, but innocently, from my own proper shoulders to the back of others. How soon did I scout, nay, utterly condemn, those absurd chronicles of the nursery, narrated by its venerable occupant!—how soon set at nought the rule of that garrulous woman! Nor did my youth belie the promise of my infancy. Suffice it, that to the prodigality of nature was superadded the liberal endowment of art.

And here I cannot but suspect that many of my qualifications have rather tended to pluck me back in my progress through the world. Thus,

my knowledge of billiards was not very cheaply purchased, by being compelled to place into thorough repair the ruined limbs of a helpless marker, whom I casually cast out of the window.

My advancement in the science of fencing was sullied, if not retarded, by a silly accident. I chanced inadvertently, to dig out with my foil the sinister orb that figured in the countenance of my gigantic friend, Lieutenant Jacks—an orb, I was afterwards apprized, never failing at an ogle—fatal in point-blank encounter. Alas! Lieutenant Jacks was never after held in any account by the ladies, who looked upon him with as much indifference as upon that domestic Polyphemus—a bodkin.

My skill in swimming oftentimes seduced me to the treacherous deep. Caught by the leg, as in a vice, by a cramp-tortured tyro, I have been fain to

"Visit the bottom of the monstrous world," toe in digit, and have been grateful, indeed, to emerge by hook or by crook of the Humane Society. Drowning persons do not "catch at straws," whatever some may affect to believe.

The Major and I were, in all respects, precisely similar—in taste, habits, person—exactly alike. The Major was that very man whom it

pleased Providence to allot to me for a maternal uncle; and truly the relationship was immediately discernible. But our intercourse was kept up in a spirit of companionship and equality, which something scandalized our friends. We were sworn brothers in all parties—rivals in love; forever dining at the same table—not unfrequently rolling together under it.

The Major was a tall, loosely-arranged man, with a figure susceptible of every variety of movement and contortion. His face was like the ingenious apex of a carved walking-stick; his arms, like grappling-irons. Then his legs seemed attached to his body by way of special favour—extra appendages, borrowed “by the hour;” and the feet belonging to these legs looked like continuations of the same at right angles, or as though Nature had doubled them down, to mark where she had left off. Ladies would have called him an ordinary—others thought him an extraordinary—man.

Now the Major was a vast favourite with the ladies; and I do not wonder at it. He was a very Chevalier Bayard of the drawing-room—the perfect type of chivalrous devotion. His bow was literally the *ne plus ultra* of flexibility of manners. He was evidently bent upon making “both ends meet,”—like a pinched annuitant upon the verge of Candlemas. For elegant flattery, tact, liveliness, anecdote, humour, and untiring perseverance, there was no one like him. For an eye, a sigh, a squeeze of the hand, or an appeal to the heart, I never heard of his equal. Perhaps I bear some resemblance to him in these matters.

Then could he dance immensely! Once put in motion, so astonishing with his vigour in that exercise, that you would have sworn there must be, not one, but many Majors—a legion in all parts of the room. In song, also, he was accounted great, though I have heard some who denied the purity of his taste. His voice was a bass and soprano at log-

gerheads—alternate roar and falsetto; now rumbling and tumbling helter-skelter down the scale; and anon leaping over the diapason, and turning sharp corners of sound (if I may use the expression) in the most delightful manner conceivable. Withal, he was a perfect gentleman.

The Major had been many years in India, from whence he returned touched slightly in the liver. It was far from delightful to hear, therefore, that his regiment was ordered off to Gibraltar shortly after his return. He found himself unable to coincide in this arrangement.—“What!” he thundered, “chained to a rock, with the liver complaint—like that old pestilent ninny, Prometheus—not to be thought of!” And so he exchanged into another regiment, congratulating himself upon his prudence, and repeating the above pleasantry as an evidence of it. Classical, I admit, but hardly conclusive—more especially as the exchange was any thing but advantageous.

Being at college, I oft received intimations of the Major’s health and proceedings from his own hand, some of which were of a peculiarly strange import; but I was not a little surprised, one morning, to receive an effusion, which instructed me that he (the Major) was contracted in marriage to a lady who—this fatal manuscript assured me—was violently prejudiced against—nay, who denounced me as a worthless abettor and encourager of his faults, which she was about to eradicate. I was advised to pursue diligently my studies, and not to attempt, under pain of frustration, to thrust myself into their domestic tranquillity. The conclusion spake of a cessation of cash payments.

This effusion operated like a gemini of new-sprung spectres upon my nerves. As my eye reeled upon each successive word, the air became thick and clogged. I screwed the letter painfully up into my clammy palm; my respiration quickened in an irrational ratio, till at length it gave birth to a clamorous complain-

ing scream, which lasted during the remainder of the intelligence. It was too evident, as I knew, by the sign of the "crooked billet," that I was irretrievably marred, by which same token I despaired. And then, no more remittances ! The thing

—"resolved itself into *a do*."

I turned it over and over in my mind, till my brain took the hint, and began to turn likewise—but without avail.

I was thunderstruck. The Major married, and I unprovided for ! That last thought went, like a flash of lightning, through all my empty pockets, and set fire to bills which already appeared waving in the hands of importunate beings, with faces lit up by a ruthless glare. What could I do but—as I did—order post-horses, and scamper across the country to the mansion of the Major, concocting affecting appeals, as I rolled along, to all the finer sensibilities of man's nature—nepotal affection, domestic tenderness, and what not ; which I proposed to illustrate from the practice of the fabled Pelican ; and, indeed, by instances carefully culled from natural history, well *worthy* of belief, but assuredly very incredible.

As I drew up the avenue, a prophetic gloom spread itself over the premises. A gang of geese, of the most melancholy breed, held their funeral course toward a sombre pond, and dropt, like substances of lead, into it. A rustic swain, leaning on reversed pitchfork, pursed up a brace of long lips, and created a tune of the wretchedest monotony ; and the middle-aged aloe in front of the door looked more stiff and formal than ever. The servant who opened the door presented that index to the volume of his brain, a face, in which I read small emphatic meanings, as in a vocabulary ; and the butler, as he advanced towards me, appeared to my alarmed apprehensions, to be drawing down the corners of his mouth, even unto the waistcoat-pockets.

However, gaining courage from despair, I burst into the parlour, and, going upon my knees, demanded a blessing. Alarmed, not a little, by this abrupt genuflexion, the Major and his lady started from their chairs, and gazed, first at me and then at each other, dubiously, and in a manner that would have moved the rigid muscles (rigid in death !) of the unfortunate Miss Bailey herself, but which affected me not a whit. The Major took a pinch of snuff, as if preparing to metamorphose his hand into a fist ; and my aunt-in-law tossed a nose, blue as the firmament, into the air, and muttered expressions of contempt and disgust.

"It won't do, Jack—it won't do !" said the Major, after a pause, with strange calmness. "Resume your perpendicularity, and vanish. You're not safe. Now, do go—Jack, my dear boy, go—or I'll throw you out of the window, you rascal, I will !" Saying which, I retired, and betook myself to the hall, in an agony of doubt, amazement, and fear. Here I paced wildly about, smiling grievously, and at intervals breaking forth with disastrously whimsical confessions of the gratification this treatment afforded me. Then did I arrange my frill, and pluck at my collar, till I nearly drew my shirt off my back ; and kicked the chairs about, after a most ridiculous fashion.

Presently, the Major came oozing through the parlour-door, and, beckoning me to him, said confusedly, "Jack, you dog, you're not liked—abhorred, upon my soul ! Therefore, make no (broken) bones of the matter, but return to college." And so, squeezing into my hand a small paper, he shrunk back. Now this was spoken so hurriedly, that I found it impossible to put in even an indefinite article edgeways ; *argal*, I was constrained to sneak off—pacified, in a measure, by observing a bank-note pendent from my fingers ; and, stepping into the post-chaise, drove back again with even more speed than I came.

At college, I must confess, I de-

rived great advantage from a perusal and diligent study of the ancients, and, upon the whole, tender my filial affection to Alma-Mater, with a lively gratitude ; but a greedy reception of certain philosophical dogmas, or a too implicit reliance upon them, did go far to dislodge that solid substratum of reason which should have lain over the too ductile imagination. Thus, by pursuing and adopting the visionary theory of Bishop Berkeley, I certainly vindicated my claim to the title of a lad of *spirit* ; and, while I believed that “nothing is but what is not,” forgot straight-waistcoats, and a monosyllabic keeper. I never cared to ask, because I suppose there were none to answer—

*“An me ludit amabilis
Insania ?”*

and, in consequence, the wings of my imagination began to indulge in extraordinary flights—flights which quite carried away my head with them. Indeed, it was a physiological problem, whether I had not now become total head and wings ; like a carved cherub over a grave-stone—all pinions and pericranium !

But, just in time to avert the entire defection of my understanding, the Major appeared one morning before me ; and, without much ceremony, explained in few words, thus—

“Jack, we must go to town together. You’ll not have a farthing to bless yourself with or me ; for—that rascally agent !” I scratched my head ruefully.—

“You are to learn, Jack, I did not marry for money. No,”—observing my incredulous grin,—“no ! that’s all settled upon her.” I grinned not. “It was not my wish to step into the property ; but to vault into her affections, Jack—to hop into her good opinion. Now the agent, in whose hands my property lay, has failed. What the devil’s to be done ?” Here was an announcement ! I felt my fortitude hurrying away with my reason, at the rate of ten faculties a minute, and sank upon a chair, with a ghastly arrangement of mouth, in-

tended for the production of an extended sound—which, however, came not.

“What the devil’s to be done, I say ?” bellowed the Major. “Shall we convict and hang the scoundrel—for such he is ; and if not, why not ?—Eh ?” This emphatic “Eh ?” violently contracted as it was in length of expression, roused me to a scene of acute mental anguish ; but I was roused ; and, heaving up a prodigious groan, which relieved me, prepared to counsel, and, all preliminaries arranged, to accompany my ill-fated uncle.

But the Major prepared to unlock those hidden gifts and graces of philosophy, whereof not the possession, but even the enjoyment and casual exercise, were previously unknown to me. Sooth to say, he did in timely exordiums,

——“unsphere
The spirit of Plato,”——

and discovered immortal things—chewed in mental detail the bitter sweets of adversity—and touched and purified, with the tongue’s fire, the loathsome malefactions of the world.

“Poverty—pew !” cried the Major ; and he sang a stanza ;—“poverty is the mere fact of being without—nothing more ; a negation of means—the reverse of a settled income, do you observe ? A positive condition of humanity, nevertheless. Poverty is the region of speculation——”

“Very true,” I despondingly interrupted ; but the philosopher has swallowed up the man. My dear sir, not poverty, but famine, is the word—philosophic famine, that supplies that desideratum in science—a vacuum.—Oh, Major !”

He was moved. I continued :—“You marvel—let us not wonder—our property is gone !” He strode violently towards the coach-office : I trotted briskly and busily after him. “Our destiny is fixed !”

“Hold your d—d croaking !” roared the Major.—

“We are ripe for the sickle, and shall be cut down and garnered ; beggary and want shall enlist us, with-

out the formulary or payment of a shilling, in

—‘ the grisly legion that troop
Beneath the sooty flag of Acheron.’

In a word—we shall go to the dogs, and be sent to the devil !”

Thus did I, by trope and figure, pour out the bitterness of my soul to my companion, who now perspired copiously, and coined new modes of expression and modifications of utterance in the effectual transmission of the agent’s soul into the regions of Lucifer.

Immediately upon our arrival in town, the Major departed, blaspheming, to the office of the ill-starred insolvent ; leaving me to order my solitary dinner at a tavern, to which he directed my attention.

It was a fine winter evening. The “well-dressed people” were passing the windows, with shawls over arms, and oranges in pocket, destined for the pit and gallery of the theatre ; the boys, with ferocious voices, were presenting their bills ; and the gentlemen of the ubiquitous finger were becoming possessed of bandanas “under prime cost.”

There was no living creature in the coffee-room but myself. A full-length clock stood moralizing in one corner, with its hands upon its face ; like a wine-bibber, stung with compunction for past offences. The very dog had betaken himself to the scullery, to be kicked about by the saturnine and extensive cook, by way of a change of life ; and the waiters were tolling their egometical proportions on each side of the street-door.

Having succeeded in overcoming the patient resistance of the most obstinate pullet that ever stepped out of egg-shell, and drank about a pint of a black mixture set before me, and called port, I grew excessively depressed—(I remember that evening well !)—and began to analyze, and curse, and continue to guzzle the wine, till my lips dyed black ; and I looked, for all the world, like Mr. *Beverley* in the last scene. I suspect that the landlord took me for a rat

that infested the place, and took this method of poisoning me.

Then there came into the room two individuals, who served to divert my attention awhile from my sorrows. They caused to be procured glasses of brandy and water, and it was astonishing to behold their prompt appropriation of them. But I soon grew tired of these swillers ; nay, I seemed to wish to pick a quarrel with them—they looked so happy. There was one with a sort of orange-peel complexion and rhubarb-coloured wig, who talked in so low a key that I could not hear a word ; and the other was a mere fat occupier of space, who never spoke at all. But what particularly enraged me was, that these unintelligible words caused a violent laughter to distend the midriff of this fat one ; but it was altogether a noiseless effort—save a finely-attenuated wheeze that, at intervals, escaped from its pectoral prison. They were not fits of laughter, but lethargies, during which he lay in a trance. But soon these went away, and left me to myself.

During this interval of solitude, my mind underwent wonderful alterations of feeling, which ended in comparative tranquillity. I became cheerful and composed—imagined castles in the air, and countenances in the fire—

“The ghastly colour from my lips was fled ;” and, in short, I was, to all intents and purposes, but my creditors, quite another man ? so that, when my uncle came gasping in, about midnight, with a look like *Jeremiah*, and told me that all indeed was lost, I contrived to demean myself with decent resignation.

As for the Major, he worked his inside out, like a spider, to very little purpose. Seated before the fire, with his legs upraised upon the hob, and brandishing the poker, which he occasionally plunged between the bars, he expounded his private views upon the question.

“The villainous embezzler,” quoth

he, "set a heap of books before me, of which I could make neither head nor tail; and took me up stairs to see his starving wife and eleven 'little ones!'—a superhumanly immense brood!—each of whom, as I entered, flew off to another region. The wife pretty—but he a knave!" And thus he went on and on, till the candles fell into convulsions in the sockets, and the curious stare of the aye-yawning waiter reminded us of bed.

Here, between a pair of wonderfully wet sheets, I rheumatized till morning, when I

—"rose, like an exhalation,"

from my vapoury couch, and met the Major in the coffee-room, restored, by his night's rest, to his habitual good spirits.

We entered at once into a long conference touching future arrangements, when it was decided that I should remain in town—the Major vowing to exert his interest with his lady to permit my domestication under their London roof. In the meantime, he furnished me with a sum of money, and we parted—he to his own home, and I into the wide wilderness of streets, in quest of lodging, which I procured.

To a young man just entering life, adversity is the pleasantest thing imaginable—for a short time: there is just enough of romance in the situations to render them interesting. We console ourselves with the "precious jewel in the head," and find out the precious value of the heels in a brief period. "No prospect!" says Reason;—"No matter!" says Sentiment. "*Facilis descensus Averni!*" and some enjoy an alacrity in sinking.

The Major and I now met less and less frequently. I have good reason to suspect that his domestic roof wanted repair—or, at least, he seldom made a segment of the family circle. He chiefly spent his time between his club and the Opera; and when he, by chance, stumbled upon me at the play or in the park, our conversation

took a strangely general turn. Now and then, indeed, would he cast his eye mournfully upon my *fac-simile* figure, with a sort of "*ingenui vultus puer*" comment, and break out with, "Egad, Jack, we must contrive something for you;" at which period I made interest for the supplies; but all serious debate was inevitably interrupted at its outset by some cursed mischance or another.

For my own part, my avocations partook equally of the sublime and the ridiculous. I hated mediums. I drank largely of Burton ale and metaphysics; at one moment, pouring over the philosopher of Malmesbury; at another, snoring over the details of a prosing incurable, twaddling behind a long and pallid pipe, with an asthma and eternity of tongue—and no snuff-box!

My leisure begot aspirations after better things—hopes and yearnings of the soul, which I am almost sorry to have parted withal. I fell in love at the theatre with a married woman, and looked like the "Last Man" for three days; during which I read Rousseau and Werter. I became a connoisseur in milliner's girls, and took to small poetry and the columns of the *Morning Post*;—nay, I might have written a tragedy, but for the difficulty of disposing of some of the unoffending interlocutors in the last act; unless by causing one of the characters to take offence at a trifle, and so give occasion for the promiscuous slaughter of the rest.

In the meantime I waxed melancholy, and took to crossing of arms and legs—opined that my talents were overlooked—and felt convinced that their diminutive extent was not the cause. I grew selfish and disagreeable, quarrelled with my landlady, and cut myself vilely in shaving. Then I succeeded in walking in my sleep, till I perineated a sky-light, and scared the maid-servant into hysterics, and the cat into the copper. Assuredly, I was in a pitiable state, and looked out, above all things, for the approach of death.

And now the Major was about to leave England, for India, with his regiment, once more. Any preference of his native land had long since been buried—a ceremony of interment, at which his lady had officiated as sexton; and *my* prospects alone occupied the intervening space.

We discoursed at large upon this topic the evening before his departure.—

“What do you think of the law?” I inquired.

“As of a gown and wig, which, in defiance of the proverb, you may keep for seven years without having any occasion for; unless you should, perchance, be employed to adjust the ownership of a mad dog at Clerkenwell sessions, and so forth.”

“What say you to the army?”

“No, to that.”—

“Marriage—with an heiress, or a rich widow?” and I tipped a very sagacious wink.

“Ha, ha, ha, ha—ah!” replied the Major, the final note thrilling like a passing bell; and, again, “Ha—ha—ah!” and straight he resorted to mandarin-like movements of the head, rockings of the chair, and extractions of the watch; but he answered never a word.

“No, Jack,” said the Major, musing, “I’ll speak about you to some of my friends before I go; they’ll do something for you, never fear; we shall manage, never fear.—But it grows late.”

I rose to go: he took the candle, and followed me down stairs. It was raining inhumanly;—he handed me a kind of green sieve, fastened to a stick.

“God bless you, my dear boy, Jack!” said the Major, and wrung my hand; “I shall see you again.”

I ran half the length of the street, and stopped. I looked back. The Major was still upon the door-steps, with the candle flaring in his hand. He turned, and went into the house. I never saw him more!

One evening, as I sat dyspepsically at my accustomed box in the

coffee-room, amusing my leisure by committing to memory the births, marriages, and deaths, and observing how ludicrously some of the first had slipped down into the third, since my last review of those interesting memorials;—I repeat, I sat thus employed, when my friend, Lieutenant Jacks (whom I have erewhile remembered), entered the room. To start up, and crush the paralyzed paw of that martial man, was the work of an instant; to compel him to a seat, the employment of another.

But Jacks drooped strangely—gloom, of the most decided character, overspread the inane diameter of that absurdly idiotic face; he sighed *Æolianly*—by gusts. What could he have to communicate? I knew he was just arrived from India;—probably a letter from the Major—for which I tendered my hand; but, having sorted to his satisfaction the figures of his rhetoric, Jacks ejaculated,—

“Jack, your uncle is—no more! A determination of bullets to the head, my dear fellow! Here are his watch, seals, and ring. I have communicated the intelligence to your aunt.” He ended, mumbling, and formed grimaces hitherto unknown.

I saw him not—I heard him no longer—I answered him not. My heart was too full for endurance; and, covering my face, I dropt my head upon the table, and burst into an agony of tears.

All that the Major had done for me—all his kindness, his affection—rushed into my mind at once. Every kind and every unkind word he had ever spoken to me—but, more than all, my many follies and ungrateful returns of his generosity—all that might have caused a pang of disquietude to him—came, now that he could no longer be sensible of my regret, like the very retribution of the grave itself!

The Major was, in truth, the only one in the whole world for whom I had ever cared a rush. He was gone!

I have done. The portrait of the

Major, as I conclude my last glass, seems to smile benignantly upon me. Yes—there was a happiness, unknown at the time, in those admirable retrenchments—those salutary withholdings of wealth, which I more than fear I may yet live to envy. Our very miseries, remembered, turn into motives and superinducements

of happiness. In fact, the only happiness I now enjoy is the pleasing satisfaction of knowing how wretched I have been—a kind of enjoyment which, as far as appearances go, I think not unlikely to continue. Be it so! “Worse than the worst—content.”

ANDREW CLEAVES.

ARRIVING about dark one evening at a large village, where I proposed taking up my quarters for the night, I observed a general stir and agitation, as if a bee-hive were pouring forth its swarming colonists; and as I proceeded down the long straggling street, towards the sign of “The Jolly Miller,” the whole population of the place seemed streaming in the opposite direction of the churchyard, which I had passed at the entrance of the village. Men, women, and children, were hurrying along, with an appearance of eager trepidation; and there was a general hum of voices, though every one seemed to speak below his natural key, except a few blustering youngsters, who were whetting their own courage, by boasting of it with valiant oaths and asseverations, and ridiculing the cowardice of the women and children. The latter were running along close by their mothers, holding fast by their gowns or aprons, and every minute pressing nearer, and looking up in their faces, with eyes of fearful inquiry. As the different groups scudded swiftly by me, I caught here and there a few disjointed words about “a ghost,” and “the church-yard,” and “all in white,” and “Old Andrew,” and “ten-foot high,” and “very awful!” Half-tempted was I to turn with the stream, and wind up my day’s sport with a *Ghost hunt*, but the sign of the Jolly Miller waving before me, and the brown loaf, and foaming cun, so naturally depicted thereon, were irresistible attractions to a poor Pis-

cator, who had fasted since early morning from all but the delights of angling; and who, as day declined, had followed the windings of the stream for many a weary mile, to seek rest and refreshment at the village hostelry. It was well for me that I arrived not in equestrian equipage, for neither landlord, hostler, nor male biped of any denomination, was visible about the large old house and its adjacent stable-yard. But I needed no attendance; so stooping with my shoulder-load of rod, basket, and landing-net, as I stepped down one step into the low heavy old porch, I passed straight on into the kitchen, where a blazing fire in the huge gaping chimney, gave me a cheerful welcome, though neither there, nor in the adjoining tap-room, could I espy signs or tokens of any living creature. I could have been well contented to take silent possession of one of the high-backed settles within the ingle-nook, had there been wherewithal within reach to appease “the rage of hunger,” whose importunate calls were rather incited than suppressed by the feeling of warmth and comfort which circulated through my whole frame, as I stood beside the companionable hearth. So I called lustily, and thumped the end of my fishing-rod against the heavy oak table and dark wooden partition, till at last came hurrying forth from an inner-chamber, a little old woman, whose sharp shrivelled face betokened no mood of sweet complacency. But a few words, intimating my intentions of sojourning in

her house that night, and my voracious designs upon her larder and ale-butt, smoothed, as if by magic, half the wrinkles in her face, and put her in such good-humour, with *me* at least, that she would fain have installed me into the chilling magnificence of the parlour, whose sanded and boarded floor, and dismal fireless grate, nodding with plumes of fennel, like the Enchanted Helmet in the Castle of Otranto, I was obliged to glance at, though the first glimpse sent me back with shivering eagerness to the comforts of the kitchen hearth, where at last I was permitted to settle myself, while mine hostess spread for me a little claw-table, with a snow-white cloth, and set about preparing my savoury supper of fried eggs and rashers.

It was not till I had despatched two courses of those, with a proportionate quantum of "jolly good ale and old," that I found leisure, while attacking the picturesque ruins of a fine old Cheshire cheese, to question mine ancient hostess respecting those signs of popular agitation which had excited my curiosity as I came through the village. My inquiry set wide open the floodgates of her eloquence and indignation. "Well I might ask," she said, "but, for her part, she was almost ashamed to tell me what fools the folks made of themselves,—her master among 'em,—who was old enough to know better, Lord help him! than to set off, night after night, galloping after a ghost,—with Bob Ostler at his heels, and that idle hussey Beckey, leaving her to mind the house, and look to everything, and be robbed and murdered for what they knew,—and all for what quotha? She wished, when *their* time came, they might lie half as quiet in their graves as old Andrew did in his, for all their nonsensical crazy talk about his walking o' nights." I waited patiently till the *larum* had unwound itself, then taking up that part of the desultory invective which more immediately related to the haunted churchyard, and its unquiet tenant, I got the old

lady fairly into the mood of storytelling; and from what she then related to me, and from after gleanings among other inhabitants of the village, succeeded in stringing together a tolerably connected narrative.

Andrew Cleaves, whose remains had been interred the preceding week in Redburn Churchyard, was the oldest man in its large and populous parish, and had been one of the most prosperous among its numerous class of thriving and industrious husbandmen.

His little property, which had descended from father to son for many generations, consisted of a large and comfortable cottage, situated on the remote verge of the village common, a productive garden, and a few fields, which he cultivated so successfully, rising up early, and late taking rest, that by the time he had attained the middle period of life, he was enabled to rent a score more acres—had got together a pretty stock of cattle—had built a barn—and enclosed a rickyard—and drove as fine a team as any in the parish—was altogether accounted a man "well to do in the world," and was generally addressed by the style and title of "Farmer Cleaves." Then—and not till then,—and still with most phlegmatic deliberations, he began to look about him for a partner—a *help meet*—in the true homely sense of the word, was the wife he desired to take unto himself; and it was all in vain—"Love's Labour Lost"—that many a wealthy farmer's flaunting daughter—and many a gay damsel of the second table, from my lord's, and the squire's,—and divers other fair ones set their caps at wary Andrew, and spake sweet words to him when *chance* threw them in his path, and looked sweet looks at him, when he sat within eye-shot at church, in his own old oaken pew, hard by the clerk's desk, with his tall, boney, athletic person, erect as a poker, and his coal-black hair (glossy as the raven's wing) combed smooth down over his forehead, till it met the intersecting line of two

straight jetty eyebrows, almost meeting over the high curved nose, and overhanging a pair of eyes, dark, keen, and lustrous; but withal, of a severe and saturnine expression, well in keeping with that of the closely compressed lips, and angular jaw. Those lips were not made to utter tender nonsense—nor those eyes for ogling, verily; but the latter were sharp and discerning enough, to find out such qualifications as he had laid down to himself, as indispensable in his destined spouse, among which (though Andrew Cleaves was justly accounted a close, penurious man) money was *not* a paramount consideration, as he wisely argued within himself, a prudent wife might save him a *fortune*, though she did not bring him one. A small matter by way of portion, could not come amiss, however, and Andrew naturally weighed in with her other perfections the twenty years' savings of the vicar's housekeeper, whose age did not greatly exceed his own—who was acknowledged to be the best housewife in the parish, and the most skilful dairy-woman, having come from a famous cheese country, whose fashions she had successfully introduced at Redburn Vicarage. Beside which, Mrs. Dinah was a staid, quiet person—not given to gadding and gossiping and idle conversation; and, “moreover,” quoth Andrew, “I have a respect unto the damsel, and, verily, I might go farther and fare worse.” “Marry in haste, and repent at leisure,” was, however, another of Andrew's favourite sayings, so he took another year or two to consider the matter in all its bearings; but as all things earthly come to an end, so at last did Andrew Cleaves's ponderings; and as his actual wooing was by no means so tedious an affair, and as the discreet Dinah had had ample time for deliberation while the important question was pending, the favoured suitor was not kept long on the rack of uncertainty, and the third Sunday, which completed the bans, saw Mrs. Dinah “endowed,”

by Andrew Cleaves, with “all his worldly goods,” and installed Lady and Mistress of his hitherto lonely dwelling.

He had no reason to repent his choice. For once Dame Fortune (so often reviled for her strange blunders in match-making—so often accused of “joining the gentle with the rude,”) had hooked together two kindred souls; and it seemed indeed as if Andrew had only reunited to himself a sometime divided portion of his own nature, so marvellously did he and his prudent Dinah sympathise in their views, habits, and principles. Thrift—thrift—thrift—and the accumulation of worldly substance, was the end and aim of all their thought, dreams, and undertakings; yet were they rigidly just and honest in all their dealings, even beyond the strict letter of the law, of which they scorned to take advantage in a doubtful matter; and Andrew Cleaves had been known more than once to come forward to the assistance of distressed neighbours (on *good security* indeed), but on more liberal terms than could have been expected from one of his parsimonious habits, or than were offered by persons of more reputed generosity.

Moreover, he was accounted—and he surely accounted himself—a very religious man, and a very pious Christian,—“a serious Christian,” he denominated himself; and such a one he was in good truth, if a sad and grave aspect—solemn speech, much abounding in scriptural phrases—slow delivery—erect deportment, and unsocial reserve, constitute fair claims to this distinction. Moreover, he was a regular church-goer—an indefatigable reader of his Bible, (of the Old Testament, and the Epistles in particular), fasted rigidly on all days appointed by the church—broke the heads of all the little boys who whistled, within his hearing, on Sabbaths and Saints' days—said immoderate long graces before and after meals, and sang hymns by the hour, though he had no more voice

than a cracked pitcher, and not ear enough to distinguish between the tunes of the 100th Psalm, and "Molly put the Kettle on."

Besides all this, he had been a dutiful, if not an affectionate son—was a good, if not a tender husband—a neighbour of whose integrity no one doubted—a most respectable parishioner; and, yet, with all this, Andrew Cleaves's was not *vital religion*, for it partook not of that blessed spirit of love, meekness, and charity, which vaunteth not itself—is not puffed up—thinketh no evil of its neighbour—neither maketh broad its phylacteries, nor prayeth in the corners of market-places, to be seen of men. He was neither extortionate nor a drunkard. He gave titles of all that he possessed. He *did not* give *half* his goods to the poor; but, nevertheless, contrived to make out such a catalogue of claims on the peculiar favour of Heaven, as very comfortably satisfied his own conscience, and left him quite at leisure to "despise others."

It had been the misfortune of Andrew Cleaves, to have imbibed from his parents those narrow views of Christianity, and their early death had left him an unsociable being, unloving, unloved, and unconnected, till he changed his single for a married state.

"Habits are stubborn things;
And by the time a man is turned of forty,
His ruling passions grow so haughty,
There is no clipping of their wings."

Now, Andrew was full forty-three when he entered the pale of matrimony, and the staid Dinah, three good years his senior, had no wish to clip them, being, as we have demonstrated, his very counterpart, his "mutual head" in all essential points; so, without a spark of what silly swains and simple maidens call love, and some wedded folks "tender friendship," our serious couple jogged on together in a perfect matrimonial rail-road of monotonous conformity, and Andrew Cleaves might have gone down to his grave unconscious that hearts were made for any

other purpose than to circulate the blood, if the birth of a son, in the second year of his union, had not opened up in his bosom such a fountain of love and tenderness, as gushed out, like water from the flinty rock; and became thenceforth the master passion, the humanizing feeling of his stern and powerful character. The mother's fondness, and she was a fond mother, was nothing, compared with that with which the father doated on his babe; and he would rock its cradle, or hush it in his arms, or sing to it by the hour, though the lullaby seldom varied from the 100th psalm, and, as he danced it to the same exhilarating tune, it was a wonder that the little Josiah clapped his hands, and crowded with antic mirth, instead of comporting himself with the solemnity of a parish clerk in swaddling clothes.

It was strange and pleasant to observe, how the new and holy feeling of parental love penetrated, like a fertilizing dew, the hitherto hard, insensible nature of Andrew Cleaves; how it extended its sweet influence beyond the exciting object the infant darling to his fellow creatures in general, disposing his heart to kindness and pity, and almost to sociability. In the latter virtue, he made so great progress as to invite a few neighbours to the christening feast, charging his dame to treat them handsomely to the best of everything, and he himself, for the first time in his life, "on hospitable thoughts intent," pressed and smiled, and played the courteous host to a miracle.

And sometimes, on his way home of an evening, he would stop and exchange a few words with an acquaintance, at his cottage door, attracted by the sight of some chubby boy, with whose short limbs and infant vigour he would compare, in his mind's eye, the healthful beauty of his own urchin. But great, indeed, was the amazement of Dame Cleaves, when Andrew, who had always "set his face like a flint" against the whole tribe of idle mendicants, mak-

ing it a rule, not only to chase them from his own door, but to consign them, if possible, to the wholesome coercion of the parish stocks, actually went the length of bestowing a comfortable meal, a night's shelter in an outhouse, and a bed of clean straw, on a soldier's widow, who was travelling, with her babe in her arms, towards the far distant home of its dead father.

Dame Cleaves stared in strange perplexity, and said something about "charity beginning at home," and "coming to want," and "harbouring idle husseys and their brats." But Andrew was peremptory, for his eye had glanced from the poor soldier's fatherless babe to the cherished creature at that time nestling in his own bosom. So the widow was "warmed and fed," and left a blessing on her benefactor, who, on his part, failed not to accompany his parting "God speed you," and the small piece of money which accompanied it, with an impressive lecture on the sinfulness of want and pauperism, and a comfortable assurance, that they were always deserved manifestations of divine displeasure.

Just as the little Josiah had attained his second year, Andrew Cleaves was called on to resign the wife of his bosom, who went the way of all flesh, after a short but sharp illness. She had so fully realized all the calculations that had decided Andrew to choose her for his mate, that he regretted her loss very sincerely; but resignation, he justly observed, was the duty of a Christian, and Andrew was wonderfully resigned and composed, even in the early days of his bereavement, throwing out many edifying comments on the folly and sinfulness of immoderate grief, together with sundry apPOSITE remarks, well befitting his own circumstances, and a few proverbial illustrations and observations, such as, "misfortunes never come alone, for his poor dame was taken at night, and the old gander was found dead in the morning." Moreover, he failed not to sum up, as sources of

rational consolation, "that it had pleased the Lord to spare her till the boy ran alone, and Daisey's calf was weaned, and all the bacon cured; and he himself had become fully competent to supply her place in the manufacturing of cheeses." So Andrew buried his wife, and was comforted.

And, from the night of her death, he took his little son to his own bed, and laid him in his mother's place; and long and fervent were the prayers he ejaculated before he went to rest, kneeling beside his sleeping child; and cautious and tender as a mother's kiss, was that he imprinted on its innocent brow before he turned himself to slumber. Early in the morning an elderly widow, who had been used to cook his victuals, and set the cottage to rights before his marriage, came to take up and tend the boy, and get breakfast for him and his father, and she was now detained through the day, in the care of household concerns, and of the motherless little one. She was a good and tender foster-mother, and a careful manager withal, falling readily into Andrew's ways and likings; a woman of few words, and content with little more than her victuals and drink—and (inoffensive and taciturn as she was) he had a feeling of snug satisfaction in locking her out every evening when she betook herself to sleep at her own cottage. Then was Andrew wont to turn back to his own solitary hearth, and a feeling of self gratulation, not evincing much taste for social enjoyment, or any disposition again to barter his secure state of single blessedness for a chance in the matrimonial lottery—from which, having drawn a first-rate prize, it would have been presumptuous to expect a second.

What with old Jenny's help, and his own notability, (he had not lived so long a bachelor without having acquired some skill in housewifery), he got on very comfortably; and for a living object to care for, and to love, the little Josiah was to him

wife, child, companion—every thing! So Andrew continued faithful as a widowed turtle to the memory of his deceased Dinah; and the motherless boy throve as lustily as if he had continued to nestle under the maternal wing. He was, in truth, a fine sturdy little fellow, full of life and glee, and “quips and cranks, and mirthful smiles,” and yet as like Andrew as “two peas.” “The very moral of the father,” said old Jenny, “only not so solemn like.” He had Andrew’s jetty eyebrows, and black lustrous eyes, deep set under the broad projecting brow; but they looked out with roguish mirth from their shadowy cells, and the raven hair, that, like his father’s, almost touched his straight eyebrows, clung clustering over them, and round his little fat poll, in a luxuriance of rich, close, glossy curls. His mouth was shaped like his father’s, too; but Andrew’s could never, even in childhood, have relaxed into such an expression of dimpled mirth, as the joyous laugh burst out—that sound of infectious gladness, which rings to one’s heart’s core like a peal of merry bells. He *was* a fine little fellow! and, at five years old, the joy and pride of the doating father, not only for his vigorous beauty, but for his quick parts, and wonderful forwardness in learning; for Andrew was a scholar, and had early taken in hand his son’s education; so that, at the age above mentioned, he could spell out passages in any printed book, could say the Lord’s Prayer and the Belief, and great part of the Ten Commandments, though he stuck fast at the 39 Articles, and the Athanasian Creed, which his father had thought it expedient to include among his theological studies. It was the proudest day of Andrew Cleaves’s whole life, when, for the first time, he held his little son by the hand up the aisle of his parish church, into his own pew, and lifted up the boy upon the seat beside him, where (so well had he been tutored, and so profound was his childish

awe,) he stood stock still, with his new red prayer-book held open in his two little chubby hands, and his eyes immoveably fixed, “not on the book, but” on his father’s face. All eyes were fixed upon the boy, for, verily, a comical little figure did the young Josiah exhibit that Sabbath-day. Andrew Cleaves had a sovereign contempt for petticoats, (though, of course, he had never hinted as much in his late spouse’s hearing,) and could ill brook that his son and heir, a future lord of creation, should be ignominiously trammelled even in swaddling clothes. So soon, therefore, as a change was feasible—far sooner than old Jenny allowed it to be so—the boy was emancipated from his effeminate habiliments, and made a man of—a little man complete, in coat, waistcoat, and breeches, made after the precise fashion of his father’s, who had set the tailor to work in his own kitchen, under his own eye, and on a half-worn suit of his own clothes, out of which enough remained in excellent preservation, to furnish a complete equipment for the man in miniature. So little Josiah’s Sunday-going suit consisted of a long-tailed coat of dark blue broadcloth, lapelled back with two rows of large gilt basket-work buttons; a red plush waistcoat, (the month being July), brown corduroy breeches with knee buckles, grey worsted hose, and large square-toed shoes, with a pair of heavy silver buckles, once belonging to his mother, that, covering his little feet quite across, like a couple of pack-saddles, touched the ground, as he walked, on either side of them. Add to this, a stiff broadbrimmed beaver, (padded within all round, to fit his tiny pate), under the shadow of which the baby-face was scarce discoverable, and the whole diminutive person moved like a walking mushroom.

Proud was the boy of his first appearance, so equipped, before the assembled congregation; and very proud was Andrew Cleaves, who felt as if now indeed he might assume

unto himself, before the elders of his people, the honour of being father to a man-child.

From that day forth little Josiah, led in his father's hand, came regularly to church every sabbath-day; but, alas! his after demeanour, during service, by no means realized the promise of that solemn propriety wherewith he comported himself, on his first memorable appearance; and it soon required Andrew's utmost vigilance to rebuke and check his son's restless and mischievous propensities. Great was the father's horror and consternation, on detecting him in the very act of making faces at the Vicar himself, whose unfortunate obliquity of vision had excited the boy's monkey talent of mimicry; and, at last, the young rebel was suddenly and for ever deposed from his lofty station on the seat beside his father, for having taken a sly opportunity of pinning the hind bow of an old lady's bonnet to the back of her pew, whereby her bald pate was cruelly exposed to the eyes of the congregation, as she rose up, with unsuspecting innocence, at the Gloria Patri.

At home, too, Andrew soon discovered that his parental cares were likely to multiply in full proportion to his parental pleasures. Little Josiah was quick at learning, but of so volatile a spirit, that in the midst of one of his father's finest moral declamations, or most elaborate expoundings, he would dart off after a butterfly, or mount astride on the old sheep-dog; and at last, when sharply rebuked for his irreverent antics, look up piteously in his father's face, and yawn so disconsolately, that Andrew's iron jaws were fain to sympathize with the infectious grimace, to their owner's infinite annoyance. At meal times, it was well-nigh impossible to keep his little hands from the platter, while his father pronounced a long and comprehensive grace, with an especial supplication for the virtues of abstinence and forbearance; and so far from continuing to take pride in the manly dignity of

his raiment, it became necessary to dock his waistcoat flaps, and the long skirts of his week-day coat, the pockets of the former being invariably crammed with pebbles, munches apples, worms, brown-sugar, snails, cockchafers, and all manner of abominations; and on the latter, it was not only his laudable custom to squat himself in the mud and mire, but being of an imitative and inventive genius, and having somewhere read a history of the beavers, he forthwith began to practise their ingenious mode of land carriage, by dragging loads of rubbish behind him on the aforesaid coat-tails, as he slid along in a sitting posture.

Greatly did Andrew Cleaves marvel that a son of his should evince such unseemly propensities, having perpetually before his eyes an example of sober seriousness and strict propriety. But, nevertheless, he doated on the boy with unabated fondness—toiled for him—schemed for him—waked for him—dreamt of him—lived in him—*idolized* him!—Yes!—Andrew Cleaves, who had been wont to hold forth so powerfully on the sin and folly of idol worship, *he* set up in his heart an earthly image, and unconsciously exalted it above his Maker.

Andrew's cottage was situated on the extreme verge of a large and lonely common, which separated it from the village of Redburn, and it was also at a considerable distance from any other habitation. He had taken upon himself his son's early instruction, and it was consequently easy enough to maintain a point which he had much at heart, that of keeping the boy aloof from all intercourse with the village children, or indeed with any persons save himself and old Jenny, except in *his* company. This system, to which he rigidly adhered, had a very unfavourable effect on his own character, repressing in it all those kindlier and more social feelings, which had almost struggled into preponderance, when the hard surface was partially thawed, by the new sense of

parental tenderness, and while his son was yet a cradled babe, and he had nothing to apprehend for him on the score of evil communications. But now he guarded him, as misers guard their gold. As he himself, alas! hoarded the Mammon of unrighteousness (his secondary object) but "solely for his darling's sake." So Andrew compromised the matter with his conscience; and so he would have answered to any inquiring Christian.

The boy, though thus debarred from all communication save with his father and old Jenny, was nevertheless as happy as any child of the same age. He had never known the pleasures of association with youthful playful playmates—he was full of animal spirits and invention, particularly in the science of mischief—he completely ruled old Jenny in the absence of his father, and (except at lesson times, and on Sabbaths) had acquired more ascendancy over that stern father himself, that Andrew anyway suspected.

The interval between the boy's fourth and seventh year was, perhaps, the happiest in the whole lives of father and son; but that state of things could not continue. Andrew Cleaves had aspiring views for his young Josiah—and it had always been his intention to give him "the best of learning;" in furtherance of which purpose, he had looked about him almost from the hour of the boy's birth, for some respectable school wherein to place him, when his own stock of information became incompetent to the task of teaching. He had at last pitched upon a grammar school in the county town, about five miles from his own habitation, where the sons of respectable tradesmen and farmers were boarded, and taught upon moderate terms; though, to do Andrew justice, *saving* considerations were not paramount with him, when his son's welfare was concerned, and he was far more anxious to ascertain that his morals, as well as his learning, would be strictly attended to. On that head, he, of

course, received the most satisfactory assurances from the master of the "academy for young gentlemen," and having likewise ascertained that the boy would have an ample allowance of wholesome food, it is not wonderful that Andrew Cleaves threw the "moderate terms" as the third weight into the scale of determination.

The greater number of the boys, —those whose parents were dwellers in the town of C—, were only day-boarders; but some, whose families lived at a greater distance, went home on Saturdays only, to spend the Sabbath-day; and it was Andrew's private solace, to think that the separation from his child would be rendered less painful by that weekly meeting. It had taken him full six months, and sundry journeyings to and fro, to make all his arrangements with the master. But at last they were completed, and nothing remained but the trial—the hard, hard trial—of parting with that creature who constituted his all of earthly happiness. Andrew was a hard man, little susceptible of tender weakness in his own nature, and ever prone to condemn and censure in others the indulgence of any feeling incompatible (in his opinion) with the dignity of a man, and the duty of a Christian.

His God was not a God of love; and when he rebuked the natural tears of the afflicted,—the submissive sorrows of the stricken heart,—it was in blind forgetfulness of him who wept over the grave of his friend Lazarus. He had honoured his parents during their lifetime, and buried them with all decent observance; but with no other outward demonstration of woe, than a more sombre shade on his always severe countenance. "The desire of his eyes" was taken from him, and he had shown himself a pattern of pious resignation. And now he was to part with his son for a season, and who could doubt that the temporary sacrifice would be made with stoical firmness? And so it should verily,

was Andrew's purpose ;—upon the strength of which he proceeded, with old Jenny's advice and assistance, to make requisite preparation for the boy's equipment. Nay, he was so far master of himself, as to rebuke the old woman's foolish fondness, when she remarked, "how lonesome the cottage would seem when the dear child was gone;" and he expressed himself the more wrathfully, from the consciousness of a certain unwonted rising in his throat, which half choked him as he went "maundering on."

To the child himself, he had not yet breathed a syllable of his intentions, and yet more than twice or thrice he had taken him on his knee, to tell him of the approaching change. But something always occurred to defer the execution of his purpose—the boy stopt his mouth with kisses—or he prattled so there was no getting in a word edgeways—or it would do as well in the evening, when he came home from his fields. But then, the young one came running to meet him, and had always so much to ask and tell, that the important communication was still delayed. In the morning, before he rose from his pillow, he would tell it as the boy lay still by his side; but while the secret was actually on his lips, his little bedfellow crept into his bosom, and nestled there so lovingly, that his voice died away, as it were, into the very depths of his heart, and the words were yet unspoken. At length he hit upon an opportunity, which was sure to present itself ere long. The next time Josiah was idle and refractory at his lessons—that very moment, in the strength of indignation, he would tell him he was to leave his father's roof, and be consigned to the rule of strangers. Alas! that fitting occasion was in vain laid wait for—Josiah truly did his best to forward it, but the father could not be angry—and he could not speak.

At last, seriously angry with himself—humiliated at the triumph of human weakness, to which he had

hitherto boasted himself superior—Andrew departed one morning to his labours earlier than usual, having deputed to Jenny the task, to which he felt himself unequal. All that morning the father's thoughts were with his child. He pictured to himself the first burst of distress—the first grievous surprise—the insoluble sorrow at the thought of parting—and he longed to return, and clasp the boy to his heart, and to kiss off the tears from his dear face, and comfort him with soothing words and indulgent promises.

But still as the fond impulse rose within him, he wrestled with it manfully, and lashed on his team, and laid his hand upon the plough, as if to support himself in resolute forbearance. No wonder the furrows Andrew traced that day were the most uneven he had ever drawn, since the hour he first guided his own plough on his own acres. He kept firm to his post, however, till the usual dinner hour, and even left the field with his labourers, without deviating from his accustomed firm, deliberate step; but when they had turned out of sight to their own homes, then Andrew speeded on rapidly towards his cottage, till just within sight of it he spied the little Josiah running forward to meet him. Then again he slackened his pace, for his heart shrunk from the first burst of the boy's impetuous sorrow.

But those apprehensions were soon exchanged for feelings of a more irritable nature, when he perceived that the merry urchin bounded towards him with more than his usual exuberant glee; and the first words he distinguished were,—“Father, father, I'm going to school!—I'm going to school!—I'm going to town, father!—I'm going to school! When shall I go?—Shall I go to-morrow? Shall I take my new clothes, father? And my hoop, and my lamb, and old Dobbin?”

A bitter pang it was that shot through Andrew's heart at that moment—a bitter revulsion of feeling was that he experienced. He made

no allowance for the volatile nature of childhood—its restless desire of change and love of novelty, its inconsideration—its blissful recklessness of the future. He read only in the boy's exulting rapture, that this his only, only child—the only creature he had ever loved—who had slept in his bosom, and prattled on his knee, and won from him such fond indulgences as he could scarce excuse to his own conscience—this darling of his age, now on the eve of a first separation, broke out into extravagant joy at the prospect, and testified no anxiety, but to take with him his playthings, and his dumb favorites. The sudden revulsion of feeling came upon Andrew like an ice-bolt, and there he stood motionless, looking sternly and fixedly on the poor child, who was soon awed and silenced by his father's unwonted aspect, and stood trembling before him, fearing he knew not what. At last he softly whispered, sideling closely up, and looking earnestly and fearfully in his father's face,—“ Shall I not go to school, then? Old Jenny said I should.”

That second, quiet interrogatory restored to Andrew the use of speech, and the mastery over all his softer feelings. “ Yes,” he replied, taking the boy's hand, and grasping it firmly within his own, as he led him homeward—“ Yes, Josiah, you *shall* go to school—you have been kept too long at home—to-morrow is

the Sabbath—but on Monday you shall go. On Monday, my child, you shall leave your father.”

That last sentence, and a something he perceived, but comprehended not, in his father's voice and manner, painfully affected the boy, and he burst into tears, and, clinging to his father's arm, sobbed out,—“ But *you* will go with me, father; and you will come and see me every day, will you not? And I shall soon come home again.”

That artless burst of natural affection fell like balm on Andrew's irritated feelings, and he caught up his child to his bosom, and blessed and kissed him, and then they “ reasoned together:” and the father told his boy how he should fetch him home every Saturday with Dobbin; and how they should still go hand-in-hand to church on the Sabbath; and how his lamb, and the grey colt, should be taken care of in his absence; and his hoop and other toys might be carried with him to school.

Then the child began again his joyous prattle, with now and then a sob between; and the father kissed his wet glowing cheek, carrying him all the way home in his arms; and thus lovingly they entered the little garden, and the pretty cottage, and sat down side by side, to the neat homely meal old Jenny had provided.

(Continued in the next number.)

THE MAIN-CHANCE.

“ Search then the ruling passion: there, alone,
The wild are constant, and the cunning known;
The fool consistent, and the false sincere;
Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.
This clue once found unravels all the rest,
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confest.”—POPE.

I AM one of those who do not think that mankind are exactly governed by reason, or a cool calculation of consequences. I rather believe that habit, imagination, sense, passion, prejudice, words, make a strong and frequent diversion from

the right-line of prudence and wisdom. I have been told, however, that these are merely the irregularities and exceptions, and that reason forms the rule or basis; that the understanding, instead of being the sport of the capricious and arbitrary

decisions of the will, generally dictates the line of conduct it is to pursue, and that self-interest, or the *main-chance*, is the unvarying load-star of our affections, or the chief ingredient in all our motives, that, thrown in as ballast, gives steadiness and direction to our voyage through life. I will not take upon me to give a verdict in this cause as judge ; but I will try to plead one side of it as an advocate, perhaps a biassed and feeble one.

As the passions are said to be subject to the control of reason, and as reason is resolved (in the present case) into an attention to our own interest, or a practical sense of the value of money, it will not be amiss to inquire how much of this principle itself is founded in a rational estimate of things, or is calculated for the end it proposes, or how much of it will turn out (when analysed) to be mere madness and folly, or a mixture, like all the rest, of obstinacy, whim, fancy, vanity, ill-nature, and so forth, or a nominal pursuit of good. This passion, or an inordinate love of wealth, shows itself, when it is strong, equally in two opposite ways, in saving or in spending—in avarice (or stinginess) and in extravagance. To examine each in their order.

That lowest and most familiar form of covetousness, commonly called *stinginess*, is at present (it must be owned) greatly on the wane in civilized society ; it has been driven out of fashion either by ridicule and good sense, or by the spread of luxury, or by supplying the mind with other sources of interest, besides those which related to the bare means of subsistence ; so that it may almost be considered as a vice, or absurdity, struck off the list, as a set-off to some that, in the change of manners and the progress of dissipation, have been brought upon the stage. It is not, however, so entirely banished from the world, but that examples of it may be found to our purpose. It seems to have taken refuge in the petty provincial towns, or in old baronial castles, where it is

still triumphant. To go into this subject somewhat in detail, as a study of the surviving manners of the last age—Nothing is more common in these half-starved, barren regions, than to stint the servants in their wages, to allowance them in the merest necessities, never to indulge them with a morsel of savoury food, and to lock up every thing from them as if they were thieves, or common vagabonds, broke into the house. The natural consequence is, that the mistresses live in continual *hot-water* with their servants, keep watch and ward over them—the pantry is in a state of siege—grudge them every mouthful, every appearance of comfort, or moment of leisure, and torment their own souls every minute of their lives about what, if left wholly to itself, would not make a difference of five shillings at the year's end. There are families so notorious for this kind of *surveillance* and meanness, that no servant will go to live with them ; for, to clench the matter, they are obliged to stay if they do ; as, under these amiable establishments, and to provide against an evasion of their signal advantages, domestics are never hired but by the half-year. Instances have been known where servants have taken a pleasant revenge on their masters and mistresses without intending it ; but where the example of sordid saving and meanness set to them, having taken possession of those even who were victims to it, they have conscientiously applied it to the benefit of all parties, and scarcely suffered a thing to enter the house for the whole six months they stayed in it. To pass over, however, those cases which may plead poverty as their excuse, what shall we say to a lady of fortune (the sister of one of their old-fashioned lairds) allowing the fruit to rot in the gardens and hot-houses of a fine old mansion in large quantities, sooner than let any of it be given away in presents to the neighbours ; and, when peremptorily ordered by the master of the house to send a basket-full every morning

to a sick friend, purchasing a small pottle for the purpose, and satisfying her mind (an intelligent and well-informed one) with this miserable subterfuge? Nay, farther, the same person, whenever they had green-peas, or other rarities, served up at table, could hardly be prevailed on to help the guests to them, but, if possible, sent them away, though no other use could now be made of them, and she would never see them again! Is there common sense in this; or is it not more like madness? But is it not, at the same time, human nature? Let us stop to explain a little. In my view, the real motive of action in this and other similar cases of grasping penuriousness has no more reference to self-love (properly so called) than artificial fruit and flowers have to natural ones. A certain form or outside appearance of utility may deceive the mind, but the natural, pulpy, wholesome, nutritious substance, the principle of vitality, is gone. To this callous, frigid habit of mind, the real uses of things harden and crystallize; the pith and marrow are extracted out of them, and leave nothing but the husk or shell. By a regular process, the idea of property is gradually abstracted from the advantage it may be of even to ourselves; and to a well-drilled, thorough-bred, Northern housekeeper (such as I have supposed), the fruits, or other produce of her garden, would come at last to be things no more to be eaten or enjoyed, than her jewels or trinkets of any description, which are, professedly, of no use but to be *kept* as symbols of wealth, to be occasionally looked at, and carefully guarded from the approach of any unhallowed touch. The calculation of consequences, or of benefit to accrue to any living person, is so far from being the main-spring in this mechanical operation, that it is never once thought of, or regarded with peevishness and impatience as an unwelcome intruder, because it must naturally divert the mind from the warped and false bias it has taken. The feeling of pro-

perty is here, then, removed from the sphere of practice to a chimerical and fictitious one. In the case of not sending the fruit out of the house there might be some lurking idea of its being possibly wanted at home, that it might be sent to some one else, or made up into conserves: but when different articles of food are actually placed on the table, to hang back from using or offering them to others, is a deliberate infatuation. They *must* be destroyed, they *could not* appear again; and yet this person's heart failed her, and shrank back from the only opportunity of making the proper use of them, with a petty, sensitive apprehension, as if it were a kind of sacrilege done to a cherished and favourite object. The impulse to save was become, by indulgence, a sort of desperate propensity and forlorn hope, no longer the understood means, but the mistaken end: habit had completely superseded the exercise and control of reason, and the rage of making the most of every thing *by making no use of it at all*, resisted to the last moment the shocking project of feasting on a helpless dish of green-peas (that *would* fetch so much in the market), as an offence against the Goddess of stinginess, and torture to the soul of thrift! The principle of economy is inverted; and in order to avoid the possibility of wasting any thing, the way with such philosophers and house-wives is to abstain from touching it altogether. Is not this a common error? Or are we conscious of our motives in such cases? Or do we not flatter ourselves by imputing every such act of idle folly to the necessity of adopting some sure and judicious plan to shun ruin, beggary, and the most profligate abuse of wealth?

Let us turn the tables and look at the other side of this sober, solid, engrossing passion for property and its appendages. A man lays out a thousand, nay, sometimes many thousand pounds in purchasing a fine picture. This is thought, by the vulgar, a very fantastical folly, an unaccount-

able waste of money. Why so? No one would give such a sum for a picture, unless there were others ready to offer nearly the same sum, and who are likely to appreciate its value, and envy him the distinction. It is then a sign of taste, a proof of wealth to possess it, it is an ornament and a luxury. If the same person lays out the same sum of money in building or purchasing a fine house, or enriching it with costly furniture, no notice is taken—this is supposed to be perfectly natural and in order. Yet both are equally gratuitous pieces of extravagance, and the value of the objects is, in either case, equally *ideal*. It will be asked, "But what is the use of the picture?" And what, pray, is the use of the fine house or costly furniture, unless to be looked at, to be admired, and to display the taste and magnificence of the owner? Are not pictures and statues as much furniture as gold plate or jasper tables; or does the circumstance of the former having a meaning in them, and appealing to the imagination as well as to the senses, neutralize their virtue, and render it entirely chimerical and visionary? It is true, every one must have a house of some kind, furnished somehow, and the superfluity so far grows imperceptibly out of the necessity. But a fine house, or fine furniture, is necessary to no man, nor of more value than the plainest, except as a matter of taste, of fancy, of luxury and ostentation. Again, no doubt, if a person is in the habit of keeping a number of servants, and entertaining a succession of fashionable guests, he must have more room than he wants for himself, apartments suitably decorated to receive them, and offices and stables for their horses and retinue. But is all this unavoidably dictated as a consequence of his attention to the *main-chance*, or is it not sacrificing the latter, and making it a stalking-horse to his vanity, dissipation, or love of society and hospitality? We are at least as fond of spending money as of making it. If a man runs through a for-

tune in the way here spoken of, is it out of love to himself? Yet who scruples to run through a fortune in this way, or accuses himself of any extraordinary disinterestedness or love of others? One bed is as much as any one can sleep in, one room is as much as he can dine in, and he may have another for study or to retire to after dinner—but he can only want more than this for the accommodation of his friends, or the admiration of strangers. At Fonthill Abbey (to take an extreme illustration), there was not a single room fit to sit, lie, or stand in: the whole was cut up into pigeon holes, or spread out into long endless galleries. The building this huge, ill-assorted pile cost, I believe, nearly a million of money; and if the circumstance was mentioned, it occasioned an expression of surprise at the amount of the wealth that had been thus squandered: but if it was said that a hundred pounds had been laid out on a highly-finished picture, there was the same astonishment expressed at its misdirection. The sympathetic auditor makes up his mind to the first and greatest loss, by reflecting that in case of the worst the building materials alone will fetch something considerable; or, in the very idea of stone walls and mortar there is something solid and tangible, that repels the charge of frivolous levity or fine sentiment. This quaint excrescence in architecture, preposterous and ill-contrived as it was, occasioned, I suspect, many a heart-ache and bitter comparison to the throng of fashionable visitants; and I conceive it was the very want of comfort and convenience that enhanced this feeling, by magnifying, as it were from contrast, the expense that had been incurred in realising an idle whim. When we judge thus perversely and invidiously of the employment of wealth by others, I cannot think that we are guided in our own choice of means to ends by a simple calculation of downright use and personal accommodation. The gentleman who purchased Fonthill, and was supposed

to be possessed of wealth enough to purchase half a dozen more Font-hills, lived there himself for some time in a state of the greatest retirement, rose at six and read till four, rode out for an hour for the benefit of the air, and dined abstemiously for the sake of his health. I could do all this myself. What then became of the rest of his fortune? It was lying in the funds, or embarked in business to make it yet greater, that he might still rise at six and read till four, &c.—it was of no other earthly use to him; for he did not wish to make a figure in the world, or to throw it away on studs of horses, on equipages, entertainments, gaming, electioneering, subscriptions to charitable institutions, or any of the usual fashionable modes of squandering wealth for the amusement and wonder of others and our own fancied enjoyment. Mr. F. did not probably lay out five hundred a-year on himself: it cost Mr. Beckford, who led a life of perfect seclusion, twenty thousand a-year to defray the expenses of his table and of his household establishment. When I find that such and so various are the tastes of men, I am a little puzzled to know what is meant by self-interest, of which some persons talk so fluently, as if it was a *Jack-in-a-Box* which they could take out and show you, and which they tell you is the object that all men equally aim at. If money, is it for its own sake or the sake of other things? Is it to hoard it or to spend it, on ourselves or others? In all these points, we find the utmost diversity and contradiction both of feeling and practice. Certainly, he who puts his money into a strong-box and he who puts it into a dice-box must be allowed to have a very different idea of the *main-chance*. If by this phrase be understood a principle of self-preservation, I grant that while we live, we must not starve, and that *necessity has no law*. Beyond this point, all seems nearly left to chance or whim; and so far are all the world from being agreed in their definition of this

redoubtable term, that one half of them may be said to think and act in diametrical opposition to the other.

Avarice is the miser's dream, as fame is the poet's. A calculation of physical profit or loss is almost as much out of the question in the one case as in the other. The one has set his mind on gold, the other on praise, as the *summum bonum* or object of his bigoted idolatry and darling contemplation, not for any private and sinister ends. It is the immediate pursuit, not the remote or reflex consequence that gives wings to the passion. There is, indeed, a reference to self in either case that fixes and concentrates it, but not a gross or sordid one. Is not the desire to accumulate and leave a vast estate behind us equally romantic with the desire to leave a posthumous name behind us? Is not the desire of distinction, of something to be known and remembered by, the paramount consideration? And are not the privations we undergo, the sacrifices and exertions we make for either object, nearly akin? A child makes a huge snow-ball to show his skill and perseverance and as something to wonder at, not that he can swallow it as an ice, or warm his hands at it, and though the next day's sun will dissolve it; and the man accumulates a pile of wealth for the same reason principally, or to find employment for his time, his imagination, and his will. I deny that it can be of any other use to him to watch and superintend the returns of millions, than to watch the returns of the heavenly bodies, or to calculate their distances, or to contemplate eternity, or infinity, or the sea, or the dome of St. Peter's, or any other object that excites curiosity and interest from its magnitude and importance. Do we not look at the most barren mountain with thrilling awe and wonder? And is it strange that we should gaze at a mountain of gold with satisfaction, when we can besides say, "This is ours," with all the power that belongs to it? Every passion, however

plodding and prosaic, has its poetical side to it. A miser is the true alchemist, or, like the magician in his cell, who overlooks a mighty experiment, who sees dazzling visions, and who wields the will of others at his nod; but to whom all other hopes and pleasures are dead, and who is cut off from all connexion with his kind. He lives in a splendid hallucination, a waking trance, and so far it is well: but if he thinks he has any other need or use for all this endless store (any more than to swell the ocean) he deceives himself, and is no conjuror after all. He goes on, however, mechanically adding to his stock, and fancying that great riches is great gain, that every particle that swells the heap is something in reserve against the evil day, and a defence against that poverty which he dreads more, the farther he is removed from it; as the more giddy the height to which we have attained, the more frightful does the gulph yawn below—so easily does habit get the mastery of reason, and so nearly is passion allied to madness! “But he is laying up for his heirs and successors.” In toiling for them, and sacrificing himself, is he properly attending to the *main-chance*?

This is the turn the love of money takes in cautious, dry, recluse, and speculative minds. If it were the pure and abstract love of money, it could take no other turn but this. But in a different class of characters, the sociable, the vain, and imaginative, it takes just the contrary one, *viz.* to expense, extravagance, and ostentation. It then loves to display itself in every fantastic shape and with every reflected lustre, in houses, in equipage, in dress, in a retinue of friends and dependants, in horses, in hounds—to glitter in the eye of fashion, to be echoed by the roar of folly, and buoyed up for a while like a bubble on the surface of vanity, to sink all at once and irrecoverably into an abyss of ruin and bankruptcy. Does it foresee this result? Does it care for it? What then becomes of the calculating principle

that can neither be hoodwinked nor bribed from its duty? Does it do nothing for us in this critical emergency? It is blind, deaf, and insensible to all but the noise, confusion, and glare of objects by which it is fascinated and lulled into a fatal repose! One man ruins himself by the vanity of associating with lords, another by his love of low company; one by his fondness for building, another by his rage for keeping open house and private theatricals; one by philosophical experiments, another by embarking in every ticklish and fantastical speculation that is proposed to him; one throws away an estate on a law-suit, another on a die, a third on a horse-race, a fourth on *virtu*, a fifth on a drab, a sixth on a contested election, &c. There is no dearth of instances to fill the page, or complete the group of profound calculators and inflexible martyrs to the *main-chance*. Let any of these discreet and well-advised persons have the veil torn from their darling follies by experience, and be gifted with a double share of wisdom and a second fortune to dispose of, and each of them, so far from being warned by experience or disaster, will only be the more resolutely bent to assert the independence of his choice, and throw it away the self-same road it went before, on his vanity in associating with lords, on his love of low company, on his fondness for building, on his rage for keeping open house or private theatricals, on philosophical experiments, on fantastic speculations, on a law-suit, on a dice-box, on a favourite horse, on a picture, on a mistress, on an election contest, and so on, through the whole of the chapter of accidents and cross-purposes. There is an admirable description of this sort of infatuation with folly and ruin in Madame D’Arblay’s account of Harrel in “*Cecilia*,” and though the picture is highly wrought and carried to the utmost length, yet I maintain that the principle is common. I myself have known more than one individual in the same pre-

dicament; and I therefore cannot think that the deviations from the line of strict prudence and wisdom are so rare or trifling as the theory I am opposing represents them, or I must have been singularly unfortunate in my acquaintance. Out of a score of persons of this class I could mention several that have ruined their fortunes out of mere freak, others that are in a state of dotage and imbecility for fear of being robbed of all they are worth. The rest care nothing about the matter. So that this boasted and unfailing attention to the *main-chance* resolves itself, when strong, into mad profusion or gripping penury, or if weak, is null and yields to other motives. Such is the conclusion, to which my observation of life has led me: if I am quite wrong, it is hard that in a world abounding in such characters, I should not have met with a single practical philosopher.

Take drunkenness again, that vice which till within these few years (and even still) was fatal to the health, the constitutions, the fortunes of so many individuals, and the peace of so many families in Great Britain. I would ask what remonstrance of friends, what lessons of experience, what resolutions of amendment, what certainty of remorse and suffering, however exquisite, would deter the confirmed sot (where the passion for this kind of excitement had once become habitual and the immediate want of it was felt) from indulging his propensity and taking his full swing, notwithstanding the severe and imminent punishment to follow upon his incorrigible excess? The consequence of not abstaining from his favorite beverage is not doubtful and distant (a thing in the clouds), but close at his side, staring him in the face, and felt perhaps in all its aggravations the very next morning, yet the recollection of this and of the next day's dawn is of no avail against the momentary craving and headlong impulse given by the first application of the glass to his lips. The present temptation is indeed heightened by

the threatened alternative. I know this as a rule, that the stronger the repentance, the surer the relapse and the more hopeless the cure! The being engrossed by the present moment, by the present feeling, whatever it be, whether of pleasure or pain, is the evident cause of both. Few instances have been heard of, of final reformation on this head. Yet it is a clear case; and reason, if it were that Giant that it is represented in any thing but ledgers and books of accounts, would put down the abuse in an instant. It is true, this infirmity is more particularly chargeable to the English and to other Northern nations; and there has been a considerable improvement among us of late years; but I suspect it is owing to a change of manners, and to the opening of new sources of amusement, (without the aid of ardent spirits flung in to relieve the depression of our animal spirits,) more than to the excellent treatises which have been written against the "Use of Fermented Liquors," or to an increasing, tender regard to our own comfort, health, and happiness in the breasts of individuals. We still find plenty of ways of tormenting ourselves and sporting with the feelings of others! I will say nothing of a passion for gaming here, as too obvious an illustration of what I mean. It is more rare, and hardly to be looked on as epidemic with us. But few that have dabbled in this vice have not become deeply involved, and few (or none) that have done so have ever retraced their steps or returned to sober calculations of the *main-chance*. The majority, it is true, are not gamblers; but where the passion does exist, it completely tyrannizes over and stifles the voice of common sense, reason, and humanity. How many victims has the point of honor! I will not pretend that as matters stand, it may not be excusable to fight a duel under certain circumstances and on certain provocations, even in a prudential point of view, (though this proves how little the maxims and practices

of the world are regulated by a mere consideration of personal safety and welfare)—but I do say that the rashness with which this responsibility is often incurred, and the even seeking for trifling causes of quarrel, shows any thing but a consistent regard to self-interest as a general principle of action, or rather betrays a total recklessness of consequences when opposed to pique, petulance, or passion.

The fault of reason in general, (which takes in the *whole* instead of *parts*;) is that objects, though of the utmost extent and importance, are not defined and tangible. This fault cannot be found with the pursuit of trade and commerce. It is not a mere dry, abstract, undefined, speculative, however steady and well-founded, conviction of the understanding. It has other levers and pulleys to enforce it, besides those of reason and reflection. As follows:—

1. The value of money is positive or specific. The interest in it is a sort of mathematical interest, reducible to number and quantity. Ten is always more than one; a part is never greater than the whole; the good we seek in this way has a technical denomination, and I do not deny that in matters of strict calculation, the principle of calculation will naturally bear great sway. The returns of profit and loss are regular and mechanical, and the operations of business, or the *main-chance*, are so too. But, commonly speaking, we judge by the *degree* of excitement, not by the ultimate quantity. Thus we prefer a draught of nectar to the recovery of our health. Yet there is a point at which self-will and humor stop. A man will take brandy, which is a *kind of slow poison*, but he will not take *actual* poison, knowing it to be such, however slow the operation or bewitching the taste; because here the effect is absolutely fixed and certain, not variable, nor in the power of the imagination to elude or trifle with it. I see no courage in battle, but in going on what is called the *forlorn hope*.

2. Business is also an affair of hab-

it; it calls for incessant and daily application; and what was at first a matter of necessity to supply our wants, becomes often a matter of necessity to employ our time. The man of business wants work for his head, the laborer and mechanic for his hands; so that the love of action, of difficulty and competition, the stimulus of success or failure, is perhaps as strong an ingredient in men's ordinary pursuits as the love of gain. We find persons pursuing science, or any *hobby-horsical* whim or handicraft that they have taken a fancy to, or persevering in a losing concern, with just the same ardor and obstinacy. As to the choice of a pursuit in life, a man may not be forward to engage in business, but being once in, does not like to turn back amidst the pity of friends and the derision of enemies. How difficult is it to prevent those who have a turn for any art or science from going into these unprofitable pursuits! Nay, how difficult is it often to prevent those who have no turn that way, but prefer starving to a certain income! If there is one in a family brighter than the rest, he is immediately designed for one of the learned professions. Really, the dull and plodding people of the world have not much reason to boast of their superior wisdom or numbers: they are in an involuntary majority!

3. The value of money is an *exchangeable* value: that is, this pursuit is available towards and convertible into a great many others. A person is in want of money, and mortgages an estate, to throw it away upon a round of entertainments and company. The passion or motive here is not a hankering after money, but society, and the individual will ruin himself for this object. Another, who has the same passion for show and a certain style of living, tries to gain a fortune in trade to indulge it, and only goes to work in a more round-about way. I remember a story of a common mechanic at Manchester, who laid out the hard-earned savings of the week in hiring a horse

and livery-servant to ride behind him to Stockport every Sunday, and to dine there at an ordinary like a gentleman. The pains bestowed upon the *main-chance* here was only a cover for another object, which exercised a ridiculous predominance over his mind. Money will purchase a horse, a house, a picture, leisure, dissipation, or whatever the individual has a fancy for that is to be purchased; but it does not follow that he is fond of all these, or of whatever will promote his real interest, because he is fond of money, but that he has a passion for some one of these objects, to which he would probably sacrifice all the rest, and his own peace and happiness into the bargain.

4. The *main-chance* is an instrument of various passions, but is directly opposed to none of them, with the single exception of indolence or the *vis inertia*, which of itself is seldom strong enough to master it, without the aid of some other incitement. A barrister sticks to his duty as long as he has only his love of ease to prevent; but he flings up his briefs, or neglects them, if he thinks he can make a figure in Parliament. No one flings away the *main-chance* without a motive, any more than he voluntarily walks into the fire or breaks his neck out of a window. A man must live; the first step is a point of necessity:—every man would live well; the second is a point of luxury. The having, or even acquiring wealth, does not prevent our enjoying it in various ways. A man may give his mornings to business, and his evenings to pleasure. There is no contradiction; nor does he sacrifice his ruling passion by this, more than the man of letters by study, or the soldier by an attention to discipline. Reason and passion are opposed, not passion and business. The sot, the glutton, the debauchee, the gamester, must all have money, to make their own use of it, and they may indulge

all these passions and their avarice at the same time. It is only when the last becomes the ruling passion that it puts a prohibition on the others. In that case, every thing else is lost sight of; but it is seldom carried to this length; or when it is, it is far from being another name, either in its means or ends, for reason, sense, or happiness, as I have already shown.

I have taken no notice hitherto of ambition or virtue, or scarcely of the pursuits of fame or intellect. Yet all these are important and respectable divisions of the map of human life. Who ever charged Mr. Pitt with a want of common sense, because he did not die worth a plum? Had it been proposed to Lord Byron to forfeit every penny of his estate, or every particle of his reputation would he have hesitated to part with the former? Is there not a loss of character, a stain upon honor, that is felt as a severer blow than any reverse of fortune? Do not the richest heiresses in the city marry for a title, and think themselves well off? Are there not patriots who think or dream all their lives about their country's good; philanthropists who rave about liberty and humanity at a certain yearly loss? Are there not studious men, who never once thought of bettering their circumstances? Are not the liberal professions held more respectable than business, though less lucrative? Might not most people do better than they do, but that they postpone their interest to their indolence, their taste for reading, their love of pleasure, or other pursuits? And is it not generally understood that all men can make a fortune, or succeed in the *main-chance*, who have but that one idea in their heads?*. Lastly, are there not those who pursue or husband wealth for their own good, for the benefit of their friends, or the relief of the distressed? But as the

* I have said somewhere, that all professions that do not make money *breed* are careless and extravagant. This is not true of lawyers, &c. I ought to have said that this is the case with all those that by the regularity of their returns do not afford a prospect of realizing an independence by frugality and industry.

examples are rare, and might be supposed to make against myself, I shall not insist upon them. I think I have said enough to vindicate or apologize for my first position—

“Masterless passion sways us to the mood,
Of what it likes or loaths—

or if not to make good my ground, to march out with flying colors and beat of drum !

HYMN TO HESPERUS.

BRIGHT solitary beam, fair speck,
That, calling all the stars to duty,
Through stormless ether gleam'st to deck
The fulgent west's unclouded beauty ;
All silent are the fields, and still
The umbrageous wood's recesses dreary,
As if calm came at thy sweet will,
And Nature of Day's strife were weary.

Blent with the season and the scene,
From out her treasured stares, Reflection
Looks to the days when Life was green,
With fond and thrilling retrospection ;
The earth again seems haunted ground ;
Youth smiles, by Hope and Joy attended ;
And bloom afresh young flowers around,
With scent as rich, and hues as splendid.

This is a chilling world—we live
Only to see all round us wither ;
Years' beggar ; age can only give
Bare rocks to frail feet wandering thither ;
Friend after friend, joy after joy,
Have like night's boreal gleams departed ;
Ah ! how unlike the impassion'd boy,
Is Eld, white-hair'd, and broken-hearted !

How oft, 'mid eves as clear and calm,
These wild-wood pastures have I stray'd
in,
When all these scenes of bliss and balm
Blue Twilight's mantle were array'd in ;
How oft I've stole from bustling man,
From Art's parade and city riot,
The sweet'st of Nature's reign to scan,
And muse on Life in rural quiet !

Fair Star ! with calm repose and peace
I hail thy vesper beam returning ;
Thou seem'st to say that troubles cease
In the calm sphere, where thou art burn-
ing ;
Sweet 'tis on thee to gaze and muse ;—
Sure angel wings around thee hover,
And from Life's fountain scatter dews
To freshen Earth, Day's fever over.

Star of the Mariner ! thy car,
O'er the blue waters twinkling clearly,
Reminds him of his home afar,
And scenes he still loves, ah how dearly !
He sees his native fields, he sees
Grey twilight gathering o'er his moun-
tains,
And hears the murmuring of green trees,
The bleat of flocks, and gush of fountains.

How beautiful, when, through the shrouds,
The fierce presaging storm-winds rattle,
Thou glitterest clear amid the clouds,
O'er waves that lash, and gales that bat-
tle ;

And as, athwart the billows driven,
He turns to thee in fond devotion,
Star of the Sea ! thou tell'st that Heaven
O'erlooks alike both land and ocean.

Star of the Mourner ! 'mid the gloom,
When droops the West o'er Day departed,
The widow bends above the tomb
Of him who left her broken-hearted ;
Darkness within, and Night around,
The joys of life no more can move her,
When lo ! thou lightest the profound,
To tell that Heaven's eye glows above
her.

Star of the Lover ! Oh, how bright
Above the copsewood dark thou shinest,
As longs he for those eyes of light,
For him whose lustre burns divinest ;
Earth, and the things of earth depart,
Transform'd to scenes and sounds Elysian ;
Warm rapture gushes o'er his heart,
And Life seems like a faëry vision.

Yes, thine the hour, when, daylight done,
Fond Youth to Beauty's bower thou light-
est ;
Soft shines the moon, bright shines the sun,
But thou, of all things, softest, brightest.
Still is thy beam as fair and young,
The torch illuming Evening's portal,
As when of thee lorn Sappho sung,
With burning soul, in lays immortal.

Star of the Poet ! thy pale fire,
Awakening, kindling inspiration,
Burns in blue ether, to inspire
The loftiest themes of meditation ;
He deems some holier, happier race,
Dwells in the orbit of thy beauty,—
Pure spirits, who have purchased grace,
By walking in the paths of duty.

Beneath thee Earth turns Paradise
"To him, all radiant, rich, and tender ;
And dreams, array'd by thee, arise
Mid twilight's dim and dusky splendour ;
Blest or accurs'd each spot appears ;
A frenzy fine his fancy seizes ;
He sees unreal shapes, and hears
The wail of spirits on the breezes.

Bright leader of the hosts of Heaven!
When day from darkness God divided,
In silence through Empyrean driven,
Forth from the East thy chariot glided;
Star after star, o'er night and earth,
Shone out in brilliant revelation;
And all the angels sang for mirth,
To hail the finish'd, fair Creation.

Star of the bee! with laden thigh,
Thy twinkle warns its homeward wing-
ing;

Star of the bird! thou bid'st her lie
Down o'er her young, and hush her sing-
ing;

Star of the pilgrim, travel-sore,
How sweet, reflected in the fountains,
He hails thy circle gleaming o'er
The shadow of his native mountains!

Thou art the Star of Freedom, thou
Undo'st the bonds which gall the sorest;
Thou bring'st the ploughman from his
plough;
Thou bring'st the woodman from his
forest;

Thou bring'st the wave-worn fisher home,
With all his scaly wealth around him;
And bid'st the hearth-sick schoolboy roam,
Freed from the letter'd tasks that bound
him.

Star of declining day, farewell!—
Ere lived the Patriarchs, thou wert yon-
der;

Ere Isaac, mid the piny dell,
Went forth at eventide to ponder:
And, when to Death's stern mandate bow
All whom we love, and all who love us,
Thou shalt arise, as thou dost now,
To shine, and shed thy tears above us.

Star that proclaims Eternity!
When o'er the lost Sun Twilight weep-
eth,

Thou light'st thy beacon-tower on high,
To say, "He is not dead, but sleepeth:"
And forth with Dawn thou comest too,
As all the hosts of night surrender,
To prove thy sign of promise true,
And usher in Day's orient splendour.

THE GIANT AND THE DWARF.

Humbly inscribed to T. Pidcock, Esq. of Exeter Change.

A GIANT that once of a Dwarf made a friend,
(And their friendship the Dwarf took care shouldn't be hid),
Would now and then, out of his glooms, condescend
To laugh at his antics,—as every one did.

This Dwarf—an extremely diminutive dwarf,—
In birth unlike G—y, though his pride was as big,
Had been taken, when young, in the bogs of Clontarf,
And though born quite a Helot, had grown up a Whig.

He wrote little verses—and sung them withal,
And the Giant's dark visions they sometimes could charm,
Like the voice of the lute which had power over Saul,
And the song which could Hell and its legions disarm.

The Giant was grateful, and offered him gold,
But the Dwarf was indignant and spurned at the offer:
"No, never," he cried, "shall *my* friendship be sold
For the sordid contents of another man's coffer!

"What would Dwarfland, and Ireland, and every land say?
To what would so shocking a thing be ascribed?
My Lady would think that I was in your pay,
And the Quarterly swear that I must have been bribed.

"You see how I'm puzzled: I don't say it wouldn't
Be pleasant just now to have *just* that amount:
But to take it in gold or in bank-notes!—I couldn't,
I *wouldn't* accept it—on any account.

"But couldn't you just write your Autobiography,
All fearless and personal, bitter and stinging?
Sure *that*, with a few famous heads in lithography,
Would bring me far more than my Songs or my singing

"You know what I did for poor Sheridan's Life;
Yours is sure of my very best superintendence;

I'll expunge what might point at your sister or wife,—
And I'll thus keep my priceless, unbought independence !"

The Giant smiled grimly : he could'nt quite see
What difference there was on the face of the earth,
Between the Dwarf's taking the money in fee,
And his taking the same thing *in that money's worth.*

But to please him he wrote ; and the business was done :

The Dwarf went immediately off to " the Row ;"

And ere the next night had passed over the sun,

The MEMOIRS were purchased by Longman and Co.

W. GYNGELL,
Showman, Bartholomew Fair.

RECENT EXCURSION TO MOUNT VESUVIUS.

WE left Naples about eleven A. M., and having arrived at Resina, we mounted asses, and after a long ride during torrents of rain, reached the hermitage on the side of the hill at one o'clock. The road so far is very rugged, with many detached fragments of lava ; but the great bed of the latter is now resuming marks of slight verdure. The habitation of the monks itself is placed on a projection from the mountain, of tufa rock, formed in 1779 by the eruption, and lies so towards the crater, that, though the lava flows on both sides, the eminence itself is left untouched. When we arrived here the weather appeared to be clearing, and, as we had plenty of time to ascend and see the sun set from the top, we remained some time with the holy fathers, and the afternoon answered our expectations. When almost fair, we set off and pursued our way on asses towards the cone. Our road (if such it could be called) lay over an extensive bed of lava, partly formed in 1822. A more desolate scene can scarcely be conceived ; rugged, rising grounds, with craggy dells between, all formed of this hard, black, monotonous, and frightfully romantic lava ; the very Tartarus on earth, whether we imagine it burning with sheets of liquid fire, unquenchable by human means, and rolling down its dread resistless tide, or whether we see its wide convulsive remains, its indescribably horrid, desolate, uninhabitable aspect. It seems as if the elements of nature were ex-

posed to light, and one chaotic spot left amidst the richness of creation. Passing this dreary tract, we reached the bottom of the cone at half-past two, where we left our beasts and ascended on foot. It is composed of productions of the volcano itself, and the exterior is quite coated with loose cinders, which render the ascent very laborious, as you often sink back till you are above the ancle in these loose materials. I ascended it in forty minutes. When we reached the brink of the crater, we found it full of smoke and fumes, while the strongest sulphureous smells prevailed. We rested and refreshed ourselves for some time in a hot crevice, where we left several eggs to roast, and then advanced round the south brink of the abyss, and had a tolerably easy walk for about half its circumference, during which we heard occasionally noises like thunder proceeding from rocks every now and then giving way from the sides in vast masses, whose fall is reverberated and renewed by the echoes of the vast cavern. At length the edge of the crater grew much lower, forming a gap in the side of the cone next to Pompeii, which we first descended, and then scrambled inwards towards the centre of the mountain, being a fall on the whole of 1,000 feet.

In this gulf nature presented herself under a new form, and all was unlike the common state of things. We were, in truth, in the bowels of the earth, where her internal riches

are displayed in the wildest manner. The steep we had descended was composed of minerals of the most singular, yet beautiful description. The heavy morning rains were rising in steam in all directions, and had already awakened each sulphureous crevice, while almost every chink in the ground was so hot, that it was impossible to keep the hand the least time upon it. But this sensation was in unison with the objects around; the great crater of the volcano opening its convulsed jaws before you, where the rude lava was piled in every varied form in alternate layers with pozzulana and cinders. Below us the newly-formed crater* was pouring forth its steamy clouds, and at every growl which labouring nature gave from below, these volumes burst forth with renewed fury. At our feet, and on every side, were deep beds of yellow sulphur, varying in color from the deepest red orange, occasioned by ferruginous mixture, to the palest straw-colour, where alum predominated; and beside these, white depositions of great extent and depth, which are lava decomposed by heat, and in a state of great softness. Contrasted with these productions of beauty, we find the sterner formations of black and purple porphyry, which occasionally assume the scarlet hue from the extreme action of heat; add to this the sombre grey lava, and that of a green colour glittering throughout with micaceous particles, with the deep brown volcanic ashes, and you will have a combination which, for grandeur and singularity must be almost

unparalleled. It is singular enough, that, among so many sulphureous fires, we should have suffered from pinching cold. At the lowest point to which we went, the thermometer stood at 43 10-2. We employed ourselves for a considerable time in collecting the finest specimens we could obtain of the above-mentioned minerals. We then retraced our steps in this descent, which proved considerably laborious; and after gaining the top, visited a crevice a little way down on the outside of the cone, opened within the last forty days, which, though about one finger broad, and not much longer, admits a current of air so tremendously heated, that, on laying a bunch of ferns quite wet with the morning's rain, upon it, they speedily were in a blaze. Resuming the edge on the summit, we returned the way we came to the top of the descending path, and on our way saw the sun set in a very splendid manner, illuminating the distant islands of Ischia and Procida, the point of Misenum, and the bay of Baiæ, with his last rays. Having eaten our eggs, we descended the cone; being rather dark I made no particular haste; but on a former occasion I went down the cone with great satisfaction in four minutes. Had there been fewer stones I could easily have gone quicker. We left the top about half-past five, and having taken our cold dinner at the hermitage, we descended to Resina by torch light, and reached Naples safely at half-past eight o'clock.

MY FOUR FRIENDS.

THERE is a dreamy, melancholy mood of thought into which the mind sometimes steals without any perceptible reason for it; a sort of voluntary trance, in which the spirit resigns its activity, but retains its

consciousness, and floats passively up and down the stream of time and humanity. There is a luxury in this state of mind, of which every one has tasted more or less. To the busy and active, it is the spirit's bed of

* A small crater burst out in the bottom of the large one on the morning of the 18th. This excursion was on the 21st of November.

down ; to the lonely, deep-thinking, and imaginative man, it is the passage to scenes of inconceivable loveliness,—shadowy, and indistinct, and dim, but dropping with the rich dews of a most perfect harmony. But the awakening from this dream is painful in proportion to the intensity of its impressions. We feel the walls of mortality closing round us with a sensation of suffering ; the realities and circumstances of life arrange themselves as barriers to our enchanted palace ; the past, with its mellowed sacred beauty, is lost under the glare of day ; and we hear a thousand voices telling us, that, while our hearts seemed to see their holiest remembrances become instinct with life and form, they were but in a vain and unprofitable dream.

The last night of the old year found me in the mood I have been describing, but there was pain and regret mixed up with the sensations it produced ; visions floated around me that had but just escaped from my grasp, and the unreal had been too lately a part of the present and the palpable to let me enjoy it in reverie. We can look steadily and calmly back on the far off waves of life ; but we shrink from watching them, when they are still bearing the wrecks of our lives and enjoyments. I felt that it would be wiser to escape from my lonely thoughts ; and, seeing the clear bright moonlight glittering through my window, I buttoned myself up, and sallied out for a ramble. I had not, however, gone far, when a dense fog arose, my path became hardly discernible, and the thick heavy dew dripped off my hat as in a steady shower of rain. There was no alternative, but either to stay out and get unimaginably wet, or return back to my solitary study, to neither of which I could reconcile myself ; the one threatening me, in plain sober language, with a most unsophisticated cough all the winter, and the other with something worse. I remembered, however, that there was more than one fire-side at which I should be a welcome

guest, and I accordingly determined on paying a short visit to some of my most domesticated acquaintances.

The house I first made for was that of an excellent man, who had formerly been in business ; but, having had a property left him by a relative, had for some time been living in the enjoyment of independence. He had been twice married, and by his former wife had three daughters, who were grown up, and still living with him. His present wife, to whom he had been married little more than a twelvemonth, was only a year or two older than his eldest daughter, and had been introduced to the father as her particular friend. I soon found myself at the house of my old acquaintance, and in the warm, comfortable drawing-room, where I had often spent the winter evening before his present marriage. Since this event, I had seldom made so unceremonious a visit, and every little alteration, therefore, in the arrangements of the family party, became at once visible. When I formerly spent my evenings there, the place itself seemed fitted to fill every one who entered it with all comfortable feelings. There was that warmth and quietness which make an essential part in the idea of a happy home. There was no sound that could disturb the soft repose of the spirit as it retired into its sanctuary, and no object that could recal any thing but images of peace and content. My friend used to be seated in his arm-chair, undisturbedly reading the paper, or attending to one of his daughters, who would sometimes persuade him into hearing a novel read, while those who were unemployed thus would be busied in performing some little task which their filial affection had set them. There was now a considerable alteration in their fire-side arrangements. The two eldest daughters were seated at a work-table, drawn into one corner of the room, and, by their close and half-whispered conversation, showed there was some little division of family confi-

dence. The younger sat reading to herself by the fire; and my friend, half bending out of his arm-chair, with his placid features considerably excited by anxiety, was watching the feeding of a baby, who shrieked, to the utmost capacity of its lungs, every time the nurse took the spoon from its mouth. Opposite to him sat his wife, lolling easily in her chair, and evincing infinitely less perturbation, but every now and then casting a look at her husband, which seemed to me to express anything rather than reverence for his fatherly looks. Truly did my words stick in my throat as I wished the party a happy new year; but, fortunately for me, my friend having entered into an edifying discussion with his wife on teething and sore mouths, ended by determining instantly to go out, and purchase the last new work on the diseases of children, and advice to new married people.

Out, accordingly, we went. We had before rambled together in the evening, and long and pleasantly amused ourselves with its mixture of merriment and repose, or ruminated, in the philanthropy of our hearts, on the misery behind its curtain; but, alas! my companion was no longer the same man. Instead of the firm and somewhat strutting step with which he formerly walked, he hastened on with a quick, shuffling pace and stooping gait, that bespoke the confirmed old man. Heaven keep me, thought I, as I parted with him, from pouring the dregs of my wine-cup into another's full and sparkling bowl!

I next bethought me of an acquaintance whom I cordially esteemed, but whose habits of close retirement, and peculiar turn of mind, deprived him of those companionable qualities which I then felt most in need of. I was sure, however, of finding his fire-side the same as it was when I last visited it, and this was enough to determine my course. The house I was now approaching was a small, two-storied tenement, situated at the corner of an obscure

street, and only different from the rest in the neighbourhood by having a rapper on the door, and an appearance of superior cleanliness. I found my friend at home, as I never remember not doing, and seated with his wife before a fire, which, though occupying scarcely half the depth of the stove, shone bright and cheerfully over the clean swept hearth. This solitary couple, though still in their youth, had been married some years, and had already enough of trial and affliction to separate them from the world, and drive them like frightened birds to the shelter of their nest. They had married from a romantic and almost self-abandoning attachment, for they neither of them possessed the means of increasing the pittance which my friend inherited from his father; but their love was all-sufficient for their happiness. It had defied the worldliness of every other passion; and in their quiet little home they had learnt a philosophy of the heart, which, after all, is stronger in its meek, yielding tenderness, than the purest stoicism that ever existed. I felt my spirits grow sober as I drew my chair nearer to the fire, and as I listened to their conversation, as cheerful as their solitude and subdued hopes could let it be.

The next friend I visited was one of long, long standing,—the friend of my boyish days, of the years whose history is written on the holiest page of memory; she was the dearest one I had, for she had been the companion of my far absent mother, the long constant companion of her whose name always brings back to my ear all the sweet music I had ever heard. She was a widow, and her fireside had the deep quietness, the peaceful, but too solitary air of one that had lost its accustomed circle of happy faces. The old lady was closely engaged in reading; a large favourite cat sat at her feet; and the whole apartment was full of winter comfort. But she was alone, and she felt her loneliness; for, with the vain effort of a hurt mind to

amuse itself with shadows, I saw she had placed the chair, in which her husband used to sit, with scrupulous exactness in its accustomed position ; a handkerchief was thrown over one of the arms, and a favourite volume lay open on the cushion. We began to talk, and soon were we far back in the vale of years. Time had read a moral to us both, but she only had learnt it. I sighed as I wished her good night. There is a loneliness in the house of a widow, and a melancholy in her resignation, which I have never witnessed without a feeling too deep to mix well with the lighter fancies of my mind. I tried, but I could not say, "a happy new year."

It was now growing late : I had, however, but one more friend to visit, and his house was on my way home. I was soon there, and, as I entered, I was greeted with a dozen voices, all sweet and silvery as the tones of a flute, and only breaking their bird-like harmony by the hearty, unrestrained laugh that burst from their free bosoms. It was a happy scene ; the large, old-fashioned parlour, with a fire blazing away as if it knew it was a Christmas fire ; the crowd of happy boys and girls making a festival by their very presence, and the delighted-looking pa-

rents, bearing in their countenances traces of care—anxious, heart-heaving care, which seemed only to have forgotten itself for a season ; all these together made up a scene full of gladness, yet with a sufficient shade of melancholy to prepare my heart well for its return to solitude.

Sombre, though not painful, were the sensations that passed through my breast ; but they were not peculiar to myself. They are common to our race, and are the ground-colouring, more or less deep, of every heart. Time, if he have an audible voice at no other season, is heard all over the world when he gathers another year into the mighty dormitory of eternity. The very means which the vulgar make use of at this period to dissipate thought, are those which people employ to amuse themselves in a haunted house ; and you may be in the most boisterous party without seeing one who does not make an involuntary pause when the closing minute arrives. There is at that instant a hesitating, stifling feeling within us, as if Time laid his fingers upon our heart, and held it in their grasp, till he set it free again to burn and palpitate with the hopes and agonies of a recommenced existence.

CHARMS OF RETROSPECTION.

HOW beautiful are all the subdivisions of Time diversifying the dream of human life, as it glides away between earth and heaven ! And why should moralists mourn over that mutability that gives the chief charm to all that passes so transitorily before our eyes, leaving image upon image fairer and dearer far than even the realities, still visible and it may be for ever, in the waters of memory sleeping within the heart ? Memory never awakes but along with imagination, and therefore it is

"That she can give us back the dead,
Even in the loveliest looks they wore !"

The years, the months, the weeks, the days, the nights, the hours, the minutes, the moments, each is in itself a different living, and peopled, and haunted world. One life is a thousand lives, and each individual, as he fully renews the past, reappears in a thousand characters, yet all of them bearing a mysterious identity not to be misunderstood, and all of them, while every passion has been shifting and dying away, and reascending into power, still under the dominion of the same unchanging conscience, that feels and knows that it is from God.

Oh ! who can complain of the

shortness of human life, that can re-travel all the windings and wanderings, and mazes that his feet have trodden since the farthest back hour at which memory pauses, baffled and blindfolded, as she vainly tries to penetrate and illumine the palpable, the impervious darkness that shrouds the few first for-ever-forgotten years of our wonderful being? Long, long, long ago seems it to be indeed, when we now remember it, the Time we first pulled the primroses on the sunny braes, wondering, in our first blissful emotions of beauty, at the leaves with a softness all their own, a yellowness no where else so vivid, "the bright consummate flower," so starlike to our awakened imagination among the lowly grass—lovely, indeed, to our admiring eyes, as any one of all the stars that, in their turn, did seem themselves like flowers in the blue fields of heaven!—long, long, long ago, the time when we danced along, hand in hand with our golden-haired sister, whom all that looked on loved!—long, long, long ago, the day on which she died—the hour, so far more dismal than any hour that can now darken us on this earth, when she—her coffin—and that velvet pall descended—and descended—slowly, slowly into the horrid clay, and we were borne deathlike, and wishing to die, out of the churchyard, that, from that moment, we thought we could enter never more! And oh! What a multitudinous being must ours have been, when, before our boyhood was gone, we could have forgotten her buried face! Or at the dream of it dashed off a tear, and away, with a bounding heart, in the midst of a cloud of playmates, breaking into fragments on the hill-side, and hurrying round the shores of those wild moorland lochs, in vain hope to surprise the heron, that slowly uplifted his blue bulk, and floated away, regardless of our shouts, to the old castle woods! It is all like a reminiscence of some other state of existence! Then, after all the joys and sorrows of those few years, which we now call transitory,

but which our Boyhood felt as if they would be endless—as if they would endure for ever—arose upon us the glorious dawning of another new life—Youth! With its insupportable sunshine, and its magnificent storms! Transitory, too, we now know, and well deserving the name of dream! But while it lasted, long, various, and agonizing, while, unable to sustain "the beauty still more beauteous" of the eyes that first revealed to us the light of love, we hurried away from the parting hour, and, looking up to the moon and stars, hugged the very heavens to our heart. Yet life had not yet nearly reached its meridian, journeying up the sunbright firmament. How long hung it there exulting, when "it flamed on the forehead of the noontide sky!" Let not the Time be computed by the lights and shadows of the years, but by the innumerable array of visionary thoughts, that keep deploying, as if from one eternity into another—now in dark sullen masses, now in long array, brightened as if with spear-points and standards, and moving along through chasm, abyss, and forest, and over the summits of the highest mountains, to the sound of ethereal music, now warlike and tempestuous—now, as "from flutes and soft recorders," accompanying, not pæans of victory, but hymns of peace. That Life, too, seems, now that it is gone, to have been of a thousand years. Is it gone? Its skirts are yet hovering on the horizon—and is there yet another Life destined for us? That Life which we fear to face,—Age, Old Age! Four dreams within a dream, and then we may awake in Heaven!

At dead of night—and it is now the dead of night—how the heart often quakes on a sudden at the silent resurrection of buried thoughts!

"Thoughts that like phantoms trackless come
and go!"

Perhaps the sunshine of some one single Sabbath of more exceeding holiness comes first glimmering, and then brightening upon us, with the

very same religious sanctity that filled all the air at the tolling of the kirk-bell, when all the parish was hushed, and the voice of streams heard more distinctly among the banks and braes,—and then, all at once, a thunder-storm that many years before, or many years after, drove us, when walking alone over the mountains, into a shieling, will seem to succeed, and we behold the same threatening aspect of the heavens that then quailed our beating hearts, and frowned down our eye lids before the lightning began to flash, and the black rain to deluge all

the glens. No need now for any effort of thought. The images rise of themselves—independently of our volition—as if another being, studying the working of our minds, conjured up the phantasmagoria before us, who are beholding it with love, with wonder, or with fear. Darkness and silence have a power of sorcery over the past; and the soul has then, too, often restored to its feelings and thoughts that it had lost—and is made to know that nothing which it once experiences ever perishes, but that all things spiritual possess a principle of immortal life.

SACRIFICE OF AN INDIAN WIDOW.

FROM BISHOP HEBER'S TRAVELS IN INDIA.

DURING the time that I was at Poona, from November, 1809, to March, 1811, there were four instances of women who burned themselves on the death of their husbands. The first two I witnessed. I desired to ascertain the real circumstances with which those ceremonies were attended, and, in particular, to satisfy myself whether the women, who were the victims of them, were free and conscious agents. The spot appropriated to this purpose was on the margin of the river, immediately opposite the house in which I lived.

On the first occasion, the pile was in preparation when I arrived. It was constructed of rough billets of wood, and was about four feet high, and seven feet square. At each corner there was a slender pole, supporting a light frame, covered with small fuel, straw, and dry grass. The interval between the pile and the frame, which formed a sort of rude canopy, was about four feet. Three of the sides were closed up with matted straw, the fourth being left open as an entrance. The top of the pile, which formed the bottom of this interval, was spread with straw, and the inside had very much the appearance of the interior of a

small hut. The procession with the widow arrived soon after. There were altogether about a hundred persons with her, consisting of the Brahmins who were to officiate at the ceremony, and the retinue furnished by the government. She was on horseback. She had garlands of flowers over her head and shoulders, and her face was besmeared with sandal wood. In one hand she held a looking-glass, and in the other a lime stuck upon a dagger. Her dress, which was red, was of the common description worn by Hindoo women, called a sarce. Where the wife is with the husband when he dies she burns herself with the corpse; and in those cases where the husband dies at a distance, she must have with her on the pile, either some relic of his body or some part of the dress he had on at the time of his death. In this instance, the husband had been a soldier, and had been killed at some distance from Poona. His widow had with her one of his shoes. She had quite a girlish appearance, and could not have been more than seventeen or eighteen years old. Her countenance was of a common cast, without any thing peculiar in its character or expression. It was grave and com-

posed ; and neither in her carriage, manner, nor gestures did she betray the slightest degree of agitation or disturbance. She dismounted, and sat down at the edge of the river, and, with the assistance of the Bramins, went through some religious ceremonies. She distributed flowers and sweetmeats ; and although she spoke little, what she did say was in an easy and natural tone, and free from any apparent emotion. She did not seem to pay any attention to the preparation of the pile ; but when she was told that it was ready, rose, and walked towards it. She there performed some other ceremonies, standing on a stone, on which the outline of two feet had been traced with a chisel. In front of her was a larger stone, which had been placed as a temporary altar, and on which a small fire had been lit. These ceremonies lasted about five minutes, and when they were over, she, of her own accord, approached the pile, and mounted it without assistance. From the beginning to the end of this trying period, she was, to all outward appearance, entirely unmoved. Not the slightest emotion of any kind was perceptible. Her demeanor was calm and placid ; equally free from hurry or reluctance. There was no effort, no impatience, no shrinking. To look at her, one would have supposed that she was engaged in some indifferent occupation ; and although I was within a few yards of her, I could not at any moment detect, either in her voice, or manner, or in the expression of her countenance, the smallest appearance of constraint, or the least departure from the most entire self possession. Certainly, she was not under the influence of any intoxicating drug, nor any sort of stupefaction ; and from first to last, I did not see any person persuading, exciting, or encouraging her.

She herself took the lead throughout, and did all that was to be done of her own accord. When she was seated on the pile, she adjusted her dress with the same composure that she had all along maintained, and taking from the hand of one of the attendants a taper, which had been lit at the temporary altar, she herself set fire to some pieces of linen, which had been suspended for the purpose from the frame above, and then, covering her head with the folds of her dress, she lay quietly and deliberately down. No fire was applied to the lower part of the pile ; but the flames soon spread through the combustible materials on the frame. The attendants threw some oil on the ignited mass ; and the strings by which the frame was attached to the posts being cut, it descended on the pile. The weight of it was insufficient either to injure or confine the victim ; but it served to conceal her entirely from view, and it brought the flames into immediate contact with the body of the pile. At the same moment a variety of musical instruments were sounded, producing with the shouts of the attendants a noise, through which no cries, even if any had issued from the pile, could have been distinguished. The flames spread rapidly, and burned fiercely ; and it was not long before the whole mass was reduced to a heap of glowing embers. No weight nor ligature, nor constraint of any kind was used to retain the woman on the pile ; nor was there any obstacle to prevent her springing from it, when she felt the approach of the flames. The smoke was evidently insufficient to produce either suffocation or stupefaction ; and I am satisfied that the victim was destroyed by the fire, and by the fire only.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY, 1823.

OPERA DRESS.

A DRESS of white satin, trimmed with two rows of ornaments representing rosaces formed of satin *rouleaux*; each row divided by a *rouleau* across the skirt, and another *rouleau* concealing the hem next the shoe. The sleeves long, and, fitting almost close to the smaller part of the arm, are confined at the wrists with very broad gold bracelets, fastened by a cameo-head, set round with rubies. The hair arranged *a la Madonna*, with a *bandeau* of pearls crossed obliquely over the left side of the tresses, in front: on the right, is a full cluster of curls, forming a bow, and so elevated, as to appear like an ornament on the turban, which is of celestial blue and silver-lama gauze. Over the dress is worn a cloak of Parma-violet-coloured velvet, trimmed with chinchilla, forming a very broad border round the bottom of the cloak and down each side of the front. A Russian mantelet-cape of plain velvet, falls as low as the elbow, and over that is a pelerine-cape, entirely of chinchilla. This superb mantle ties in front of the throat from two antique medallion ornaments, with rich silk *cordon*, terminating by large tassels, which depend as low as the knee. The ear-rings are not pendant, but are composed of clusters of rubies.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress of white taffety, with two full puckerings round the border, in distinct rows; these are of *tulle*, and over them are laid in bias, *rouleaux* of satin, of the colour of the young holly-leaf, or of a bright cerulean-blue, according to fancy: these ornaments are headed by a *rouleau* of the same colour, and by a row of *clochettes*, reversed, which are formed also of narrow *rouleaux*. The body is finished in front with *fichu*-robings, which are edged with a double range of narrow *rouleaux*, of the same colour as those on the skirt; and the sto-

macher part is gathered full across, with the fullness confined up the centre of the bust by a narrow double *rouleau*. The sleeves are short, plain, and very full, and are confined round the arm by a narrow band of green or blue satin, and the waist is encircled by a ribbon of the same tint. The hair is arranged in curls round the face, over which is a *beret* of blue or green: bows of one of these colours, in chequers, on a white ground, ornament this head-dress under the brim, next the hair, where is also placed, on the right side, near the centre of the forehead, a bird-of-Paradise plume; another is placed over the *beret*, on the summit of the head, and waves gracefully over the left side. The ear-pendants are short, round, and of fine gold.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress of pink satin, trimmed with a broad puckering of *tulle*, or gauze, round the border of the skirt; on which are laid pink satin leaves, edged round with a narrow black *rouleau*. Body made plain, and low; round the tucker part of the dress is a row of Spanish points, edged with a quilling of white *blond*, or *tulle*. Head-dress formed of long puffs of gauze of saffron-colour, and white gossamer *aigrettes*. Ear-rings and necklace of pearls, the latter elegantly set in delicate festoons; and in front of the hair is a superb jewelry ornament, in the diadem style, consisting of large pearls, surrounded by *fillagree*, and finely-wrought gold.

BALL DRESS.

A dress of painted Indian taffety, with a full broad fluting of white *tulle* at the border, crossed over in treillage work, by *rouleaux* of white satin, edged on one side with blue and yellow satin, narrower *rouleaux*; one, very broad, and wadded, conceals the hem next the shoe. The body is *a la Circassienne*; and where the drapery across the bust is partially left open, before it wraps over, is a

chemisette tucker of Japanese gauze, edged with narrow *blond*. The sleeves are short, and very full; rather confined in the middle by a row of diamonds, the same as those formed by the treillage work on the fluted border. The hair is arranged in full curls on each side the face, with a bow on the summit formed of three puffs of hair, which are very highly elevated. At the base of this

bow, is a coronet ornament of white and gold enamel. The ear-pendants are a *Pantique, en girandoles*; and are composed of three drops in rubies: the necklace is formed of three rows of pearls and rubies intermingled, with three valuable drop-rubies in the centre. Bracelets of dark hair, and cameos, worn over the gloves.

VARIETIES.

INTOXICATION.

THE laws against intoxication are enforced with great rigour in Sweden. Whoever is seen drunk is fined, for the first offence, three dollars; for the second, six; for the third and fourth, a still larger sum,—and is also deprived of the right of voting at elections, and of being appointed a representative. He is, besides, publicly exposed in the parish church on the following Sunday. If the same individual is found committing the same offence a fifth time, he is shut up in a house of correction, and condemned to six months' hard labour; and if he is again guilty, to a twelvemonth's punishment of a similar description. If the offence has been committed in public, such as at a fair, at an auction, &c. the fine is doubled; and if the offender has made his appearance in a church, the punishment is still more severe. Whoever is convicted of having induced another to intoxicate himself, is fined three dollars, which sum is doubled if the drunken person is a minor. An ecclesiastic who falls into this offence loses his benefice; if it is a layman who occupies any considerable post, his functions are suspended, and perhaps he is dismissed. Drunkenness is never admitted as an excuse for any crime; and whoever dies while drunk, is buried ignominiously, and deprived of the prayers of the church. It is forbidden to give, and more explicitly to sell, any spirituous

liquor to students, workmen, servants, apprentices, and private soldiers. Whoever is observed drunk in the streets, or making a noise in a tavern, is sure to be taken to prison, and detained until sober, without, however, being on that account exempted from the fines. Half of these fines goes to the informers (who are generally police officers), the other half to the poor. If the delinquent has no money, he is kept in prison until some one pays for him, or until he has worked out his enlargement. Twice a year these ordinances are read aloud from the pulpit by the clergy; and every tavern-keeper is bound, under the penalty of a heavy fine, to have a copy of them hung up in the principal rooms of his house. —

NOLLEKENS.

Mr. Nollekens left £240,000 behind him, and the name of one of the best English sculptors. There was a great scramble among the legatees—a codocil to a will with large bequests unsigned, and that last triumph of the dead or dying over those who survive—hopes raised and defeated without a possibility of retaliation, or the smallest use in complaint. The king was at first said to be left residuary legatee. This would have been a fine instance of romantic and gratuitous homage to majesty, in a man who all his life-time could never be made to comprehend the abstract idea of the distinction of ranks, or even of persons. He would go up

to the Duke of York or Prince of Wales (in spite of warning,) take them familiarly by the button like common acquaintance, ask *how their father did*, and express pleasure at hearing he was well, saying, "when he was gone we should never get such another." He once, when the old king was sitting to him for his bust, fairly stuck a pair of compasses into his nose, to measure the distance from the upper lip to the forehead, as if he had been measuring a block of marble. His late majesty laughed heartily at this, and was amused to find that there was a person in the world ignorant of that vast interval which separated him from every other man. Nollekens, with all his loyalty, hardly liked the man, and cared nothing about the king (which was one of those mixed modes, as Mr. Locke calls them, of which he had no more idea than if he had been one of the cream-coloured horses)—handled him like so much common clay, and had no other notion of the matter, but that it was his business to make the best bust of him he possibly could, and to set about it in the regular way. There was something in this plainness and simplicity that savoured perhaps of the hardness and dryness of his art, and of his own peculiar severity of manners. Nollekens' style was comparatively hard and dry. He had as much truth and character, but none of the polished graces or transparent softness of Chantrey. He had more of the rough, plain, downright honesty of his heart. It seemed to be his character. Mr. Northcote was once complimenting him on his acknowledged superiority—"Ay, *you* made the best busts of anybody!" "I don't know about that," said the other, his eyes (though their orbs were quenched) smiling with a gleam of smothered delight, "I only know I always tried to make them as like as I could."

IRISH WIT.

As Sir Walter Scott was riding (a few weeks ago) with a friend in the

neighbourhood of Abbotsford, he came to a field-gate, which an Irish beggar, who happened to be near, hastened to open for him. Sir Walter was desirous of rewarding this civility by the present of sixpence, but found that he had not so small a coin in his purse. "Here, my good fellow," said the baronet, "here is a shilling for you; but mind, you owe me sixpence." "God bless your honour!" exclaimed Pat; "may your honour live till I pay you!"

When the French landed at Bantry Bay, an Irish peasant, who was posted, with a musket, upon one of the cliffs, and had wandered a little out of his position, was accosted by an English officer with "What are you here for?" "Faith, your honour," said Pat, with his accustomed grin of good humour, "they tell me I'm here for a *century*."

CUSTOMS OF ALAGNA.

Near Monte Rosa, in the district of Varallo in Lombardy, there is a small town called Alagna, containing about twelve hundred inhabitants. For four centuries there has not been one criminal prosecution or action at law; nay, not even a formal contract drawn up by a professional man. It is very rarely that an individual commits any grave offence, or is guilty of serious misconduct; but when such cases occur, the culpable person is compelled to fly from the place. On one occasion, the clergyman of the place was obliged to abscond for ill-behaviour, and his absence depriving them of their pastor, one of the elders of the town performed the duty of the priest, and read the church-service at the proper time. Paternal authority is here absolute, as in China or old Rome, and continues during life; fathers disposing of the whole of their property as they please, without written wills, the verbal declaration of the dying being invariably considered sufficient. Not long ago an inhabitant of Alagna died, leaving his property, worth about £4000, which is there a considerable sum, to individuals who

were not his legal heirs. The person to whom, according to law, his wealth should have descended, shortly afterwards fell into company with a lawyer of the neighbouring city, who informed him that as the laws did not recognize the customs of Alagna, he might instantly recover the property of which he had been so unjustly deprived. At first the lawyer's offers of service were rejected; but at length the disinherited man demanded time for reflection. For three days he was observed to be plunged in meditation, and much disturbed; an important matter, as he remarked to his friends, pressing upon his mind. At the end of that time he went to the officious lawyer, and said "What you advise me to do has never been done before in our village, and unquestionably I shall not set the example of innovation."

THE THAMES TUNNEL.

This unfortunate undertaking has again been overflowed by the bursting in of the river; an accident which, following all that was said about "perfect security" after the former misfortune, ought not to have happened. But we fear this ingenious and really interesting scheme has been ill-managed, in spite of the talents of Mr. Brunel, and the perseverance and skill of his co-operators. The fact is, it has been far too much a thing of newspaper discussion. Instead of having every nerve and all attention directed to the work, there has been a distracting diversion of mind as to ways and means, and the courting of public opinion to favour the speculation. It is now, in consequence, a very bad job.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE OF BONAPARTE.

Napoleon being in the gallery of the Louvre one day, attended by the Baron Denon, turned round suddenly from a fine picture, which he had viewed for some time in silence, and said to him—"That is a noble picture, Denon." "Immortal," was Denon's reply. "How long," inquired Napoleon, "will this picture

last?" Denon answered, that "with care, and in a proper situation, it might last, perhaps, five hundred years." "And how long," said Napoleon, "will a statue last?" "Perhaps," replied Denon, "five thousand years." "And this," returned Napoleon, sharply, "this you call immortality!"

TAME CROCODILE.

At Chantilly there is a crocodile so tame and well-disposed, that he is caressed with impunity by the keeper, who endeavours (although, as may easily be supposed, not often with success,) to induce visitors to follow his example.

MONTESQUIEU.

This extraordinary man, whose death was deplored by Lord Chesterfield as that of a great statesman, was considered in France merely as an eloquent dreamer. His high qualities are much better appreciated by his countrymen in the present day. So disgusted was Montesquieu with the place which he held in society during his life, that having understood from a person to whom he had confided the education of his son, that the boy evinced great aptitude of conception, and inclination to write, he exclaimed, in alarm, "What! he will be like myself, only an original, a man of letters, a worthless fellow!"

TASTE.

Donnelly, the Irish pugilist (remembered as Sir Daniel), when asked by a novice in his science what was the best way to learn to fight? replied, "Och, sir, there's no use in life in a man's learning to fight, unless *natur* gave him a bit of a taste for it."

THE SPADE OF SFORZA.

The founder of the Sforza family, and father of Francesco, the first Duke of Milan, who died, according to Mr. Roscoe, about 1465, was a peasant, and following his labour, when he was invited by his companions to follow the army. He did not

draw lots whether he should go or not, but threw his spade into an oak, declaring, that if it fell to the ground he would continue his labours; but if it hung in the tree he would try his fortune as a soldier. Some bit of a branch intercepted its fall, and gave a father to a long line of princes, the most splendid sovereigns of Italy.

LEX TALIONIS.

An Armenian jeweller, who had sold a quantity of counterfeit diamonds to the favourite wife of the Shah of Persia, was pursued by the officers of the palace, and overtaken, when the lady demanded an exemplary satisfaction. The Shah, after many endeavours, finding it impossible to propitiate the complainant, consented that the malefactor should be exposed, according to the custom of the country, in the arena for the combats of wild beasts. But, when all the court was collected to witness the spectacle of the execution, to the surprise of the poor wretch, who expected to be instantly devoured, instead of a lion, a lamb was let out from one of the dens, which forthwith walked up, and began to fawn upon him. The sultaness, indignant at this affront, flew to her husband to explain what had happened, and insisted that the master of the beasts, who had ordered this, deserved no better than to be eaten along with the false jeweller, for company. "Be merciful, fair Yasili," said the good-tempered prince; "the Armenian has been punished by the law of retaliation. He deceived you, and he has now himself been deceived; let him be quit, for this time, *pour le peur*."

SINGULAR PHENOMENON.

In the parish of St. Austle, Cornwall, there is a singular phenomenon; it is the appearance of a light near the turnpike road at Hill Head, about three quarters of a mile west of the town. In the summer season it is rarely seen; but in the winter, particularly in the months of November and December, scarcely a dark night passes in which it is not visible. It

appears of a yellow hue, and seems to resemble a small embodied flame. It is generally stationary; and when it moves, it wanders but very little from its primitive spot, sometimes mounting upward, and then descending to the earth. As it has frequented this spot from time immemorial, it is now rendered so familiar that it almost ceases to excite attention. It is somewhat remarkable, that although many attempts have been made to discover it in the place of its appearance, every effort has hitherto failed of success. On approaching the spot, it becomes invisible to the pursuers, even while it remains luminous to those who watched it at a distance. To trace its exact abode, a level has been taken during its appearance, by which the curious have been guided in their researches the ensuing day; but nothing has hitherto been discovered.

SIZE AND VALUE OF MAHOGANY.

Few people are acquainted with the immense size and value of some logs of mahogany brought to England. The following may serve as an example. "The largest and finest log of mahogany ever imported into this country has been recently sold by auction at the docks in Liverpool. It was purchased by James Hodgson, Esq. for three hundred and seventy-eight pounds, and afterwards sold by him for five hundred and twenty-five pounds, and if it open well, it is supposed to be worth one thousand pounds. If sawn into vineers it is computed that the cost of labour in the process will be seven hundred and fifty pounds. The weight at the King's beam is six tons thirteen hundred weight."

LANGUAGE.

The Abbé De Lisle says, that the Arabs have one hundred and fifty words for a lion, and three hundred for a serpent!

IN THE PRESS,

The Omnipotence of the Deity; a Poem by Mr. R. Montgomery.

SPIRIT

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ANDREW CLEAVES.*

THE Sabbath-day passed on as usual; its wonted calm, unbroken even by Josiah's eager anticipation of the morrow—for so early and so severely had Andrew inculcated the duty of a grave and solemn demeanour on the Lord's day, that the child had learnt to imitate his father's serious and mortified aspect, and his joyous laugh was rarely heard ringing through the house during those long twelve tedious hours; and, contrary to his usual vivacious habits, he was always anxious to go to bed very early on the Sabbath evening, and he had already been some hours in a sweet and profound sleep, when his father came to bed on that last night preceding the important Monday.

If ever prayers were breathed from the heart, such were those of Andrew Cleaves, when, by the pale light of a cloudless moon, he knelt down at that solemn hour, beside the pillow of his sleeping child, who "looked like an angel as he slept," the tender moonbeams playing like a glory round those young innocent temples. Yes, if ever prayer came direct from the heart, such was that of Andrew Cleaves at that solemn hour; yet never before were his whispered aspirations so broken, so faintly murmured, so devoid of all the graces of speech and metaphor. Over and over again his lips murmured—"Bless my child—bless him,

oh Lord!" and then the words died away, and the heart only spoke, for its eloquence was unutterable; yet he continued near an hour in that holy communion; and when at length he rose up from his knees, and bending over his child, bowed his head to imprint the accustomed kiss, large drops rolled down his rugged features, and fell on the soft glowing cheek of the little sleeper.

Andrew Cleaves laid himself down to rest that night, with such thoughts as might, "if heaven had willed it," have matured even then to fruits of blessedness. But his time was not come. The rock was stricken, but as yet the waters gushed not freely out.

Daylight brought with it other thoughts, and more worldly feelings; and Andrew Cleaves rose up himself again, stout of heart and firm of purpose, remembering that he was to appear among men; and scorning to betray, before his fellow creatures, any symptom of that tender weakness which he felt half humiliated at having yielded to, in the sight of his Creator.

He roused the boy up hastily and cheerily, and hurried old Jenny in her breakfast preparations, and in completing the packing up of Josiah's box, and equipping him for his departure, and the new scene he was about to enter on, in a suit of brand new clothes, made, however, after the

* Continued from page 25.

precise fashion of his first manly habiliments;—and Andrew himself was less methodical and deliberate than usual in his own proceedings, finding something to do, or to seek for, which hurried him hither and thither, with a bustling restlessness very unlike his general clock-work movements.

He sat scarce five minutes at his breakfast, and had not consumed half his morning's portion of oatmeal porridge, when he started off to draw out the cart, and harness old Dobbin;—and the box was locked and brought out—and the boy rigged at all points, like a little hog in armour—and the horse and cart at the door—and all ready, though Andrew professed he had believed it later than it really was, by a full hour, and the sooner they were off the better—so cutting short, with peevish impatience, the blubbing adieu of poor Jenny—just as Josiah was beginning to sob out in concert—and saying “Up wi’ ye, my man,” he jerked him suddenly into the cart, and mounting himself, drove off at a rate that caused old Jenny to exclaim, “Lord save us, for certain master’s bewitched!”—and greatly inconvenienced Dobbin, whose usual paces were every whit as sedate and deliberate as her master’s.

It is not to be inferred, however, that he continued to urge on the venerable beast to those unnatural exertions throughout the whole five miles. Andrew was so far a humane man, that he was “merciful to his beast,” and once out of sight of home, permitted her to fall into her old jog-trot, taking the opportunity, after clearing his throat with sundry hums and ha’s, to hold forth very lengthily to his young companion, on the new course of life he was about to enter on—the new duties he would have to fulfil—the zeal for learning—aptness, diligence, and perseverance, that would be expected from him—the care he was to take of his clothes, and his new Bible and Prayer-book, and the caution with which it would behove him to select intimates among his schoolfellows, many of whom

might be wild, riotous chaps, given to such wicked ways as Andrew trembled to think of.

The boy had listened to this edifying exhortation—which had held on through four interminable miles, for Andrew was always soothed and inspired by the sound of his own drooping preachments—just as he had been wont to listen to the Rev. Mr. Leadbeater’s hydra-headed sermons—in silence indeed, but with most disconsolate yawnings and twitchings, and indescribable fidgetings—but when his father came to the head of *Schoolfellows*, his attention was instantly excited, and suddenly brightening up, and skipping over the prohibitory clauses of the discourse, he broke in on it with an inquiry of—whether the boys were like to be good hands at hoops and marbles?

An interruption so ill-timed and incongruous, would have drawn down a sharp rebuke on the heedless offender, but just as it was breaking from Andrew’s lips, a sudden turn of the road brought them to the top of the last hill overlooking the town of C—, which now opened at a short distance in full view of the travellers.

There—the father remembered he was to leave his boy—so the severe words died away upon his lips,—and the child looked, for the first time in his life, on the wonderful labyrinth of houses, churches, markets, and manufactories, that constitute a considerable county-town; and his amazement and delight broke forth with inexpressible vehemence.—“Ay,—it’s all very fine, my man!” said the father, shaking his head—“A fine thing to look at, you great city; and ye’ve seen nothing like it afore, poor innocent lamb; but God keep ye from the evil ways that are in it, and from the tents of the ungodly!” So groaned Andrew; but nevertheless he drove on with his precious charge towards the tents of ungodliness, for he had worldly and ambitious views for the boy, and they were not to be forwarded in the desert.

The road wound quite round the brow of the hill in a somewhat retro-

grade direction, so as to alter the otherwise precipitous descent, into one more gradual and easy. On one side arose a wall of chalky cliff—on the other a steep slope of slippery down—so Andrew guided old Dobbin slowly and carefully round the promontory's brow; and on doubling the point, an unexpected and unwelcome sight saluted him. Just beneath, on a sort of green platform half way down the declivity, had stood from times beyond the memory of man, an awful fixture, from which the eminence derived its designation of "Gallows-Hill." Round that fatal tree, and quite down the remaining descent, and ranged, ledge above ledge, up the chalky summit, the whole population of C—seemed now assembled; yet such was the stillness of the vast multitude, that no sound, indicative of the scene they were approaching, had reached the ears of Andrew or his son, till they came in full sight of it. Andrew Cleaves instinctively tightened his rein and halted abruptly, and the boy jumped up and caught hold of his father's arm, but uttered not a word, as he looked down breathlessly on the condensed living mass. At last he drew a long deep inspiration, and looked round in his father's face, the seriousness of which had darkened into unusual severity. Rather in answer to his own momentary surprise, than in reply to the boy's inquiring looks—Andrew uttered, in his deepest, lowest tone—"Ay, I see how it is—'Sizes are over, and there's an execution going forward.—So perish the guilty from the land!"

Andrew Cleaves would have been a sturdy champion for that faith, in the strength of which the valiant Bishop Don Hieronymo urged on the slaughter of the Infidels, with the shout of—"Smite them, for the love of God!" And under the Jewish dispensation, he would never have spared Agag, whatever he might have done by "the best of the sheep and oxen." So now twice over—yea, three several times, he fervently ejaculated—"So perish the guilty

from the land!" concluding the third repetition with a sonorous "Amen!" which was softly re-echoed by the tremulous voice of the unconscious child, who, having been accustomed at home and at church always to repeat the word after the clerk or his father, now chimed in mechanically with the pious aspiration. "Amen!" quoth Andrew, and whipt on Dobbin, though rather perplexed at having to make his way through the close-wedged multitude. Andrew Cleaves, though a severe, was not a cruel man: Though a zealous advocate for the extreme rigour of the law, he took no delight in witnessing the actual execution of its dread sentence; neither did he desire that his innocent companion should thus prematurely behold a sight so awful. Therefore he pushed on as fast as possible, hoping to get clear of the crowd before the arrival of the Sheriff and the mournful cavalcade, which was slowly approaching. As they passed close to the foot of the gibbet, Josiah, glancing upwards at the fatal tree, shrunk close to his father, as if he would have grown into his very side; and now their onward progress became more difficult—almost impossible. The fatal cart was close at hand, and the curious people thronged about it to catch a passing view of the condemned. It was in vain that Andrew urged on the old mare with voice and lash: she could not force a passage through the living wall, so he was fain to take patience and draw up to the side of the road, till the sad pageant had passed by. The crowd which had arrested his progress, impeded also the advance of the cart with its wretched burden; and during the time of its tedious approach, Andrew gathered from some of the bystanders, that the criminal, who was that day to meet an ignominious and untimely fate, was a mere youth, having barely attained his 20th year; that he had been a boy of fair promise, till seduced by bad company, and evil example, into irregular ways, and lawless practices; which, proceeding from bad to worse, had at

last involved him in the crime for which he was about to suffer, and which would surely bring down to the grave with sorrow the grey hairs of his unhappy parents, whose only child he was.

"Maybe they'll have to blame themselves for the ill deeds of their offspring. Maybe they'll have fallen short in setting him a good example, and in bringing him up in the fear of the Lord, and the renunciation of sin and Satan," sententiously observed Andrew, firmly compressing his lips, and contracting his dark brows into their sternest and most awful expression.

"You're quite wrong there, master," indignantly retorted a woman, who was squeezed up close to the side of the cart, and whose hard-favoured countenance exhibited an expression little less saturnine than Andrew's; and, to use the vulgar phrase, far more "*evil*."—"You're quite wrong there, any way. Better Christians and honest folk never broke bread than that poor lad's parents; ay, and better parents too, though maybe a thought too proud and fond of him, for pride will have a downfall; and I always told 'em Joe wanted a tight hand over him; but it's too late now.—God help 'em, poor souls, I say."

"Amen! Mistress," quoth Andrew. "Nevertheless, punishment is wholesome, for example's sake; and it's right guilt should suffer; and verily the parents of the lad, if they be, as you say, pious Christians, should rather rejoice in their affliction, and praise the Lord, that he is cut short in his wickedness."

"I say, 'praise the Lord!' indeed, that their only child should come to the gallows! A fine thing to praise God on!" growled the woman—yet more indignantly. "I wonder what some folks' feelings are made of? I say, 'praise the Lord,' indeed!"

"Woman!" snorted Andrew; but his expostulatory sentence was cut short by her angry vehemence, as she continued in a taunting key,—

"Maybe you'll like, 'for exam-

ple's sake,' to see that pretty lamb by your side with the rope round his neck some day. Maybe you'll praise the Lord for that, master!" and so saying, she stretched out her long bony arm, and laid her hand on the shoulder of the shuddering child, and when Andrew turned to rebuke her, and their eyes met, the expression of hers struck into his heart such a sensation of strange uneasiness, as caused him suddenly to draw the child beyond her reach; and long afterwards, for many and many a day, and when months and years had passed by, and the recollection of that scene had faded, and no particular circumstance occurred to revive it, that woman's face, and that peculiar look, would come across him, and again strike to his heart the same feeling of indefinite horror, which impelled him, at the moment he actually encountered it, to snatch the boy from within the evil influence of her touch. But at the time that painful sensation was as momentary as vivid, for all farther altercation was cut short, by the pressure of the living mass, among which a general agitation, and a low confused murmur took place, as it fell back on either side, to make way for the fatal cart. The woman left off, in the midst of a volley of revilings on Andrew's hard heartedness, in her anxiety to press back in time to secure a snug place near the gibbet, where she might see all in comfort. And Andrew held his peace, and drew still closer to the road-side, as the cart came slowly on; and as vulgar curiosity was not one of his besetting sins—(Andrew Cleaves was by no means a vulgar mind, nor was his character a common one)—his eye followed not the broad eager gaze of the multitude, but looking downward, with serious and not unbecoming solemnity, he raised his head only for an instant, and as it were involuntarily, first as the cart came abreast of his own vehicle, and the wretched criminal was so near, that in the deep stillness which had succeeded that prelusive murmur,

his short, quick, laborious respiration, broken at intervals by a convulsive sob, was distinctly audible; and transient as was Andrew's involuntary glance, the object it encountered was not one soon to be forgotten. It was a sight, indeed, to touch a father's heart; and who could have beheld it unmoved?

The culprit, as has been said, was a mere youth. He appeared scarcely to have numbered twenty summers. A tall slim lad he was, almost effeminate in the transparent delicacy of his complexion, the profusion of fair silky hair which waved in disorder about his blue-veined temples, and the sickly whiteness of his long thin hands, one of which hung lifelessly over the side of the cart, in which he sat erect and stiffened, as if under the influence of some benumbing spell, (his eyes only wandering with a bewildered stare,) and seemingly incapable of attending to the Clergyman, who was seated by his side, occasionally reading to him a few sentences from the book of Common Prayer, and mildly exhorting him to join in some pious ejaculation, or penitential verse.

At such times, indeed, the wretched boy looked for an instant towards the book of prayer, and his lips moved, but no articulate sound proceeded from them. Those quivering lips were parched and deadly white, but a spot of vivid crimson burnt on his hollow cheek, and the expression of his large blue eyes, distended to an unnatural roundness, was exceedingly ghastly. Occasionally he looked quickly and eagerly from side to side, and in one of those hurried glances his eyes met Andrew's, and at that moment his frame was convulsed with a universal tremor, and he faintly articulated the word "Father!" Right glad was Andrew Cleaves when the cart with its miserable burden, the Sheriffs with their attendants, and the whole dismal train, having passed onward, the people thronged after them to the place of execution, and he was once more at liberty to pursue his way, which

he did with all possible expedition, urging on Dobbin with an energy he had never before ventured to exert on that steep declivity. But the sound of the agitated multitude, (that heavy, awful sound, like the swell of a distant ocean,) was still audible, and Andrew speeded to get beyond it, and to reach C——, now within the distance of a few furlongs. All this while not a word had passed between the father and son; but just before they entered the town, Andrew looked round upon his child, who had remained, as it were, glued on to his side, both his little arms fast locked round one of his father's. He was very pale, and trembled like a leaf, and when his father spoke to him, and he tried to answer, the attempt produced only a deep choking sob, that burst out, as if his very breath had been pent up for ages; one or two hysterical catches succeeded, a broken word or two, the brimming eyes overflowed, and then the little heart was relieved and lightened—Oh, would the burden of elder bosoms was as easily breathed out!—And he slackened his grasp of his father's arm, and began again to breathe and prattle freely. Andrew fairly enough improved the opportunity of that awful sight they had just witnessed, by pointing out to his young companion, the dreadful consequences of vice, and the danger of yielding to temptation, even by the most trifling deviation from moral and religious rectitude. They had just reached the entrance of C——, so the lecture was necessarily concluded; But Andrew failed not to wind up his exhortation against the early inroads of sin, by inveighing, especially, against the particular guilt of waste and extravagance, charging his son to take extraordinary care of his new clothes, not to skuff out his shoes by unnecessary activity and acts of wanton mischief, nor to squander away his pocket money in idle toys and sensual indulgences. The latter charge was particularly requisite, as Josiah took with him to school the capital of three sixpences

in silver, and was to receive the stipend of twopence every Monday morning. He was moreover enjoined to keep an exact account of his expenditure, and his father presented him for that purpose, with a long narrow ledger-looking account book, all ruled and lined with red ink, under the heads of pounds, shillings, and pence.

Andrew's last charge was abruptly put an end to, by the rumbling of his cart wheels over the stones of the High Street; and in two minutes, they had turned out of it into the Market-place, then through a long, narrow, back street, and at length drew up before a tall red house, with a bright green door, having on it a large plate of resplendent brass, whereon was engraved with sundry flourishes,—

“THE COMMERCIAL ACADEMY FOR
YOUNG GENTLEMEN,
KEPT BY THE REV. JEREMIAH JERK.”

All matters concerning the admission of Josiah had been settled, and resettled, over and over again, between the careful father and the Rev. Mr. Jerk, so the former had nothing more to do, than to consign his precious deposit into the care of that respectable pedagogue, which transfer was the affair of a moment, for Andrew had his private reasons for brief leave-taking; so setting down his son at the door of the new abode, (when the master took the hand of his little pupil with that peculiar tenderness of manner so insinuating to the breaking hearts of new comers), he laid his hand on the boy's head, and with an abrupt “God be with ye, my man!” was in his seat again, and off, and round the corner of the street, before the tears that had been swelling up into the little fellow's eyes, had burst over their lids, and down his pale, quivering face, in all that agony of grief excited by the first trial of the heart—the first pang of the first parting.

However cogent were the motives which decided Andrew Cleaves to decline the Rev. Mr. Jerk's proffer-

ed hospitality, he was by no means in haste to get home that day. He had business to transact with sundry corn-factors and graziers, and various other persons in C—, and altogether found—or made, so much to detain him there, though his concerns were wont to be more expeditiously transacted, that it was evening before he remounted his rumbling vehicle, and put Dobbin in motion, and quite dark before he reached the door of his own cottage. It was a cold evening too—a cold, cheerless, bleak March evening, and an east wind and a sleety rain had been driving in his face all the way home; and as he approached the cottage, its bright blazing hearth glowed invitingly through the low casement, and reflected a red cheerful light on the half-open door, and streamed forward like a clew of welcome along the narrow gravel walk to the entrance wicket. And yet Andrew was in no haste to re-enter his comfortable home—Some hearts may guess why he lingered on the cold heath—Such as have felt the pang of returning to an abode, when all is as it was—except—that the light of life is extinguished—the jewel gone—the shrine left desolate.

But at last poor old Jenny came hurrying out at the sound of the cart-wheels, with her humble welcome, and wonderment at his late return, and offers of assistance in unharnessing Dobbin, that her master might the sooner come in and warm himself. Her well-meant kindness was rather gruffly declined, so she was fain to retreat within doors, and leave “Master,” as she muttered to herself, in not the best of humours, “to please himself his own way;” (the most difficult thing in the world, by the by, to *some* folks in *some* moods,) and when at last he approached the fire-side, and she ventured a cautious question as to how he left the dear child? she was snapt off with an injunction to mind her own business, and not trouble him with foolish questions. So, having set down his supper on the small table already pre-

pared with its clean white cloth, and partaken of the meal in unsocial silence, she was dismissed to her own hovel, with an intimation that Andrew would himself put away the fragments of the repast, and had no need of her further services that night.

What were Andrew Cleaves's special reasons for ridding himself so impatiently of old Jenny's company that evening, and what were his cogitations after he had locked her out, and himself in, and resumed his former station by the hearth and the little supper table, we cannot exactly ascertain, though it is to be presumed they differed widely from those feelings of snug satisfaction, with which, after the old lady had set by him his pipe and his small glass of ale, he had been wont to lock her civilly out, and re-seat himself in his comfortable corner, with the sweet consciousness, that his child was sleeping peacefully in the little adjoining chamber, and that he should himself lie down to rest on the same bed, when the cuckoo flung open his small door in the old Dutch clock, and warned him it was time to retire.

Very different must have been his cogitations the night he dismissed poor Jenny so impatiently—for when the cuckoo warned, he still sat on unheeding, with his arms folded, his eyes fixed on the cold fireless hearth, where no spark had glimmered for the last half hour—the pipe unlit, and the small glass of ale still untasted. But when the hour actually struck, it aroused him from his comfortless abstraction; and starting and shivering with a sensation of cold to which he had been till then insensible, he hastily swallowed down his temperate draught, and taking up the end of the candle, now flaring in its socket, and moving with the noiseless stealthy step acquired by long habits of carefulness for the slumbers of his little bed-fellow, he entered his now solitary chamber, and shut himself within it—and what were his thoughts that night, his feelings, and his prayers, may be guessed by some

hearts, but perhaps not fully conceived by any.

It would be hard to say whether the ensuing Saturday was more eagerly looked forward to by father or son. Certain it is, that when the morning of that day arrived, Andrew was in no less haste to be gone, than when he had harnessed old Dobbin to the cart so expeditiously on the preceding Monday. But when he reached C—, it was still too early to call for his boy, for Andrew, with all his impatience, would not on any account have anticipated the precise moment when the half-holiday commenced—so he trafficked away the intervening time at his different places of call, and drew up the cart at the door of Mr. Jerk's Academy, just as the "young gentlemen" had risen from their Saturday's commons of scrap-pie and stick-jaw—certain savoury preparations not enumerated in the catalogue of that scientific professor, Monsieur Ude, or perhaps recommended by the late Dr. Kitchiner, but quite familiar to the palate of provincial schoolboys. Little Josiah, having just risen from the afore-said banquet, came running to the door at the sound of the cart-wheels, choking with joy, and the last huge mouthful of tenacious compound. In a moment he was up in his father's arms, and hugging him so tight round the neck, that Andrew was fain to cry out,

"Well, well, my man! but you'll not throttle your old dad, will ye? Have you been a good boy, Joey?"

Joey answered with a second hug, and the usher, who stood smirking at the door, satisfactorily certified the same; so the boy was sent to wash his greasy face and hands, and fetch his hat and little bundle of Sunday clothes, and then his father lifted him up into the cart, and turning old Dobbin, and giving him the sign of departure, a bright cherup and a propelling stamp, in a few minutes they were fairly out of C—, and on their glad way to the cottage. What were the boy's acclamations of delight at the first sight of its curling

smoke, and dark brown thatch—and how, in spite of all Andrew's endeavours to set him right, he persisted in miscalculating time and space—and how often he fidgeted up and down on the seat—and how he took a heap of chalk in a distant field for the grey colt—and a flannel petticoat hung out to dry, for old Jenny in propria persona—and how his father went on pointing out the folly and unprofitableness of such crude guesses and rash assertions; and how the boy went on making them thick and threefold—those will be at no loss to conceive who have ever accompanied a lively urchin to his own home, on his first return after his first week's schooling.

They may also picture to themselves the actual arrival—little Joey actually at home again—smothering old Jenny with kisses—squeezing the cat to a thread-paper—scampering down the garden to see if his beans were come up—unhitching his hoop from the nail, and flinging it away, to run and see whether the grey colt was in the home croft—scrambling upon the back of his unbroken favourite, and racing round the field, holding on by his mane, not a jot the worse—as a finale—for being pitched right into the privet hedge, from whence, half rolling, half scrambling out into the garden, he came crawling up the gravel walk on all fours, with that characteristic disregard of seriousness and propriety, which had so early evinced itself, in despite of his father's solemn admonitions and decorous example. Fortunately, on the present occasion, Andrew was absent unharnessing the mare, and there was nothing new to Jenny in the uncouth performance. When the first ebullition of joy had subsided, (or rather when the animal spirits were sobered by actual exhaustion,) Josiah was well content to sit on his little stool beside his father, close by the bright warm hearth, while Jenny lit the candle, and set on the kettle, and brought out the cups and saucers, and Josiah's own basin, full of the red cow's milk, set

by for him at that evening's milking, and the hot oat-cake, prepared for his especial regale. Then came the time for question and answer, and the father made minute inquiry into all school particulars, and his brow contracted a *little*, when Joey confessed that his three sixpences were gone; yea, melted away, expended to the last fraction; yet *how*, he could by no means explain even to his own satisfaction, though he counted over and over again, upon his little fat fingers, sundry purchases of pies, crabs, gingerbread, marbles, and pennyworths of brown sugar; the enumeration whereof by no means tended to unknot the puckers in his father's brow, who, for that time, however, contented himself with a *short* lecture on prodigal expenditure. But Joey's bosom laboured with matter more important, and his little heart swelled indignantly, as, with a quivering lip, and broken voice, he began to recount a long list of the insults and mortifications to which he had been subjected. He had been the butt of the whole school, twirled about like a te-totum; while one pretended to admire the fashion of his clothes, and another asked if they were made by Adam's tailor; and a third, if his hat had belonged to his great-grandfather; and with that, clapping it on the crown, till his little face was buried therein, and the broad brim rested on his shoulders, they called him little Amminadab, and bandying him about thus blindfold from one to the other, bade him complain to his dad, old "Praise-God-barebones;" and then the poor little boy revealed to the indignant eyes of his father and Jenny, an awful fracture, which, in the progress of these mischievous sports, had nearly dissevered one of his long coat flaps, though the maid of the house had hastily tacked up the rent when his father called for him. Darker and darker Andrew's countenance had waxed, as he listened to the detail of these atrocities. Fearful was the contraction of his brow, the dilation of his nostril, and

the compression of his thin straight lips, when Joey, with an apprehensive side-glance and a suppressed tone of horror, pronounced the opprobrious cognomen which had been so irreverently applied to his own sacred person; and by the time all was unfolded, he had well nigh made up his mind that his son should return no more to the companionship of such daring reprobates; but Andrew Cleaves was seldom guilty of hasty decision; and when his displeasure had had time to cool, and he found reason to be satisfied on the whole with Joey's further report of school progress, he thought it expedient to gulp down the unpalatable part of the narration, and to re-conduct his son to the Rev. Mr. Jerk's academy at the expiration of the Sabbath holiday.

That Sabbath had passed like all former ones at the cottage, undistinguished by any additional gleam of cheerfulness or innocent recreation; and by the time it was half over, Joey began to think of the morrow, and his return to school, with less repugnance than on the preceding evening. When Monday came, indeed, *home* was *home* again; and when the cart was ready, Joey ascended it rather dejectedly, consoling himself, however, with the thought, that Saturday would come round again in five days. Joey's calculations were correct for once—Saturday came in five days, and he was fetched home again, and again returned rapturously to all its delights; and this time he had no grievance to relate; no, not though his broad-brimmed beaver had been clipped to a porringer, and his whole raiment exhibited such woeful dilapidation, as to set at nought all Jenny's repairing ingenuity, for both coat-flaps were gone—annihilated—irremediably abstracted—having been (as strongly indicated by certain suspicious appearances) actually singed off from the dishonoured garment. Still, in spite of Jenny's dismay, and his father's indignation, Joey persisted that all was well: that he was

now "very good friends with his school-fellows; that they were only very funny fellows; and if they *had* burnt off his coat-tails, a jacket was much more comfortable and convenient, especially for playing at leap-frog."

In short, so perversely resigned was Master Joey to the docking which had been inflicted on his "good grey frieze," that it might have been shrewdly inferred he had had a hand in the operation. Happily for him, no such suspicion insinuated itself into his father's mind, who was, however, highly scandalized at the whole proceeding, and carried into effect his determination of laying it before the Rev. Mr. Jerk, when Josiah returned to school. A conference with that gentleman had, however, the effect, not only of prevailing on Andrew to pass over in silence the illegal curtailment of his son's week-day garb, but to permit the whole suit, as well as that set apart for Sundays, to be so far modernized as no longer to subject the boy to the practical jokes of his mischievous companions.

Happy had it been for Andrew Cleaves if his parental disquietude had been excited by no causes more serious than the aforementioned: But, alas! innumerable vexations sprang up to embitter that weekly reunion with his child, at first so delightful to both parties. Every succeeding Saturday diminished Joey's eagerness to return to his home, his former pleasures, and his dumb favorites. Every succeeding Sunday beneath the paternal roof, hung heavier upon him than the former; and as his impatience increased, his weariness became more apparent, and the lessons of manly independence he had begun to learn among his playfellows, manifested their fruits in such acts of contumacy, as called down stern rebuke, and sometimes severe chastisement, from the hitherto indulgent father,—though Joey still stood too much in awe of the latter to venture on very open rebellion. So he became sullen, and

silent, and incommunicative; and the unfortunate result of the father's undue severity, was to impress on the mind of the hitherto thoughtless and frank-tempered boy, the expediency of keeping to himself those idle frolics and venial trespasses, which, on his return from school, had been boasted of, and confessed with an innocent confidence, it should have been Andrew's care to confirm and encourage. But Andrew, with all his fancied wisdom, was profoundly ignorant of the milder arts of training; and it was really on Scripture principles, erroneously applied, that as the boy grew older, he thought it his duty to treat him with increased severity, and to rebuke, with uncompromising sternness, those venial lapses, which, when candidly confessed, should have been commented on with lenient gentleness. Very soon Josiah learnt to anticipate the Sabbath holiday as a weekly penance, and ample amends did he make himself for its dulness and restraint, when he found himself once more among his merry mates in the school playground; and very soon Joey was noted for the most daring spirit of the whole riotous assemblage—"Up to everything"—The leader of all conspiracies—the foremost in all mischief—the most enterprising in all dangers—and, what was more remarkable, the readiest and most ingenious at equivocations, inventions, and even unblushing falsehood, in cases of suspicion or detection. But as he became more knowing in all evil experience, his home deportment gradually manifested such an alteration as rejoiced the heart, and, at length, excited the highest hopes, of the credulous parent, whose boasted penetration failed him in detecting even the earliest artifices of infant cunning.

Joey's natural shrewdness soon found out the vulnerable points of his father's character; and that by affecting to copy his serious carriage and sententious speech, and now and then bringing home a new Psalm tune, or quoting a Scripture text, or

relating, with well-feigned abhorrence, some anecdote of a reprobate schoolfellow—or pleading his want of some useful book, the old man was even prevailed on to undraw the strings of his canvass bag; and the young hypocrite's glee at obtaining substantial proof of his ingenuity, was enhanced by his public triumph, when he rehearsed, in the circle of his thoughtless schoolmates, the "capital acting" with which he had "come over the old gentleman."

In short, Master Joey's proficiency in these thriving arts was such as would have done credit to an older head, and the pupil of a more fashionable establishment; and as his attainments in the ostensible branches of his education really kept pace with his supernumerary accomplishments, all went on seemingly as well as heart could wish; and Andrew's ambitious views for his son's future advancement took firm root in the ground-work of these fair appearances.

Andrew Cleaves was not a man to lay down plans with reservations—to make provident allowance for unforeseen circumstances—or to leave much to Providence. Neither did he ever decide in haste; but having once come to a determination, it was seldom qualified with the mental proviso—"If it please God."

So well considered, so fully matured, and so irrevocably fixed, were his parental plans.

Though still abiding in his father's humble cottage, and (comparatively with many of his neighbours) farming in a small way, Andrew Cleaves had contrived to scrape together a sum of money, on which many a more dashing spirit would have set up a one-horse chay, taken out a shooting license, and drank his bottle of port daily. But our farmer's ambition aimed at more remote objects. His savings were snugly deposited in a Banking-house at C—; where, however, they by no means lay in unprofitable security; and on certain considerations arranged among the parties concerned,

certain engagements had been entered into, that, at a competent age, the young Josiah should be received as a clerk in the establishment; and from that office be further advanced, as after circumstances should warrant. Andrew uttered not a word of these projects to any human being, but he brooded over them in his own heart, till the grand object seemed so secure of attainment—so built up

by prudence, and foresight, and calculation, as to bid defiance to all adverse circumstances of time, and change, and even of death itself. Poor man! And yet the uncertainty of life, and the vanity of worldly things, and the snares of riches and honours, were ever in his talk, and in his mortified seriousness of aspect.

(Continued in the next number.)

PANTOMIME.

HE that says he does not like a pantomime, either says what he does not think, or is not so wise as he fancies himself. He should grow young again, and get wiser. "The child," as the poet says, "is father to the man;" and in this instance, he has a very degenerate offspring. Yes: John Tomkins, aged thirty-five, and not liking pantomimes, is a very unpromising little boy. Consider, Tomkins, you have still a serious regard for pudding, and are ambitious of being thought clever. Well, there is the Clown who will sympathize with you in dumplings; and not to see into the cleverness of Harlequin's quips and metamorphoses is to want a perception which other little boys have by nature. Not to like pantomimes, is not to like animal spirits; it is not to like motion; not to like love; not to like a jest upon dulness and formality; not to smoke one's uncle; not to like, or see, a thump in the face; not to laugh; not to fancy; not to like a holiday; not to know the pleasure of setting up at Christmas; not to sympathize with one's children; not to remember that we have been children ourselves; nor that we shall grow old, and be as gouty as Pantaloon, if we are not as wise and as active as they.

Not wishing to be dry on so pleasant a subject, we shall waive the learning that is in us on the origin of these popular entertainments. It will be sufficient to observe, that among the Italians, from whom we

borrowed them, they consisted of a run of jokes upon the provincial peculiarities of their countrymen. Harlequin, with his giddy vivacity, was the representative of the inhabitant of one state. Pantaloon, of the imbecile carefulness of another. The Clown, of the sensual, macaroni-eating Neapolitan, with his instinct for eschewing danger; and Columbine, Harlequin's mistress, was the type, not indeed of the outward woman, (for the young ladies were too restrained in that matter,) but of the inner girl of all the lasses in Italy,—the tender, fluttering heart,—the little dove (*colombini*), ready to take flight with the first lover, and to pay off old scores with the gout and the jealousy, that had hitherto kept it in durance.

The reader has only to transfer the character to those of his own countrymen, to have a lively sense of the effect which these national pictures must have had in Italy. Imagine Harlequin a gallant adventurer, from some particular part of the empire, full of life and fancy, sticking at no obstacles, leaping gates and windows, hitting off a satire at every turn, and converting the very scrapes he gets in, to matters of jest and triumph. The old gentleman that pursues him is a miser from some manufacturing town, whose ward he has run away with. The Clown is a London cockney, with a prodigious eye for his own comfort and muffins,—a Lord Mayor's Fool, who loved "every thing

that was good ;” and Columbine is the boarding-school girl, ripe for running away with, and making a dance of it all the way from Chelsea to Gretna Green.

Pantomime is the only upholder of comedy, when there is nothing else to show for it. It is the satirist or caricaturist of the times, ridiculing the rise and fall of hats and funds, the growth of aldermen, or of top-knots, the pretences of quackery ; and watching innovations of all sorts, lest change should be too hasty. But this view of it is only for the older boys. For us, who, upon the strength of our sympathy, boast of being among the young ones, its life, its motion, its animal spirits, are the thing. We sit among the shining faces on all sides of us, and fancy ourselves now enjoying it. What whim ! what fancy ! what eternal movement. The performers are like the blood in one’s veins, never still ; and the music runs with equal vivacity through the whole spectacle, like the pattern of a watered ribbon.

In comes Harlequin, demi-masked, party-coloured, nimble-toed, lithe, agile ; bending himself now this way, now that ; bridling up like a pigeon : tipping out his toe like a dancer : then taking a fantastic skip ; then standing ready at all points, and at right angles with his omnipotent lath-sword, the emblem of the converting power of fancy and light-heartedness. Giddy as we think him, he is resolved to show us that his head can bear more giddiness than we fancy, and lo ! beginning with it by degrees, he whirls it round into a very spin, with no more remorse than if it were a button. Then he draws his sword, slaps his enemy, who has just come upon him, into a settee ; and springing upon him, dashes through the window like a swallow. Let us hope that Columbine and the high road are on the other side, and that he is already a mile on the road to Gretna : for—

Here comes Pantaloon with his stupid servant ; not the Clown, but a proper grave blockhead, to keep

him in heart with himself. What a hobbling old rascal it is ! How void of any handsome infirmity ! His very gout is owing to his having lived upon two-pence farthing. Not finding Harlequin and Columbine, he sends his servant to look on the further part of the house, while he hobbles back to see what has become of that lazy fellow the Clown.

He, the cunning rogue, who has been watching mid-way, and now sees the coast clear, enters in front, —round-faced, goggle-eyed, knock-kneed, but agile to a degree of the dislocated, with a great smear from his mouth, and a cap on his head, half fool’s and half cook’s. Commend him to the dinner that he sees on table, and that was laid for Harlequin and his mistress. Merry be their hearts : there is a time for all things ; and while they dance through a dozen inns to their hearts’ content, he will eat a Sussex dumpling or so. Down he sits, making himself a luxurious seat, and inviting himself with as many ceremonies as if he had the whole day before him : but when he once begins, he seems as if he had not a moment to lose. The dumpling vanishes at a cram :—the sausages are abolished :—down go a dozen yards of macaroni : and he is in the act of paying his duties to a gallon of rum, when in come Pantaloon and his servant at opposite doors, both in search of the glutton, both furious, and both resolved to pounce on the rascal headlong. They rush forward accordingly ; he slips from between with a “ Hallo, I say ;” and the two poor devils dash their heads against one another, like rams. They rebound fainting asunder to the stage-doors : while the clown, laughing with all his shoulders, nods a health to each, and finishes his draught. He then holds a gallon cask or a snuff-box to each of their noses, to bring them to ; and while they are sneezing and tearing their souls out, jogs off at his leisure.

Ah—here he is again on his road, Harlequin with his lass, fifty miles advanced in an hour, and caring no-

thing for his pursuers, though they have taken the steam-coach. Now the lovers dine indeed; and having had no motion to signify, join in a dance. Here Columbine shines as she ought to do. The little slender, but plump rogue! How she winds it hither and thither with her trim waist, and her waxen arms! now with hand against her side, tripping it with no immodest insolence in a horn-pipe; now undulating it in a waltz; or “caracoling” it, as Sir Thomas Urquhart would say, in the saltatory style of the opera—but always Columbine; always the little dove who is to be protected; something less than the opera-dancer, and greater; more unconscious, yet not so; and ready to stretch her gauze wings for a flight, the moment Riches would tear her from Love.

But these introductions of the characters by themselves do not give a sufficient idea of the great pervading spirit of the pantomime; which is motion; motion for ever, and motion all at once. Mr. Jacob Bryant, who saw everything in anything, and needed nothing but the taking a word to pieces to prove that his boots and the constellation Boötes were the same thing, would have recognised in the word pantomime the Anglo-antediluvian compound a *pant-o'-mimes*; that is to say, a set of mimes or mimics, all panting together. Or he would have detected the obvious Anglo-Greek meaning of a set of mimes expressing *pan*, or everything, by means of the *toe*,—pantoe-mime. Be this as it may, pantomime is certainly a lively representation of the vital principle of all things, from the dance of the planets down to that of Damon and Phillis.

Everything in it keeps moving; there is no more cessation than there is in nature; and though we may endeavour to fix our attention upon one mover or set of movers at a time, we are conscious that all are going on. The Clown, though we do not see him, is jogging somewhere—Pantaloon and his servant, like Saturn and his ring, are still careering it behind their Mercury and Venus; and when Harlequin and Columbine come in, do we fancy they have been resting behind the scenes? The notion! look at them: they are evidently in full career; they have been, as well as are, dancing; and the music, which never ceases whether they are visible or not, tells us as much.

Let readers, of a solemn turn of mistake, disagree with us if they please, provided they are ill humoured. The erroneous, of a better nature, we are interested in; having known what it is to err like them. These are apt to be mistaken out of modesty, (sometimes out of a pardonable vanity in wishing to be esteemed;) and in the case before us, they will sin against the natural candor of their hearts by condemning an entertainment they enjoy, because they think it a mark of sense. Let those know themselves to be wiser than those who are really of that opinion. There is nothing wiser than a cheerful pulse, and all innocent things which tend to keep it so. The crabbedest philosopher that ever lived, (if he was a philosopher, and crabbed against his will,) would have given thousands to feel as they do: and would have known that it redounded to his honour and not to his disgrace, to own it.

THE BACHELOR'S BEAT.—NO. IV.*

THE BACHELOR'S CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTMAS is come and gone, and I am again alone! That it is not good for man to be so, is a truth which eleven years of absolute solitude have taught me too often to feel, though it is chiefly at this period

* See page 452, Vol. VIII.

that a sense of utter loneliness finds vent in thought, if not in words. It is not in spring, when the woods are vocal, and the fields instinct with life;—it is not in summer, when a contemplative mind finds “tongues in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything;”—still less amid the sober stillness of autumn—the year’s gray twilight, when man holds communings with his spirit, too deep and awful to be shared with his nearest and dearest,—that the burden of solitude becomes oppressive. No! it is when, after partaking in the refined, the social, or the domestic joys of those, among whose firesides custom and consanguinity have divided my holidays, I return to the cheerless meal and silent vigil of my own bachelor home.

And yet it is a beloved home,—hallowed by fond recollections, and rich in present enjoyments; endeared by the shelter it afforded to the green loveliness of a mother’s old age, which had nothing of age save its sanctity; hallowed, as the scene of a transition which had nothing of death but the name; adorned by her own exquisite taste, and my solicitude for her comfort, with a thousand little refinements which few bachelor homes can boast. It is not that I would give the roof that sheltered her (humble though it be) for the stateliest halls of the revellers I have left,—nor the garden she planted for “a wilderness” of exotics,—nor the little library originally selected for my Emma, and perused with my mother, for the treasures of the Vatican or Escorial,—but simply, that man has gregarious and social propensities, which, when awakened by human intercourse, leave a painful void behind.

It is nearly twenty years since, with blighted hopes and paralysed energies, I ceased fruitlessly to struggle in the race of life, with those who had still bright eyes to cheer them during the contest, and a prize before them at the goal. The world called my retreat pusillanimous and absurd. I deemed it providential,

when I found, that slender as were my resources, and humble as my home, both would contribute materially to soothe the decline of my mother. Even selfishness might have found its account in the compact—for who can bind up the immedicable wounds of the heart with the skill or the tenderness of a mother?—one, too, gifted, far beyond the generality of her sex, with almost masculine strength of mind, tempered by more than feminine gentleness of disposition. She had seen enough to be an amusing companion, and suffered enough to be an edifying one. There was a sunshine of conscious integrity and benevolence about her, which no despondence could resist; and a vigour of principle and intellect before which selfishness and inutility shrunk abashed. If her increasing infirmities forbade her literally “going about doing good,” there emanated from her humble abode, as from some stationary beacon, a ray of Christian charity precious to the safety and welfare of hundreds. She had wisdom to advise, and influence to promote, and experience to warn, many a young adventurer on the voyage of life; and a purse, that, like the widow’s cruise, seemed replenished by the miraculous blessing of Heaven. I never knew any one whose tastes and enjoyments were so delightfully perennial—“age could not wither them, nor custom stale their infinite variety.” She loved her friends with the singleness and warmth of a novice in the world. She looked on nature with a relish as exquisite, as one who, having been born blind, was revelling in the luxury of vision; and she had for literature the enthusiasm of fifteen, with the tact arising from fifty years’ cultivation of a powerful mind!

What did I not owe her, when, broken-hearted and forlorn, a second time I sought shelter on her maternal bosom! She first soothed her wayward child, by sharing his griefs; then weaned him from them by her bright example. She had buried husband, sons, and daughters, and

stood in the world lonely, but unrepining. Could I, who had but been called on to resign an untasted good, look on her, and refuse to be comforted?

I roused myself to the strife of mutual kindness and good offices. When I was successful, she would tell me I resembled my father; and when her efforts triumphed, I could speak to her of Emma as of a daughter who would have been worthy of her. Surely there are few human ties so tender as that which unites a widowed mother to her widowed son! Both have known joys and griefs, which the other alone can perhaps adequately appreciate—both have just that surplus of chastened and sober feeling to bestow, which the other can afford in return.

Nine happy, yes! happy years did we pass together; yet, when called to resign her, with all her affections unchilled, and her faculties unimpaired, and her talents undimmed by decay, I gathered from these very circumstances the strength requisite to support the trial, for where could I have found that necessary to enable me to see her the gradual prey of imbecility and decay? It pleased Heaven to spare us both the infliction. In the most literal sense of the beautiful language of Scripture, "she fell asleep"—and her waking was doubtless with God!

For a period of perhaps more than forty years—excluding the brief feverish ten passed in the vortex of the busy world—my 25th of December had occasionally been passed under the same hospitable roof. When first its Christmas pies and Christmas gambols awakened my childish anticipations, they were blended with vague and groundless fears of a stately and somewhat awful lady, whom the sense of her being my mother's bosom-friend, could not entirely divest of terror in the eyes of childhood.

She was one whose tall majestic form and penetrating eye did but reflect the energies within; and if full-grown folly and titled insignifi-

cance withered under her glance, it is not to be wondered that childhood cowered before it. It was not as now, when the presence of parents only animates and emboldens the revels of their emancipated children. Duty is a word grown obsolete—whether happily or not, remains to be seen. Love, in those days, was shrouded and almost stifled under a cold exterior veil of duty. Circumstances had, perhaps, given added stateliness to Lady Mary's deportment, and assumed sternness to her rule; for, left early a widow with a numerous progeny, she had to act a father's and a guardian's part to seven high-spirited youths, amid whom three lovely daughters grew, half unnoticed, like violets in a stately grove.

When I first joined their festive board, it was surrounded by all its olive branches;—hardy adventurers already launched on life's ocean, and returned to cheer the Christmas fire with tales of wonder from sea and land. The pale and pensive student, shuddering as he heard, and feeling that nature meant him for a man of peace;—the rosy sparkling schoolboy, panting with eagerness to share the perils, and partake the joys of active life;—the gentle sisterhood of Graces, listening with rapt attention and varying emotions, legible on each soft fair countenance, to the soldier's foray, and the sailor's watch!—and, lastly, infant urchins like myself, half frightened, half enchanted with what we heard, and escaping from the awful presence of the elders, to re-enact it all—and play at least at men.

No after Christmas fireside boasted the same rich family blessings. One or other gallant boy was ever absent and in peril; and it was the silent tear that dimmed Lady Mary's usually keen blue eye, as it rested on their vacant place, that first knit my heart with filial veneration to my mother's friend. With the necessity, too, for absolute despotism, its foreign assumption gradually wore away. The elder ones became en-

deared and privileged friends ; and the younger, objects of solicitude rather than discipline. More of Lady Mary's leisure could be devoted to her fair daughters, and towards them sternness would have been as impossible as misplaced. The anxious struggle occasioned by an encumbered property gave place to dearly-earned ease and affluence ; and the mother reposed upon her laurels, amid filial gratitude, and public veneration.

I went to school and college. Once only, during that busy period, did I Christmas at Dunbarrow. It was a joyous and festive meeting to appearance, for the band of heroes was nearly full, and the newly ordained and piously dedicated student had been summoned to give the hand of the most bewitching of the Graces to a man deemed worthy of the prize. Few have lived long in the world without learning that wedding laughter is the hollownest of all ; but not even the thoughtlessness of youth could then render our gaiety spontaneous and sincere. Louisa was going away, probably for life, and with a stranger. Was not this enough to make a mother tremble, and sisters weep, and the very little children hang about her, and forget their gambols ? My sympathy, for it was no more, though I was now a susceptible lad of eighteen, found vent in a dislike to Mr. B——, which circumstances sadly justified. When Louisa returned to Dunbarrow, it was an early blighted flower, withered by unkindness and misfortune !

From that time, a long period intervened before I again joined the circle. My father died, and my mother removed from the family-seat in the same county with Dunbarrow, to preside over my sister's education in town, and cheer with her presence and counsel my legal studies. We returned no more to ——shire, till my blighted hopes, and her repeated losses, made retirement precious to us both ; and friendship, as well as a thousand pleasingly painful associa-

tions, bade us seek it in our old neighbourhood.

I shall not soon forget the Christmas that succeeded our return, after an absence of thirteen years. Lady Mary's erect and stately form had shrunk in dimensions, like the halls I once thought boundless. Her step was tottering and feeble, and her powerful mind, though unimpaired, had lost the light of memory to guide its path, and wandered without rudder or compass on the ocean of the past and present.

Her heart, however, was warm as ever, and clung the more tenaciously to early friendships, that much that was more recent eluded its grasp. My mother was hailed with transport—but by that maiden-name, which, for thirty long years, had not saluted her ear ; and it was among her many causes for thankfulness, that Heaven had sent her, as a ministering angel, to cheer the benighted soul of her early friend with glimpses of youthful affection and joy. There was nothing painful or humiliating in Lady Mary's abstraction from the things of to-day and yesterday ;—those of fifty years back were related with her characteristic energy and acuteness. She alone, of all who exceed their usual span, could people the desolate past with friends long buried and forgotten by their own nearest and dearest. She alone consigned all the painful visitations of the present to happy and merciful oblivion ; and gradually learnt to dwell chiefly on a futurity which was not of earth, but heaven.

Grandchildren were now growing up to supply breaches in the circle of her goodly sons and blooming daughters, whose few survivors were now way-worn pilgrims in the various paths of life. These, fondly misled by similarity of name or personal resemblance, she would frequently identify with the “beautiful and brave,” over whom she had once wept ; retaining, through all her aberrations, such a vague sense of their affinity, as made their presence

and attentions delightful, though their absence was happily unmarked. I felt as if on the narrow isthmus between two states of existence, when I looked on Lady Mary's venerable form, and heard her discourse with my mother on events as present, which had become the province of history; and when, without a contemporary of my own to break the spell, I saw, on the other hand, a race of rosy infants (the orphans of long-lost sons) rising to usurp the places which I thought it seemed as yesterday since their sires had occupied.

These feelings have long since passed away. My mother was mercifully first summoned from her soon unconscious survivor, who, with the snows of nearly ninety winters on her head, looked like some hoary peak, whose base the storms of a century have slowly but surely undermined. It fell at length—but gently, as the ripe grain before the sickle. We laid her mortal remains beside her friends, in the lovely woodland chapel sacred to her race; and rejoiced that her spirit was now presenting unfettered, at the throne of grace, the prayers which had long faltered on her aged lips, and the praises which had formed the chief solace of her closing ear. It was on Christmas day that her eyes first opened on the world she inhabited so long. It was about Christmas that she bade it adieu; and when the first rays of that hallowed morning beamed on the sweet spot where slept the mother of generations, I fancied they rested with a softer smile on the graves of those whom, “lovely in their lives,” death had not long divided!

Such friendships could not fail to be hereditary; and I have long given to the generation that embellishes Dunbarrow a filial place in my heart. Sometimes I dream, like her who is no more; and see in the gay gallant soldier, and gentle soft-eyed maiden, the parents whom they meetly represent. Sometimes I feel like an interloper in a circle which has but a

traditional knowledge of my joys and sorrows; but that very circumstance has lent them sacredness, and if kindness, filial kindness, and tender sympathy, can cheer the grey-haired man, they are and have been completely mine.

Under their influence I often enter cheerily into the sober and chastened mirth which best suits the feelings and character of my children at Dunbarrow. They have been early mourners, but not “as without hope,”—and pursue the even tenor of their pious and duteous path, in all the sunshine which Heaven can shed on what is, at best, a pilgrimage.

When sitting around their social and domestic Christmas fire, I often find amusement in the changes which even I have witnessed on the surface of society, and the character of its recreations. When I first knew Dunbarrow, it was, as now, an old-fashioned irregular mansion, capacious as the hearts of its owners, and hospitable as the times they lived in. The hall, with its sculptured ceiling, rich in scriptural and heraldic devices, remains unaltered; and the same grim visages frown over our heads as we demolish Christmas pies of puny modern dimensions. But then, my lady's parlour! It puzzles me to this day to remember how all the guests who surrounded the ample board, managed to find even standing room within its Lilliputian precincts. And yet it had afforded scope even to the hooped and furbelowed generation which preceded!

They enjoyed it, however, unencumbered by those ponderous pieces of furniture which usurp the dimensions even of our stately drawing-rooms. No grand pianos, loaded book-cases, or claw-tables, redolent of literature and the arts, adorned the cedar parlour of Dunbarrow;—the reason was obvious,—they were not invented, nor could they, if invented, have got in, nor if got in, could they have stood there. To this day I recognize, with a degree of indignation, in a forlorn and neglected passage, the inlaid cabinet

which formed the glory of that sanctum sanctorum; but whose China pagodas, and fairy cups and saucers, have long since gone to swell the store of some antiquarian collector. This cabinet, a fly-table, capable of containing, with management, two bags for knotting, a fire-screen—whose gigantic and non-descript flowers, might have been worshipped as resembling nothing on earth beneath—and some chairs of the same elegant design, whose size and ponderosity chiefly confined them to the wall—formed, as far as I recollect, the only furniture of the apartment; while its stamped leather hangings had contracted, from age and their Eastern origin, a mingled mustiness and perfume, which it gladdened my nostrils to recognize lately in a Burmese letter of compliment.

The first happy evenings I had spent at Dunbarrow were passed in that little parlour; and when, on my return from College, I found that Lady Mary's favourite son had, with difficulty, achieved the erection of the large new drawing-room, I own I entered into the old lady's feelings of regret and dissatisfaction. The room had too, that year, the waste, uncomfortable air of one scarce fully inhabited, and the marriage of Louisa, which was then celebrated, contributed to leave an unfavourable impression on my mind.

Other, and more auspicious weddings, however, had redeemed its character, and ere my mother and I revisited Dunbarrow, the cedar parlour had been transformed into a green-house of gay exotics; and the old lady, like a stately transplanted evergreen, sat amid the flowers of a new soil and atmosphere. There was something in the new room very attractive to this rising generation. Its walls were covered with a gay Indian paper, whose birds of gorgeous plumage had called forth the infant wonder, and exercised the opening faculties, of all the rosy tribe. A spacious table groaned with choice prints, and books especially written for childhood, affording a

feast of reason very different from the meagre fare which the well-thumbed and solitary picture Bible held out, on high days, and holidays, to our infant optics. Dissected maps were eagerly adjusted by unbreeched geographers—and the awful responsibilities of chess lent premature gravity to warriors and statesmen in embryo.

These intellectual toys have now long since given place to the elegant accomplishments and varied resources of modern youth. The harp of Erin, and the guitar of Spain, blend their tones with lays of many lands; and while the family concert sweetly beguiles the winter evening, I see the playful creature, who, in form, feature, and character, represents the youngest and most fortunate of the graces, stealing the portraits of the whole rapt musicians, and transferring them to paper, with a rapidity which, fifty years ago, would have been ascribed to magic. The theft is discovered—the laugh goes round—and a kiss from the brother, whose martial figure is so prominent in the group, is the punishment!

It is always a painful effort that transplants me, on the last day of the expiring year, from Dunbarrow, with its youthful dreams, its tender recollections, and its “sober certainty of waking bliss,” to the anarchy and universal suffrage with which a troop of wild and lawless boys and girls are every year gradually overpowering the obsolete despotism of my cousin Jack Thornley's earlier sway. Whoever for the first time hears Jack and his stentorian sons, and shrill-voiced daughters, all talking at once, feels inclined to think that “Chaos is come again,”—and certainly concludes them to be all quarrelling; whereas, no family, differing, as they do on every minor affair of life, can possibly be on better terms on all essential matters.

Jack, a little older than myself, was my comrade at school and college; fought my way through a thousand scrapes in both, and, being one of the best creatures alive, such a

friendship as can subsist, independent of one congenial point in our characters, has always been kept up between us. Jack, who was, like myself, a younger brother, owed to the good offices of my mother, the Government situation, which enabled him to rear and support, though in comparative obscurity, the offspring of a marriage of consummate and characteristic imprudence; and now that Jack has succeeded to the family estate, I verily believe he could not enjoy it, if her son did not grace his board much oftener than his recluse habits and quiet disposition render agreeable.

My next visit, though one of bridal felicitation, proved one of the deepest calls on my sympathy which it had perhaps ever experienced.

I received during the course of the autumn, a letter from my only nephew, the son of my elder brother, Arthur, and that dazzling Caroline, the flame of my boyhood, one whose gay facile disposition I formerly mentioned, as having led her to the verge of error, from which she was timely rescued by myself, and a saint now in heaven.

Arthur died early in life, in a foreign land, where he had been ordered for his health; and his widow, to whose character foreign manners were congenial, had ever since remained abroad, retaining her only son, on whom she doated, as her inseparable companion. This was, during the life of my mother, one of the most severe and least patiently endured trials. She had no illiberal prejudices, beyond that legitimate and ennobling preference which every native of this free and happy land must feel for its morals and its manners; but the thought of a young man of birth and fortune, thus estranged from every English feeling and association, made her almost unjust to the lands in which he had been brought up an alien, and towards the mother, whose mingled romance and levity had induced her to prefer them.

It had been well if the conse-

quences to poor Philip had been bounded by making him an awkward and dissatisfied Briton—disqualified for the pursuits, and disinclined for the pastimes, of his countrymen. But deeper evils still had nearly sprung from the siren song and witching graces of the south; and those who deprecate foreign connexions for their children, would do well to pause ere they expose their susceptible feelings to fascinations which it may be alike misery to yield to, or resist.

The young man's letter—the first for many a long year—breathed a very pleasing desire to cultivate the acquaintance of his only near relation; and agreeably surprised me by the information that he was actually in England, on a visit to a nobleman in the north, with whose nephew he had formed an intimacy abroad, and to whose only daughter, a beautiful young woman, with whom he was sure I should be pleased, he was on the point of being united. He was desirous, if possible, to spend a few weeks with his bridal party at our old family seat, to which I have before alluded, in the county in which I was now residing—and ventured to request me to ride over to Westerton, and give directions for such temporary accommodations as the neglected mansion, in its state of long dilapidation, could be made to afford.

My heart warmed, as I read, towards the son of my poor Arthur, whose marriage I hoped would prove, in all respects, a more congenial one—and I found, during autumn, very agreeable employment in fulfilling his request. My first visit, however, to the home of my childhood—for later I had not inhabited it—was abundantly trying,—from precisely opposite causes to those which often render such visits in after life painful. Many old men complain of the metamorphoses which their home has undergone; and feel as if improvements and embellishments were outrages on its remembered sanctity. Here, nothing had been altered, nothing im-

proved—but the house which I had thought princely, and which even the county histories of the day styled the fine New Place of Westerton, seemed to stand alone in its neglect and its desolation, while all around bore the smiling marks of rapidly advancing taste and comfort.

It had been let to casual tenants as long as these would submit to its long damp passages, gaping sashes, decaying floors, and scanty furniture—but that time had long been past, and an old gardener alone, a contemporary of its better days, lived in the mansion he still thought unrivalled, sighing over its decay, and the still more complete desolation of those famous terraced gardens which, in their pride, he had supposed no faint image of those of Babylon, but which his feeble arm had long proved unable to rescue from becoming, like them, a “howling wilderness.”

It was a fine soft autumnal morning when I rode up to the house; shocked by the neglect of the once trim yew hedges and over-grown grass walks which, in my youthful ignorance of better things, I had fancied the very perfection of taste.

The old gardener, aware of my coming, was hobbling about in the sun, before the door, anxious to catch the first glimpse of his mistress's son,—and looked with his crutch (for he was almost a cripple from rheumatism) in too good keeping with all around.

The house was a long straggling mansion, which the vanity of my ancestor had expanded into an imposing length of front, while his finances had proportionally contracted its breadth,—so that it consisted of endless files of rooms, following each other in antique state and tarnished finery, like a procession, not over-well appointed, in a country theatre. The small narrow windows were sufficiently numerous to admit light, but too high to afford any prospect to those who might be attracted by the vicinity of the huge antique chimneys, which, grim with the smoke of a century, presented de-

vices unintelligible to modern vertu. Many of the bedrooms were covered with that sort of faded tapestry, where (as I once remarked, with indescribable awe, to be the case with the objects of nature during an almost total eclipse) trees, skies, men and women, all assume one pallid nondescript tint—like the ghosts of Ossian, scarce distinguishable from the grey clouds on which they floated, or the grey mountains on which these reposed. The ceilings again, teemed with sparkling gods and goddesses, whose unnatural attitudes and bulky limbs, as viewed by the flickering light of an expiring wood-fire, seemed to threaten a second fall from Olympus—and I remember, even yet, my boyish horror, lest an Icarus, whom no wings save those of a fabulous *roc* could have supported—should really tumble, and crush me in my bed.

The garden was the very *beau idéal* of desolation; for, to the not unpicturesque wildness soon assumed by unrestrained vegetation, was added the far less pleasing ruin of the costly labours of art. Buttresses, whose very ivy looked grey and superannuated, mouldered away from walls, the yawning chasms in which were rendered more unsightly by the cankered branches of the once trimly dressed fruit-trees, partially adhering to them. Flights of steps, so broken as scarce to afford footing, led to lower and lower ranges of less and less cultivated garden-ground; while noseless, nay, headless statues, lay prostrate, across the path, or stood like mementoes of the taste of forgotten generations.

Last of all, came what was once a blooming orchard, and now a reedy swamp, whose moss-grown stumps barely indicated its former destination. It had boasted, in its centre, of a pond, or lake, as it was ambitiously called, where two miserable-pinioned swans sighed for their native waters—but the chains of both the element and its prisoners had long since been broken, and while the latter had perhaps sought the

boundless lakes of Norway, the former had usurped possession of all the adjacent level. I turned hastily from this meanest aspect of desolation, and ran up the broken staircases, delighted to recognize, in the old bowling-green above, one curious flower-bed, forming a true lover's knot, which the gardener would have deemed a sacrilege not to keep in its original quaint neatness. He told me it was made by him in honour of my mother's marriage, from one of the French King's at Versailles—of the almost equal dilapidation of which seat of royalty, I question whether he had ever heard!

My exertions, and those of the universal genius of the nearest town, whom I took into my councils, succeeded in putting a habitable face on the old premises, many weeks before the gay party found it convenient to take possession; and I began to think the idea had been altogether given up, and to feel, unfit as I was for such society, a degree of natural disappointment, when, late in December, which had not failed this year to come in all its gloom and dreariness, I heard that my nephew and Lady Jane, along with a whole troop of the set he had been living among in the North, were daily expected. They only came a few days before Christmas, when I was, as usual, at Dunbarrow, quite on the other side of the county, so that I could not, as I intended, ride over and pay an immediate visit of congratulation. Philip, however, wrote to me in a strain that would take no denial, urging my coming to stay with him whenever I should have fulfilled my previous engagements. He conjured me, by the love I had borne to his father and mother, to come and be a friend to their son; but amid this exuberance of kindness, there was little indeed of the joy of a bridegroom. There was something in the words of this short gloomy epistle, which haunted me painfully amid the placid stillness of Dunbarrow, and it was a knell which all the joyous tumult of Thornley

could not drown. It was, therefore, with a deep presentiment of sorrow that I went to meet this bridal party at my paternal mansion.

It was a chill foggy afternoon when I drove up the old-fashioned straight avenue, and there would have been something very cheering in the blaze of lights which streamed from almost every window of the mansion, had I not encountered its master, his back turned to the festive scene, pacing, wrapped in his travelling pelisse, up and down the approach. I stopped the carriage, and springing out, embraced the son of Arthur and Caroline with parental affection. The likeness to his mother, even in the imperfect light, was such that I should have recognized him anywhere. He was moved, far beyond what I supposed our mere relationship could call forth; and, anxious to give a more cheerful turn to the interview, I put my arm within his, and begged to be conducted to his bride.

"She is riding, or walking, or something," said he, "with the rest of them. You will see her by and by." We now entered the drawing-room, and in the full light it afforded, I gazed on the slender, elegant, almost feminine-looking youth, whose pensive and eloquent countenance bespoke him as quick to feel as he was perhaps unequal to struggle with the inevitable disappointments and evils of life. There was an expression of settled dejection on his fine features which made me shudder; and it contrasted so with his position as a recent bridegroom, and returned heir, that it shocked me the more.

"We have made the old Chateau tolerably comfortable, I hope, nephew," said I.

"I believe they find it so," said he negligently; "as for me, I know too little of what English comforts are, to be sensible of their absence. Your winter," added he, shivering, "is sadly gloomy, and I feel a want of sunshine which all your coal fires cannot compensate."

"Don't let it affect your spirits,

my dear nephew," said I; "we have many things besides coal fires to make sunshine within doors in England. The smiles of a wife, for instance."

"Cold as your northern suns!" was the muttered reply, in a tone of bitterness which really frightened me. "I am as bad a judge of English smiles as of everything else I suppose,"—added he, in a softened accent—"I have been spoilt for them too I fear."

Just then a loud sound of talking and laughter announced the return of the equestrians, and my painful curiosity to see my new niece, was gratified. I had heard that she was handsome! She was more—she was dazzlingly beautiful—her tall fine figure, set off by her riding dress, and her complexion, heightened by exercise, struck me with admiration; and I wondered what Philip could mean by "cold smiles," when with one of irresistible frankness, she bade me welcome to Westerton. She made some lively remarks on their ride, and joined cheerfully in the chit-chat around. I looked at my nephew, to whom she had not spoken; and he, probably reading my astonishment, rose as with an effort, and approaching us, asked her in a tone of tender interest, if she felt fatigued? As if all her animation had been suddenly chilled by a painful recollection, she coldly and gravely answered, "Not in the least;" and rising with ungracious haste, left the room to dress. "There must be something at the bottom of this," thought I, as my nephew, shaking his head sorrowfully, led me, with the rest of the gentlemen, to my room.

When we met at dinner, I was much struck with the contrast between the plain substantial meals which in my childhood covered my father's board, and the perfectly foreign air which, under the superintendence of an Italian Major domo, the table had now assumed. The party—who seemed about equally made up of mere sportsmen who despised, and dashers who criticised,

their entertainment and host—provoked me by alternately devouring and disparaging everything before them; while Philip, a stranger to their local wit, and disgusted with their selfishness, sat nearly silent by my side; and Lady Jane, more radiant than ever, listened complacently, if not encouragingly, to the small talk of her privileged cousin, the puppy of the set.

I never in my life saw such an ill-assorted party. There were one or two ladies, meet helpmates for their foxhunting or blackleg lords, silly, insipid, or worse; and it was impossible not to pity a poor foreigner thrown by his hard fate among such a specimen of British *bon ton*. On the guests I could scarce waste a thought; but Lady Jane cost me much painful rumination. She was certainly clever and accomplished; she must despise the beings around her; nay, I saw she did, by the smile which curled her beautiful lip, when their absurdity out-Heroded itself. It was scarce possible she should dislike her handsome, refined, deeply interesting husband; she did not.—"Thank God!" ejaculated I mentally more than once, when I detected her large blue eyes fixed with a softened expression on his face. "I will know the true history of all this," said I to myself; "two young hearts shall not misunderstand each other if I can help it."

There was in the party one individual whom I could not help regarding as the evil genius of the pair—the cousin of Lady Jane, who had been acquainted abroad with Philip, and whose mutual representations had greatly conduced to make the match. This young man, who was certainly of a cold calculating disposition, but in whose glances I could not avoid occasionally suspecting a warmer sentiment towards his fair cousin, seemed to exercise over her uncommon influence; and before the evening was over, I fancied she took advantage of his absence to address a few words of more than common kindness to her lord. He returned

and found them sitting together; and his supercilious look of reproach gave me, as I supposed, a key, of which I determined to avail myself.

A few days placed me on a footing of privileged intimacy with my niece, who seemed to indemnify herself by kindness to me for her restraint elsewhere; and taking her arm within mine for a long walk, one bright frosty morning, I ventured to hint that I did not think the air of England seemed altogether to agree with her husband. I was delighted to feel the start with which she received this observation.

"Do you really think so?" said she, stopping and looking earnestly up in my face.

"Oh! perhaps," said I, wishing to touch another chord, "it may be only something on his spirits; he is certainly not so happy, as, with all he has to make him so," kindly pressing her arm, "methinks he ought to be!"

My fair companion grew very pale; and her lips were compressed as with the effort of one, determined to be silent, *coute qui coute*.

"I seek not to intrude on your confidence, my dear niece," said I; "mine is, alas! no idle curiosity. Philip is my only brother's only son, and his mother was once the object of a boyish passion, which it nearly cost me life to subdue."

"His mother!" exclaimed Lady Jane, scarce conscious of the abruptness of her interruption; "I always thought——" then suddenly aware of the delicate ground on which she was treading, the sweet girl blushed, and hesitatingly added—"I had understood the object of your youthful affection was removed to a better world."

"You heard but the truth, my dear niece," replied I, with a sigh. "She to whom my heart has ever remained indissolubly united, is indeed no more; but the attachment I felt for her was but enhanced and deepened by contrast with the meteor blaze of passion which preceded it."

"Did you really love twice—and

so soon? For you were but young, I have heard, when you lost your intended bride?"—And this recently married young creature hung on my reply as if worlds depended on its tenor.

"I did, indeed, Lady Jane, if love's sacred name could be usurped by idle, frantic, unrequited passion! But such as it was, it melted before a steadier and holier flame, as a feverish dream flies before morning's fresh invigorating breeze."

"There is hope for me yet, then!" exclaimed my young companion, no longer repressing the tears which injured pride had long forbidden to flow.

"Hope?" said I, "and of what?" for I could not yet divine where lurked the demon fatal to her peace.

"That Philip may love me in time, in spite of his early and mad attachment to the Italian girl his mother rescued from taking the veil, and whom, but for her and my cousin Charles, he would have married."

The whole mystery, as it regarded my niece, was now unravelled; jealousy accounted for all her dissembled coldness, but whether any trace of entanglement still combated, in my nephew's breast, his evident attachment to his bride, I could not be quite certain. I, however, felt sufficiently confident of the contrary, to cheer her heart with assurances of the genuine and unfeigned affection I had remarked in his conduct towards her.

"Oh, he is very, very kind; but when, some weeks after our marriage, I received the cruel Vittoria's letter, invoking curses on my head, and boasting of the indelible hold she possessed over Philip's perjured heart, I thought I should have died. I flew and upbraided my cousin with his knowledge of this prior attachment; he confessed it, but, while he gloried in having assisted to break it off, and affected to treat it with scorn, he warned me how I revived a slumbering spark by any sentimental allusions or unguarded dis-

closure ; assuring me, from his knowledge of Philip's temper, that I could only acquire or maintain a hold on his affections by a dignified reserve, the most opposite to the jealous transports which had at length weaned him from my foreign rival. He told me my husband was romantic to excess, and that romance in a wife would be the bane of his happiness and hers ; that amusement and dissipation were the only cure for his melancholy, and seeing me admired by others, the likeliest mode of fixing his truant affections on myself."

"Poor child !" said I, almost unconsciously, as this highly born and highly gifted creature wept in agony on my shoulder, "by what machinations has thy peace been invaded and thy innocence endangered ! Such invidious counsel could have had but one object, to estrange thee from the most affectionate of hearts, and cast thee for comfort on the most artful of seducers !"

Just then, I saw approaching, but at the further extremity of the long avenue we were entering, the husband so nearly about to become a prey to this deep-laid plot against his peace. Burning to dispel, without the loss of a moment, the remaining clouds of misapprehension between two young and amiable beings, I requested my niece to step aside, and pursue her walk, screened from observation behind the high yew hedge of the approach, while I went forward alone to meet my nephew. I quickened my pace, and joined him almost instantly. "Philip," said I, "am I right in supposing that your evident dejection is occasioned by doubts of your young bride's affection ?"—He looked up, and sighed assent.

"What, then, if I inform you that her coldness proceeds from far better founded misgivings ; lest, in offering her your hand, a heart should not have been yours to bestow ?—I need only name Vittoria, and say that Lady Jane knows all, to account at once for her injured pride and wounded feelings !"

"Does she indeed know all ?" said Philip, looking up with the air of one rather relieved than disconcerted. "It was not my fault she knew not from the first that I once childishly imagined loveliness of mind and person must be found united ; and woke from the delusion to bless my escape from the toils of an incarnate fiend."

As he spoke, I caught a glimpse of a white veil, and, by an emphatic cough, warned my fair neighbour to remain, justly supposing that to overhear such unsuspected testimony to her sole empire in her husband's heart, would be worth volumes of direct assurances.

"Would I were as sure," continued he, "of my place in Lady Jane's pure and spotless bosom, as that mine has long ceased to feel aught but contempt or pity for the shameless being, whose own rude hand dispelled the illusion, which a romantic history, a fair form, and consummate art, had cast around rashness, levity, and, I fear, guilt !"

"Thank God ! it is, as I hoped, my dear Philip, on your side," said I ; "and I think I may venture to assure you that half what you have told me will suffice to give to the smiles of your bride a warmth and sunshine, amid which that of Italy will never be missed."

He shook his head incredulously, and sighing, exclaimed, "What would I not give to see them on her own dear lips !"

We were near an opening in the old rugged yew hedge ; I suddenly drew my nephew within it, and the fair listener stood confessed. The tears of joy, irradiated by such a blush, and such a smile as I have seldom seen but on the cheek of a daughter of England. "Give her your confidence, Philip," said I ; "can you doubt further ?"

"Give me your pardon, my dear husband," said she, as he flew towards her, "for being an involuntary, but oh ! a blessed listener !—It was your uncle——"

"Who has made me the happiest

of men!" cried Philip, his whole expression absolutely changed by the transition from despondence to ecstasy. I took a hand of each in mine, and ratified this solemn union of hearts with a truly parental blessing.

"Uncle," said Philip, in a tone of manly firmness, "you will assist me to get civilly rid of yonder host of idlers, and the false friend who hoped, by their means, to disgust me with my country, and estrange me from my bride. You shall make me an Englishman after your own heart."

"Uncle," whispered Lady Jane, with the most insinuating softness, "you will invite us to your cottage,

won't you, till a few more comforts are added to our home, to make it all that an English home should be?"

I carried them with me in triumph. I introduced them at Dunbarrow to the worthy and the wise among their compatriots. I saw at my own tranquil fireside their once threatened wedded bliss assume the imperishable hues of eternity. I saw, not only without reluctance, but with delight, a youthful figure in my mother's sacred chair, and a second Emma beneath the picture of my sainted bride. They staid, only to grow too dear; they left me, at length, to know, for the first time, what it truly is TO BE ALONE.

FOREIGN LANDS.

SPEAK but of foreign lands—and see
The child of nature wand'ring free;
The wild-wood hunter fearless press
On through the trackless wilderness:

And shuddering trace the lonely path
The desert lion leaves in wrath;
Or feast the soul with all that lies
Lovely and strange beneath the skies.

We think upon a foreign land—
What wild luxurious scenes expand!
The broad deep river, like a sea;
The untrodden wood's immensity;

The green and quiet tracks of rest
That hide within the forest's breast,
That stillness so profound and dread:
Ne'er broke by human voice nor tread:

We see the gorgeous flowers, that none,
Save the lone Indian, looks upon;

And hear the bird with wild-cry wake
The night-hush of the forest-brake.

'T is thus—yet foreign lands and seas
Wake other, deeper thoughts than these!
For where is he who hath not lost
Some dear one on a foreign coast?

Oh, many a noble heart is laid
To moulder in the forest's shade;
The palm-tree rears its glorious crest
O'er many a loved one's place of rest.

River, and sea, and flowery isle,
Radiant with Spring's eternal smile,
Have had their prey, have rent the ties
Of home-born, heart-link'd sympathies.

Alas! for this Affection pales,
The eye grows dim, the spirit fails,
Till *foreign lands* become a sound
That stirs the bosom but to wound.

WAR SONG.

Imitated from the Russian of Lomonosor.

On—like a ship amid the sea,
When winds are loud, and waves are high,
And forward—forward, far and free,
Mid yawning deep, and threatening sky,
She dashes from her sides amain
The billows to their depths again.

On—like the eagle in his pride,
Who soars in distance wide and dim;
The rock, the gulf, the mountain's side,
The woods, are level paths to him:
Where'er the winds of heaven can blow,
There may his chainless pinion go.

On—like the lion of the waste,
Whose glaring eye sheds fear around,
And wolves in rage and terror haste
Far from his footstep's fatal sound;
While through the rocks and mountains ring
The thunders of the forest-king.

On, warriors, on—through smoke and blood,
On—through the battle's furious sea,
That dashes, like a stormy flood,
Its deluge of red waves on thee:
On, on to conquer—or to die—
Hurrah, for death or victory!



NEW STEAM CARRIAGE.

Explanation of the References.

1. The Guide and Engineer, to whom the whole management of the machinery and conduct of the carriage is entrusted. Besides this man, a guard will be employed.

2. The handle which guides the Pole and Pilot Wheels.

3. The Pilot Wheels.

4. The Pole.

5. The Fore Boot, for luggage.

6. The "Throttle Valve" of the main steam-pipe, which, by means of the handle, is opened or closed at pleasure, the power of the steam and the progress of the carriage being thereby regulated from 1 to 10 or 20 miles per hour.

7. The Tank for Water, running from end to end, and the full breadth of the carriage; it will contain 60 gallons of water.

8. The Carriage, capable of holding six inside-passengers.

9. Outside-passengers, of which the present carriage will carry 15.

10. The Hind Boot, containing the Boiler and Furnace. The Boiler is incased with sheet-iron, and between the pipes the coke and charcoal are put, the front being closed in the ordinary way with an iron door. The pipes extend from the cylindrical reservoir of water at the bottom to the cylindrical chamber for steam at the top, forming a succession of lines something like a horse-shoe, turned edgeways. The steam enters the "separators" through large pipes, which are observable on the Plan, and is thence conducted to its proper destination.

11. "Separators," in which the steam is

separated from the water, the water descending and returning to the boiler, while the steam ascends, and is forced into the steam-pipes or main arteries of the machine.

12. The Pump, by which the water is pumped from the tank, by means of a flexible hose, to the reservoir, communicating with the boiler.

13. The Main Steam Pipe, descending from the "separators," and proceeding in a direct line under the body of the coach to the "throttle valve," (No. 6), and thence under the tank, to the cylinders from which the pistons work.

14. Flues of the Furnace, from which there is no smoke, coke and charcoal being used.

15. The Perches, of which there are three, conjoined, to support the machinery.

16. The Cylinders. There is one between each perch.

17. Valve Motion, admitting steam alternately to each side of the pistons.

18. Cranks, operating on the axle; at the ends of the axle are crotches (No. 21), which, as the axle turns round, catch projecting pieces of iron on the boxes of the wheels, and give them the rotatory motion. The hind wheels only are thus operated upon.

19. Propellers, which, as the carriage ascends a hill, are set in motion, and move like the hind legs of a horse, catching the ground, and then forcing the machine forward, increasing the rapidity of its motion, and assisting the steam power.

20. The Drag, which is applied to increase the friction on the wheel in going

down a hill. This is also assisted by diminishing the pressure of the steam—or, if necessary, inverting the motion of the wheels.

21. The Clutch, by which the wheel is sent round.

22. The Safety Valve, which regulates the proper pressure of the steam in the pipe.

23. The Orifice for filling the tank. This is done by means of a flexible hose and a funnel, and occupies but a few seconds.

MR. GOLDSWORTHY GURNEY, after a variety of experiments, during the last two years, has completed a STEAM CARRIAGE on a new principle. We have, accordingly, procured a drawing of this extraordinary invention, which we shall proceed to describe generally, since the letters, introduced in the annexed Engraving, with the accompanying references, will enable our readers to enter into the details of the machinery:—First, as to its *safety*, upon which point the public are most sceptical. In the present invention, it is stated, that, even from the bursting of the boiler, there is not the most distant chance of mischief to the passengers. This boiler is tubular, constructed upon philosophical principles, and upon a plan totally distinct from any thing previously in use. Instead of being, as in ordinary cases, a large vessel closed on all sides, with the exception of the valves and steam conductors, which a high pressure or accidental defect may burst, it is composed of a succession of welded iron pipes, perhaps forty in number, screwed together in the manner of the common gas-pipes, at given distances, extending in a direct line, and in a row, at equal distances from a small reservoir of water, to the distance of about a yard and a half, and then curving over in a semi-circle of about half a yard in diameter, returning in parallel lines to the pipes beneath, to a reservoir above, thus forming a sort of inverted horse-shoe. This horse-shoe of pipes, in fact, forms the boiler, and the space between is the furnace; the whole being enclosed with sheet iron. The advantage of this arrangement is obvious; for, while more than a sufficient quantity of steam is generated for the purposes required, the only possible accident that could happen

would be, the bursting of one of these barrels, and a temporary diminution of the steam power of one-fortieth part. The effects of the accident could, of course, only be felt within its own enclosure; and the engineer could, in ten minutes, repair the injury, by extracting the wounded barrel, and plugging up the holes at each end; but the fact is, that such are the proofs to which these barrels are subjected, before they are used, by the application of a steam-pressure five hundred times more than can ever be required, that the accident, trifling as it is, is scarcely possible.

A contemporary journal illustrates Mr. Gurney's invention by the following analogy:—"It will appear not a little singular that Mr. Gurney, who was educated a medical man, has actually made the construction of the human body, and of animals in general, the model of his invention. His reservoirs of steam and water, or rather '*separators*,' as they are called, and which are seen at the end of our plate, are, as it were, the heart of his steam apparatus; the lower pipes of the boiler are the arteries, and the upper pipes the veins. The water, which is the substitute for blood, is first sent from the reservoirs into the pipes—the operation of fire soon produces steam, which ascends through the pipes to the upper part of the reservoir, carrying with it a portion of water into the separators, which of course descends to the lower part, and returns to fill the pipes which have been exhausted by the evaporation of the steam—the steam above pressing it down with an elastic force, so as to keep the arteries or pipes constantly full, and preserve a regular circulation. In the centre of the *separators* are perforated steam pipes, which ascend nearly to the tops, these tops being of course

closed, so as to prevent the escape of the steam. Through these pipes the steam descends with its customary force, and is conducted by one main pipe all along under the carriage to the end of the platform, which is, in point of fact, the *water tank*, where it turns under till it reaches two large branch pipes which communicate with the cylinders, from which the pistons move and give motion to the machinery. The cranks of the axle are thus set in action, and the rotatory movement is given to the wheels. By the power thus engendered also a pump is worked, and which, by means of a flexible hose, pumps the water into the boiler, keeping the supply complete. The tank and furnace, it is calculated, will hold sufficient water and fuel for one hour's consumption, the former being sixty gallons."

The vehicle resembles the ordinary stage-coaches, but is rather larger and higher. Coke or charcoal are to form the fuel, by which means smoke will be avoided; the flues will be above the level of the seated passengers, and it is calculated that the motion of the carriage will always disperse the heated rarefied air from the flues.

The present carriage would carry six inside and fifteen outside passengers, independent of the guide, who is also the engineer. In front of the coach is a very capacious boot; while behind, that which assumes the appearance of a boot, is the case for the boiler and the furnace. The length of the vehicle, from end to end, is fifteen feet, and, with the pole and pilot-wheels, twenty feet. The diameter of the hind wheels is five feet; of the front wheels three feet nine inches; and of the pilot-wheels three feet. There is a treble perch, by which the machinery is supported, and beneath which two propellers, in going up a hill, may be set in motion, somewhat similar to the action of a horse's legs under similar circumstances. In descending a hill,

there is a break fixed on the hind wheel to increase the friction; but independent of this, the guide has the power of lessening the force of the steam to any extent, by means of the lever to his right hand, which operates upon what is called the *throttle valve*, and by which he may stop the action of the steam altogether, and effect a counter vacuum in the cylinders. By this means also he regulates the rate of progress on the road, going at a pace of two miles or ten miles per hour, or even quicker if necessary. There is another lever also by which he can stop the vehicle *instantly*, and, in fact, in a moment reverse the motion of the wheels, so as to prevent accident, as is the practice with the paddles of steam-vessels. The guide, who sits in front, keeps the vehicle in its proper course, by means of the pilot-wheels acting upon the pole, like the handle of a garden-chair.

The weight of the carriage and its apparatus is estimated at $1\frac{1}{2}$ tons, and its wear and tear of the road, as compared with a carriage drawn by four horses, is as one to six. When the carriage is in progress the machinery is not heard, nor is there so much vibration as in an ordinary vehicle, from the superior solidity of the structure. The engine has a twelve-horse power, but may be increased to sixteen; while the actual power in use, except in ascending a hill, is but eight-horse.

The success of the present improved invention is stated to be decided; but the public will shortly have an opportunity of judging for themselves, as several experimental journeys are projected. If it should attain its anticipated perfection, the contrivance will indeed be a proud triumph of human ingenuity, which, aided by its economy, will doubtless recommend it to universal patronage. Mr. Gurney has already secured a patent for his invention; and he has our best wishes for his permanent success.

A PILGRIMAGE.

[It is said that the mother of Thomas-a-Becket was a Saracen woman, who "fell in love," as the phrase goes, with one of the noblest of the English chivalry, at least one of the earliest of the crusaders, and who, after his departure to his native country, followed him thither—alone—on foot,—though not only unacquainted with all the English, except the knight alluded to, but without knowledge of the language spoken in the country, saving only the Christian name of the warrior, and "London," the place of his residence. She was baptized, and the rest may be guessed easily.]

HER feet have been upon those sands, where "prickles, thorn, and briar,"
Pain not the fainting frame so much, as doth their breath of fire,
No cloud upon that scorching sky—no parched herb to tell
Of gushing founts, that hope foretold—no welcome camel's well.

She shrunk not then,—she trembled not, though "stifling, hot Simoom,"
Came o'er the waste, in dread array, in clouds of direst gloom :—
She past them all untiringly ;—she won her fearful way
To where the crowded haunts of men showed perils fierce as they !

She bore the cruel mockery which shameless ones have thrown
Forever on those breasts, which bear souls nobler than their own.
Her eyes flashed fire one moment, then rushed out her woman's fears ;
But, scoffed at and despised, yet upon her path she bears !

And sometimes, when those snowy feet were torn and bleeding fast,
And nature told, in bursting sighs, "that this could never last,"
Some hearts there were—some eyes not blind to beauty's speechless charm
Some hands which scrupled not to pour the oil and healing balm.

'Then, from those cold and quivering lips, such honey accents broke,
That they who listened well might deem a very angel spoke ;
'They know not of that stranger tongue—nor of words which start,—
They only feel their sinking down, "like kindness on the heart !"

She passed o'er the "ocean stream"—over the deep blue sea,
Girdling those proudly tall white cliffs, which Albion's boast may be ;
She reached the wide and open shore, where lands and waters kiss—
Then, only then, she fainted there—this was such happiness !

But onward by a smoother path—a sweeter—still she goes,
For only on one distant breast her heart may find repose.
And what were perils overcome, what countless deserts past,
If not upon that worshipped breast she sank in peace at last !

She stands within the laughing town, mid thousand joyous throngs,
Where sun-light falls, and gleam of gold, and din of reckless songs ;
Each face is strange unto her heart, so is that revelry ;
Oh say ! when shall she meet that one whom she has bled to see ?

Wild is the wonder of the throng,—how ardently they gaze
On her, who sought to steal unseen along that peopled maze ;
With flushed cheek, one word alone, to all around she gave
The name of him who stood alone, the bravest of the brave !

And there came riding by in pomp, old England's chivalry,
And rang the heavens, as on they passed, with clamorous deep and high.
And midst his peers, the proudest there, one lordly warrior came—
That one dear word her lip might speak—it was his cherished name !

He might have mingled with the throngs all Europe could have shown,
And, by the world, unrecked, unmarked, but not by one unknown !
He may but spring one little step, then never farther roam ;
His ready arms have opened now—her dearly purchased home !

Her tale was not long time untold, the millions' thunder cry,
Rose up in honor of her name, whose fame shall never die ;
And blessings loaded every breath, and every passing gale,—
"Oh ! woman's love, and woman's faith, which were they known to fail ?"

THE FEVER SHIP.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF CAPTAIN ANDREW SMITH.

I SAILED from Liverpool for Jamaica, and after a pleasant voyage arrived at my destination, and discharged my cargo. My vessel was called the *Lively Charlotte*, a tight brig, well found for trading, and navigated by thirteen hands. I reloaded with sugar and rum for Halifax, intending to freight from that place for England before the setting in of winter. This object I could only achieve by using double diligence, allowing a reasonable time for accidental obstacles. My brig was built sharp for sailing fast, and I did not trouble myself about convoy, (it was during war,) as I could run a fair race with a common privateer, and we trusted to manœuvring four heavy carronades, and a formidable show of painted ports and quakers,* for escaping capture by any enemy not possessing such an overwhelming superiority of force as would give him confidence to run boldly close alongside, and find out what were really our means of defence. I speedily shipped what provisions and necessities I wanted, and set sail. A breeze scarcely sufficient to fill the canvass carried us out of Port Royal harbour. The weather was insufferably hot; the air seemed full of fire, and the redness of the hemisphere, not long before sunset, glared as intensely as the flame of a burning city. Jamaica was very sickly; the yellow fever had destroyed numbers of the inhabitants, and three-fourths of all new comers speedily became its victims. I had been fortunate enough to lose only two men during my stay of three or four weeks, (Jack Wilson and Tom Waring,) but they were the two most sturdy and healthy seamen in the brig: the first died in thirty-nine hours after he was attacked, and the second on the fourth day. Two hands besides were ill

when we left, which reduced to nine the number capable of performing duty. I imagined that putting to sea was the best plan I could adopt to afford the sick a chance of recovery, and retard the spreading of the disorder among such as remained in health. But I was deceived. I carried the contagion with me, and on the evening of the day on which we lost sight of land, another hand died, and three more were taken ill. Still I congratulated myself I was no worse off, since other vessels had lost half their crews while in Port Royal, and some in much less time than we had remained there. We sailed prosperously through the windward passage, so close to Cuba that we could plainly distinguish the trees and shrubs growing upon it, and then shaped our course north-easterly, to clear the Bahamas, and gain the great ocean.

We had seen and lost sight of Crooked Island three days, when it became all at once a dead calm; even the undulation of the sea, commonly called the ground swell, subsided; the sails hung slackened from the yards; the vessel slept like a turtle on the ocean, which became as smooth as a summer mill-pond. The atmosphere could not have sustained a feather; clondless and clear, the blue serene above and the water below were alike spotless, shadowless, and stagnant. Disappointment and impatience were exhibited by us all, while the sun flaring from the burning sky, melted the pitch in the rigging till it ran down on the decks, and a beefsteak might have been broiled on the anchor-fluke. We could not pace the planks without blistering our feet, until I ordered an awning over the deck for our protection: but still the languor we experienced was overpowering.

* Wooden guns: so called by seamen because they will not fight.

A dead calm is always viewed with an uneasy sensation by seamen, but in the present case it was more than usually unwelcome; to the sick it denied the freshness of the breeze that would have mitigated in some degree their agonies; and it gave a predisposition to the healthy to imbibes the contagion, lassitude and despondency being its powerful auxiliaries. Assisted by the great heat, the fever appeared to decompose the very substance of the blood; and its progress was so rapid, that no medicine could operate before death closed the scene of suffering. I had no surgeon on board, but from a medicine-chest I in vain administered the common remedies: but what remedies could be expected to act with efficacy, where the disease destroyed life almost as quickly as the current of life circulated! I had now but five men able to do duty, and never can I forget my feelings when three of these were taken ill on the fourth day of our unhappy inactivity. One of the sick expired, as I stood by his cot, in horrible convulsions. His skin was of a deep saffron hue; watery blood oozed from every pore, and from the corners of his eyes—he seemed dissolving into blood, liquefying into death. Another man rushed upon deck in a fit of delirium, and sprang over the ship's side into the very jaws of the numerous sharks that hovered ravenous around us, and seemed to be aware of the havoc death was making.

I had now the dreadful prospect of seeing all that remained perish, and prayed to God I might not be last; for I should then become an ocean solitary, dragging on a life of hours in every second. A day's space must then be an age of misery. There was still no appearance of a breeze springing up; the horrible calm appeared as if it would endure forever. A storm would have been welcome. The irritating indolence, the frightful loneliness and tranquillity that reigned around, united with the frequent presence of human dissolution, thinning our scanty number,

was more than the firmest nerves could sustain without yielding to despair. Sleep fled far from me; I paced the deck at night, gazing upon the remnant of my crew in silence, and they upon me, hopeless and speechless. I looked at the brilliant stars that shone in tropical glory, with feverish and impatient feelings, wishing I were among them, or bereft of consciousness, or were anything but a man. A heavy presentiment of increasing evil bore down my spirits. I regarded the unruffled sea, dark and glassy, and the reflection of the heavens in it, as a sinner would have contemplated the mouth of hell. The scene, so beautiful at any other time, was terrible under my circumstances. I was overwhelmed with present and anticipated misery. Thirty years I had been accustomed to a sea-life, but I had never contemplated that so horrible a situation as mine was possible; I had never imagined any state half so frightful could exist, though storms had often placed my life in jeopardy, and I had been twice shipwrecked. In the last misfortune mind and body were actively employed, and I had no leisure to brood over the future. To be passive, as I now was, with destruction creeping towards me inch by inch, to perceive the most horrible fate advancing slowly upon me, and be obliged to await its approach, pinioned, fixed to the spot, powerless, unable to keep the hope of deliverance alive by exertion—such a situation was the extreme of mortal suffering, a pain of mind language is inadequate to describe, and I endured in silence the full weight of its affliction.

My mate and cabin-boy were now taken with the disease; and on the evening of the fifth day Will Stokes, the oldest seaman on board, breathed his last, just at the going down of the sun. At midnight another died. By the light of the stars we committed them to the ocean, though while wrapping the hammock round the body of the last, the effluvia from the rapid putrefaction was so overpower-

ering and nauseous, that it was with difficulty got upon deck and flung into its unfashionable grave. The dull splash of the carcass, as it plunged, I shall never forget, raising lucid circles on the dark unruffled water, and breaking the obstinate silence of the time; it struck my heart with a thrilling chillness; a rush of indescribable feeling came over me. Even now this sepulchral sound strikes at times on my ear during sleep, in its loneliness of horror, and I fancy I am again in the ship. These mournful entombments were viewed by us at last with that unconcern which is shown by men rendered desperate from circumstances. Disease and dissolution were become every-day matters to us, and the fear of death had lost its power: nay, we rather trembled at the thought of surviving; thus does habitude fit us for the most terrible situations. The last precaution I took was to remove the sick to the deck, under the shelter of a wet sail, to afford them coolness. The next that died was my old townsman, Job Watson. Just after I had seen him expire, about ten o'clock in the evening, when all around was like the stillness in a dead world, I was leaning over the taffrail and looking upon the ocean's face, that from its placidity and attraction to the eye was, to me and mine, like an angel of destruction clothed in beauty, when, on a sudden, I became free from anxiety, obdurate, reckless of every thing. I imagined I had taken leave of hope forever, and an apathy came upon me little removed from despair. I was ready for my destiny, come when it might. I got rid of a load of anxiety that I could not have carried much longer, so that even when the rising moon showed me the body of the mate, which we had thrown into the water, floating on its back, half disenveloped from its hammock—when I distinctly saw its livid and ghastly features covered only by an inch of transparent sea, and a huge shark preparing his hungry jaws to prey upon it, I drew not back, but

kept my eye coldly upon it, as if it had been the most indifferent object upon earth; for I was as insensible to emotion as a statue would have been. This insensibility enabled me to undertake any office for the sick, and to drag the bodies of the dead to the ship's side and fling them overboard; for at last no one else was left to do it. All, save myself, were attacked with the disorder, and one by one died before the ninth day was completed, save James Robson, the least athletic man I had, and who, judging from constitution, was but little likely to have survived. The disorder left him weak as a child; I gave him the most nourishing things I could find; I carried him, a mere skeleton, into my cabin, and placed him on a fresh bed, flinging his own and all the other's overboard. I valued him as the only living thing with me in the vessel, though had he died, I should at the time have felt little additional pain. I regarded him as one brute animal would have looked at another in such a situation.

How the ship was to be navigated by one man, and what means I possessed of keeping her afloat in case blowing weather should come on, gave me no apprehension; I was too much proof against the fear of the future, or any danger that it might bring. Robson could give me no assistance; I had therefore to rely on my own exertion for every thing. If the vessel ever moved again, I must hand and steer—though, from the continuation of the calm, it did not seem likely I should be soon called upon to do either. I kept watch at night upon deck, and could sleep, either by day or night, only by short snatches, extended at full length near the helm. On the tenth night, while the sea was yet in the repose of the grave around me, I fell into a doze, and was assailed with horrible dreams that precluded my receiving refreshment from rest. I aroused myself, and the silence on every side seemed more terrible than ever. Clouds were rising over the

distant sea-line and obscuring the stars; and the ocean put on a gloomy aspect. Millions of living things, which had ascended from the caverns of the deep, or been engendered from the stagnation and heat, played in snaky antics on its surface. No sailor was now pacing the deck on his accustomed watch. The want of motion in the ship, and her powerless sails hanging in festoons amid the diminishing starlight, added to the solitary feeling which, in spite of my apathy, I experienced. I thought myself cut off from mankind for ever, and that my ship, beyond where winds ever blew, would lie and rot upon the corrupting sea. I forgot the melancholy fate of my crew at this moment, and thought, with comparative unconcern, that the time must soon come when the last draught of water being finished, "I too must die." Then, half slumbering, a thousand strange images would come before my sight; the countenance of my late mate, or some one of the crew, was frequently among them, distorted, and fitted upon uncouth bodies. I felt feverish and unwell on awaking. One moment I fancied I saw a vessel pass the ship under full sail and with a stiff breeze, and then a second, while no ruffle appeared on the ocean near mine, and I hailed them in vain. Now I heard the tramp of feet upon the deck, and the whisper of voices, as of persons walking near me, whom I uselessly challenged; this was followed by the usual obdurate silence. I felt no fear; for nature had no visitation for mortal man more appalling than I had already encountered: and to the ultimate of evils with social man, as I have before observed, I was insensible—for what weight could social ideas of good or evil have with me at such a moment?

The morning of the eleventh day of my suffering I went down into the cabin, to take some refreshment to Robson. Though at intervals in the full possession of his senses, the shortest rational conversation exhausted him; while talking in his in-

coherent fits did not produce the same debilitating effect. "Where is the mate?" he wildly asked me; "Why am I in your cabin, captain?—Have they flung Waring overboard yet?" I contented myself with giving him general answers, which appeared to satisfy him. I feared to tell him we were the only survivors; for the truth, had he chanced to comprehend it in its full force, might have been fatal. On returning upon the deck, I observed that clouds were slowly forming, while the air became doubly oppressive and sultry. The intensity of the sun's rays was exchanged for a closer and even more suffocating heat, that indicated an alteration of some kind in the atmosphere. Hope suddenly awoke in my bosom again: a breeze might spring up, and I might get free from my horrible captivity. I took an observation, and found that I was clear of the rocks and shoals of the Bahamas, towards which I feared a current might have insensibly borne me; all I could do, therefore, in case the wind blew, was to hang out a signal of distress, and try to keep the sea until I fell in with some friendly vessel.

I immediately took measures for navigating the ship by myself. I fastened a rope to secure the helm in any position I might find needful, so that I might venture to leave it a few moments when occasion required. I went aloft, and cut away the topsails which I could not reef, and reduced the canvass all over the ship as much as possible, leaving only one or two of the lower sails set: for if it blew fresh, I could not have taken them in, and the ship might perish; while by doing this, I had some chance of keeping her alive.

I now anxiously watched the clouds which seemed to be in motion, and the sight was a cordial to me. At last the sea began to heave with gentle undulations; a slight ripple succeeded, and bore new life with it. I wept for joy, and then laughed, as I saw it shake the sails and gradually fill them; and when at length the

brig moved, just at noon on the eleventh day after our becalmment commenced, I became almost mad with delight. It was like a resurrection from the dead; it was the beginning of a new existence with me. Fearful as my state then was in reality, it appeared a heaven to that which I had been in. The hope of deliverance aroused me to new energies. I felt hungry, and ate voraciously; for till that moment I had scarcely eaten enough to sustain life. The chance of once more mingling with my fellow men filled my imagination, and braced every fibre of my frame, almost to breaking. The ship's motion perceptibly increased; the ripple under her bow at length became audible; she felt additional impulse, moved yet faster; and at length cut through the water at the

rate of four or five knots an hour. This was fast enough for her safety, though not for my impatience. I steered her large before the wind for some time, and then kept her as near as possible in the track of vessels bound for Europe, certain that, carrying so little sail, I must be speedily overtaken by some ship that could render me assistance. Nor was I disappointed in my expectation. After steering two days with a moderate breeze, during which time I never left the helm, a large West Indiaman came up with me, and gave me every necessary aid. By this means I was enabled to reach Halifax, and finally the river Mersey, about five weeks later than the time I had formerly calculated for my voyage.

THE TURKS.

THE Turks have a manly and prepossessing demeanour; being generally of a good stature, and remarkably well formed in their limbs. The men shave their heads, but wear long beards, and are extremely proud of their mustaches, which are usually turned downwards, and which give the other features of the face a cast of peculiar pensiveness. They wear turbans, sometimes white, of an enormous size on their heads, and never remove them but when they go to repose. Their breeches, or drawers, are united with their stockings, and they have slippers, which they never put off but when they enter a mosque, or the house of a great man. Large shirts are worn, and over them is a vest tied with a sash; the outer garment being a sort of loose gown. Every man, in whatever station he is, carries a dagger in his sash. The women's attire much resembles that of the other sex, only they have a cap on their heads, something like a bishop's mitre, instead of a turban. Their hair is beautiful and long,

mostly black, but their faces, which are remarkably handsome, are so covered when they walk out, that nothing is to be seen but their eyes. The ladies of the sultan's *haram* are lovely virgins, either captives taken during war, or presents from the governors of provinces. They are never allowed to stir abroad except when the grand signior removes; and then they are put into close chariots, signals being made at certain distances that no man may approach the road through which the ladies pass, on pain of death. There are a great number of female *slaves* in the sultan's haram, whose task it is to wait on the ladies, who have, besides, a black eunuch for their superintendant.

There are three colleges in Turkey where the children of distinguished men are educated and fitted for state employments. The children are first approved by the grand signior before they are allowed to enter these seminaries; and none dare come into his majesty's presence who are not handsome and well-made.

Silence is first taught them, and a becoming behaviour to their superiors; then they are instructed in the Mahometan faith, the Turkish and Persian languages, and afterwards in the Arabic. At the age of twenty-one they are taught all manner of manly exercises, and above all, the use of arms. As they advance to proficiency in these, and other useful arts, and as government places become vacant, they are preferred; but it is to be observed, that they generally attain the age of forty before they are thought capable of being entrusted with important state affairs.

Those who hold any office under the grand signior are called his slaves; the term slave, in Turkey, signifying the most honourable title a subject can bear. The grand signior is commonly supposed among his own people, to be something more than human; for he is not bound by any laws except that of professing and maintaining the Mahometan religion. A stranger desiring to be admitted into his majesty's presence, is first examined by proper persons, and his arms taken from him; he is then ushered before the royal personage between two strong supporters, but is not even then permitted to approach near enough to kiss the sultan's foot.* This custom, which is observed by every sultan, originated in the following manner:—Amurath I. having obtained a great victory over the Christians, was on the field of battle with his officers viewing the dead, when a wounded Christian soldier, rising from among the slain, came staggering towards him. The king, supposing the man intended to beg for his life, ordered the guards to make way for him; but drawing near, he drew a dagger from under his coat, and plunged it into the heart of the great king, who instantly died.

In Turkey, no man marries a deformed wife for the sake of a fortune, as with us; beauty and good sense,

to their credit be it spoken, are the only inducements to matrimony among the Turks. But they are an indolent people, and are much averse to improving their country by commerce, planting, or building; appearing to take delight in letting their property run to ruin. Alexandria, Tyre, and Sidon, which once commanded the navigation and trade of the whole world, are at present in the Turkish possession, but are only very inconsiderable places. Indeed, observes a judicious author, it is well for us that the Turks are such an indolent people, for their situation and vast extent of empire, would enable them to monopolize the trade of the world if they attended to it. They appear to possess very little genius or inclination for the improvement of *arts and sciences*, although they live in countries which were once in the possession of the classic Greeks; but seem to prefer a slothful mode of life to an active one, continually sauntering away their time, either among women, or in taking coffee and smoking. Being men of great taciturnity, they very seldom disturb a stranger with questions; and a person may live in their country a dozen years, without having twenty words addressed to him, except on important business. They seldom travel, and have very little wish to be informed of the state of their own, or any other country; when a minister of state is turned out of his place, or strangled, (which is a frequent custom,) they coldly observe that there will be a new one, without inquiring into the reason of the disgrace of the former. The doctrine of predestination prevails, and they therefore think it wicked to endeavour to avoid their fate; frequently entering houses where they know the plague is raging.

All religions are tolerated in Turkey, though none are encouraged but the Mahometan faith. The Christians have churches, which the

* The ceremony of kissing the foot, as well as the hand, of a sovereign, is yet observed in the east.

Turks not unfrequently convert into mosques for their own use ; nor will they suffer any new churches, or temples, to be built, without extorting an exorbitant fine from the poor Christians. The high-priest of the Mahometan religion is called the *mufti* ; he is invested with

great power, and his seal is necessary to the passing of all acts of state. But any individual, who pleases to take the habit, may be a priest, and may leave the office when he is weary of it ; for there is nothing like ordination among them.

BOOKS AND BOOKWORMS.

BOOKS were anciently made of plates of copper and lead, the bark of trees, bricks, stones, and wood. Josephus speaks of two columns, the one of stone, the other of brick, on which the children of Seth wrote their inventions and astronomical discoveries. Porphyry mentions some pillars, preserved in Crete, on which the ceremonies observed by the Corybantes in their sacrifices were recorded. The leaves of the palm-tree were used, and the finest and thinnest part of the bark of such trees as the lime, the ash, the maple, and the elm ; from hence comes the word *liber*, which signifies the inner bark of the trees ; and as these barks are rolled up, in order to be removed with greater ease, these rolls were called *volumen*, a volume, a name afterwards given to the like rolls of paper or parchment. By degrees wax, then leather, were introduced, especially the skins of goats and sheep, of which at length parchment was prepared ; also linen, then silk, horn, and lastly paper. The rolls or volumes of the ancients were composed of several sheets, fastened to each other, rolled upon a stick, and were sometimes fifty feet in length, and about a yard and a half wide. At first the letters were only divided into lines, then into separate words, which, by degrees, were noted with accents, and distributed by points and stops into periods, paragraphs, chapters, and other divisions. In some countries, as among the orientals, the lines began from the right and ran to the left ; in others, as in northern and western

nations, from the left to the right ; others, as the Grecians, followed both directions alternately, going in the one and returning in the other. In the Chinese books, the lines run from top to bottom. Again, the page in some is entire and uniform ; in others, divided into columns ; in others, distinguished into text and notes, either marginal or at the bottom ; usually it is furnished with signatures and catch-words, also with a register to discover whether the book be complete. The Mahometans place the name of God at the beginning of all their books. The word *book* is derived from the Saxon *boc*, which comes from the northern *buech*, of *buechans*, a beech, or *service-tree* on the bark of which our ancestors used to write. A very large estate was given for one on Cosmography by king Alfred. About the year 1400, they were sold from £10 to £30 a piece. The first printed one was the Vulgate edition of the Bible, 1462 ; the second edition was *Cicero de officiis*, 1466. Leo I. ordered 200,000 to be burnt at Constantinople. In the suppressed monasteries of France, in 1790, there were found 4,194,412 volumes ; nearly one-half were on theology. The end of the book, now denoted by *finis*, was anciently marked with a \succ , called *coronis*, and the whole frequently washed with an oil drawn from cedar, or citron chips strewed between the leaves, to preserve it from rotting.

Thus far books ; now for the *bookworms*. Anthony Magliabecchi, the notorious bookworm, was born

at Florence in 1633 ; his passion for reading induced him to employ every moment of his time in improving his mind. By means of an astonishing memory and incessant application, he became more conversant with literary history than any man of his time, and was appointed librarian to the grand duke of Tuscany. He has been called a living library. He was a man of a most forbidding and savage aspect, and exceedingly negligent of his person. He refused to be waited upon, and rarely took off his clothes to go to bed. His dinner was commonly three hard eggs, with a draught of water. He had a small window in his door, through which he could see all those

who approached him ; and if he did not wish for their company, he would not admit them. He spent some hours in each day at the palace library ; but is said never in his life to have gone farther from Florence than to Pratz, whither he once accompanied Cardinal Norris to see a manuscript. He died at the age of 81, in the year 1714. In the present age we have *bookworms*, who wander from one bookstall to another, and there devour their daily store of knowledge. Others will linger at the tempting window filled with the "*twopenny*," and read all the open pages ; then pass on to another of the same description, and thus enjoy literature by the way of *Cheapside*.

THE LOVE OF COUNTRY.

THE love of fame has been called "the universal passion"—as justly may the love of country be styled the universal sentiment. The latter is, indeed, more deserving of an epithet implying ubiquity than the other, for there is no region where humanity can exist, that it is not found to flourish—no soil so barren, or sky so inclement, where this vigorous feeling is stunted in the human breast ; nor is there any state of society, however barbarous or obscure, where it does not operate like an imperishable instinct. It even appears to grow more intense in proportion as a country labours under natural disadvantages ; but the reason is, that where physical circumstances make it difficult for man to sustain his existence, the dangers, the toil, and the incessant activity of rude enterprise, which occupy and support life, produce hardihood of mind and body, which give to all the natural affections a more decisive energy than they can have, where greater opportunities of repose and luxurious enjoyment soften down the human character, more or less, from the excellence of its wildly elastic tones, and impress upon it the traits of languor and enervation. Thus,

we find, that in the boisterous and inclement regions of the north, where the savage procures a precarious livelihood by braving the dangers of the ocean, beset with shoals and whirlpools, in a frail skiff, or tracks his prey by the light of the moon, over a howling wilderness of snow—there the patriot passion, as it has been called, binds the heart of the native fondly to rocks and eternal barrenness, making nature, in her most terrible circumstances, appear to his eye, when present, but still more to his memory, when far away, desirable and lovely.

So strong and unsubduable is this sentiment, that the Lapland savage, if placed in the midst of security and enjoyment in the most blooming portion of the temperate zone, would turn from the pleasures that surrounded him, and sicken with desire for the solitudes, the storms, the dreary nights, and perilous adventures which rise upon his mind with the charmed and mournful recollections of his country. Hence it is, that the inhabitants of mountain regions are much more sensibly affected by any circumstance which reminds them of their native land, when sojourning in a

foreign soil, than the natives of plains and flat countries. They are a race inured to hardier habits, to fiercer exertions, and altogether to a bolder and more masculine mode of life, than the inhabitants of places more easily brought under the power of cultivation. The sublime scenery, too, by which they are surrounded—the precipices, torrents, caverns, glens, and all the grandeur of the eternal mountains—the mists that suddenly come on, covering all things like a rolling ocean, and as rapidly dispersed before a flood of light—the gorgeous and gloomy vicissitudes of clouds—the thunder pouring its supernatural voice, answered by a thousand echoes—the storm that, collected within the deep defiles, rushes with headlong fury towards the champaign—all these, and more, that speak the wildest emotion of nature, fill the mind with a kind of poetic fervour, that makes local attachments more fascinating than they can become from the influence of more regulated and colder associations. This poetic feeling, added to the buoyancy of fine spirits, arising from that elastic health which temperance, toil, and a pure atmosphere inspire, gives the mountaineer more enterprise and imagination than other people. That enterprise tempts him to leave his country, but imagination soon calls him back to it: whether prosperous or unfortunate, in sickness or health, society or solitude—the sound of a wild air, which he heard among his native hills, penetrates his soul like the wailing of his forsaken country. It carries him in remembrance to those majestic summits, where his infancy was rock-

ed amid the war of elements—to the torrent whose gushing melody he loved—to the blossomed heath, over which he bounded in the chase; and the green and lonesome dell, where he reposed from his fatigue—his panting dog beside him. Such recollections arise in the bosom of the Swiss adventurer, when that wild and melancholy strain, the *Ranz des Vaches*, reminds him, in the midst of civilized countries, and of populous cities, of that rude home to which his heart is bound by this mysterious charm of nature, and he flings off all artificial ties to regain once more the scenes of simple pleasures and stern independence.

“— as the child whom scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the nurse's breast;
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native hills the more.”

Impressions, sometimes as strong, but always powerful, are produced upon the mind of the Scotch or Irish Highlander in distant climes, when a favourite Highland air brings to his imagination those “banks and braes,” which a fond fidelity to the name of country have dearly consecrated, by a sort of religious remembrance.

It is not the power of music—it is not the eloquence of song that does this, though it has been so stated; but it is that powerful influence of association, which music, heard in early life, in the midst of scenes that exert over us something like a moral enchantment, calls into action, touching the purest chords of our affections, not by the mere power of sweet sounds, but by the train of circumstances connected with them, awakening a sad and delicious memory.

HELPLESS INFANTS.

MAN comes into the world the most helpless and dependent of all creatures. And, certainly, no object of suffering is so calculated to touch all the tender chords in our bosom as a defenceless child, cast upon the

wide world, deprived of the fostering hand of parental tenderness, and destitute of a friend to guide its steps, relieve its wants, and wipe away its tears!

Providence seems to have permit-

ted our nature, occasionally, to suffer in such distressful circumstances, to elicit all the softest emotions we possess; and it is impossible to resist the appeal without doing violence to ourselves. For here it is *helpless* misery, without one energy to relieve itself;—it is *simple* misery, uncaused by vice or folly;—it is *extreme* misery, heightened by every circumstance that can interest the heart, that demands our commiseration. Surely, then, we shall not be alike deaf to the claims of humanity—the cries of wretchedness—the sympathies of our nature—and the voice of Providence;—but, shall rather seize with pleasure the opportunities afforded us, of ameliorating the condition of the helpless

and miserable; and thus answer one of the noblest ends of our existence. And, if our wealth, our influence, and our talents are thus employed while the season of action continues; in circumstances of distress, and periods of suffering and incapacity, which alike await the whole of our race, we may delight ourselves with the reflections of a venerable patriarch: "*When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, then it gave witness to me: because I delivered the poor that cried, and the FATHERLESS, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him who was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the WIDOW'S heart to sing for joy.*"

VARIETIES.

BORNOU INSOLVENT ACT.

THE following is a far wiser mode of obtaining payment of a debt by a creditor, than yielding up what little the debtor may possess to the gripe of the attorney. In Bornou, when "A man refuses to pay his debts and has the means, on a creditor pushing his claims, the Cadi takes possession of the debtor's property, pays the demand, and takes a percentage for his trouble. It is necessary, however, that the debtor should give his consent; but this is not long withheld, as he is pinioned, and laid on his back till it is given; for all which trouble and restiveness he pays handsomely to the Cadi. On the other hand, should a man be in debt and unable to pay, on clearly proving his poverty, he is at liberty: the Judge then says—'God send you the means!'—the bystanders say, 'Amen!' and the insolvent has full liberty to trade where he pleases."

SINGULAR CHARACTER.

At Penn's Rocks, near Tunbridge Wells, on Tuesday December 4, died Mr. John Bishopp, aged forty-two years. He was a man of the most singular habits; penurious to

the last degree, although living in the possession of property estimated at least worth 60,000*l.* His garb was that of the commonest labourer, and generally that which had been thrown off by others. His mansion, a spacious and rather handsome building, (which is remarkable for having been built by the celebrated William Penn, whose residence it was, and from whom the estate now takes its name,) he has suffered to go into a most ruinous state of dilapidation; even in the apartment in which he died, old rags supplied, in some parts of the window, the place of glass; and every thing else was in the same style of wretchedness. He was in the habit of attending auction sales, and particularly those of inferior goods, where he generally purchased the refuse lots. Such was his notoriety in this, that when any inferior lot was offered, it was often remarked, "Oh, that's a lot for Bishopp." Such an accumulation of the veriest rubbish had he obtained, that the once fine and spacious rooms of his house are filled with it; the very poor were the only customers he had to purchase, so that his stock greatly increased. His manners were mild, his wit ready,

and his temper remarkably good, which was often put to the test by rude jests and remarks on his peculiarities, which he always turned on his assailants with temper and adroitness. A meddler in other men's matters once said to him, as he was passing with a waggon load of (what he called) goods,—“Why, Bishopp, you will buy up all the rubbish in the country.” Without stopping, he humourously replied, “Not *all*! my friend, I shall never bid for *you*.” He died intestate, which will produce a distribution of property, from which the gentlemen of the law probably will not be excluded. He was never married, but had an illegitimate son, for whom he made no provision.

CONTAGIOUS FEVER.

In a late lecture delivered by Dr. Tweedie on contagious fever, he states that the exhalation from the human body, even in a state of health, when several persons are crowded together in small or ill-ventilated apartments, is quite sufficient to originate typhous fever; and that certain districts of the metropolis are never free from fever, owing to the crowded habitations, and wretchedness and filth of the inhabitants. The doctor justly observes, that “while governments are busily engaged in legislative enactments for supplying the wants of the poor, it is surely an object of national importance to guard against the risk of pestilence, by insisting on the local authorities adopting a more rigid system of police, and enacting some regulations with the view of preventing, as far as possible, danger from this source.”

THE TWO BROTHERS FOSADONI.

The writer knew these brothers at Venice. The Abbé was a man of great literary knowledge, and a distinguished poet. On their father's death they divided between them the patrimonial property. One entered into commercial speculations, and thereby very much increased his funds; the Abbé, of a far more generous disposition than his bro-

ther, was little calculated to follow his example; but instead of accumulating his property, by his benevolence, which was always prone to assist the poor, and mitigate the general wants of suffering humanity, and by the encouragement he afforded, in particular, to those of his own profession, he was soon reduced to the necessity of calling on his brother for assistance; whereupon his brother replied, “Foreseeing the result of all your literary pursuits, I have laid aside eight hundred ducats for your funeral expenses, when it may please God to call you unto his good keeping, that you should not disgrace the family name, in being buried by the parish;” to which the Abbé Fosadoni replied, “Send me half that sum now while I am living, and at my death I will give you a receipt in full of all demands, for value received.”

NUTRIMENT FROM WOODY FIBRE.

It appears from the valuable researches which Dr. Prout is now pursuing in his “Analysis of Organic Substances,” that the ligneous fibre of plants is capable of becoming a substitute for grain, for human food, in periods of scarcity, by undergoing the following process:—A given quantity of wood fibre, in shreds or shavings, being well macerated in boiling water, in order to deprive it of the resinous and extractive matter, is to be well dried in an oven, and subsequently ground or reduced to an impalpable powder, having the appearance of brown flour or meal. With a certain portion of leaven this flour may be fermented, and formed into a tenacious paste; and, when well baked, is not inferior in quality to ordinary wheaten bread from undressed meal. A tolerable good variety of starch may also be obtained by boiling wood-flour in water, till the liquid acquires the form of jelly, when cooled. In fact, this gelatinous substance, *vi fecula*, constitutes the nutritive qualities of the preparations of all vegetable substances for human food.

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MAY-DAY.

Up and away ! 'tis a holiday !
Come lads and lasses, with merry faces,
To the May-bowers ;
Behold the grass is pranc't with daisies,
The banks with flowers.
The sun is flinging on waters glancing
His early light ;
The birds are singing, and branches dancing,
At the glad sight.
Come, let us rush in the maze of boughs,
And meet at the May-pole to dance and carouse ;
He that is first shall be Jack in the Green,
And the forwardest lass shall be crown'd our Queen.
Gaieties and Gravities.

The youth, the smile, the music of the year
Am I. *The Masque of the Seasons.*

THE games of May-day are the most natural and delightful of all the ancient pastimes. It is "no holiday dependent on the rubric, or the musty fables of monks or saints ;—it is a jubilee of nature's own appointing, when the earth, dressing herself up in flowers and green garlands, calls aloud to her children to come out into the fields, and participate in her merry-making." The sports of the day were formerly shared by all ranks of people ; and Stow informs us, that Henry VIII. and his beauteous queen used to rise with the sun on May morning, to partake of May-day sports, and afterwards diverted themselves with shooting birds in the woods, and in rustic festivity consumed the evening. Shakspeare says, it was impossible to make the people sleep on May-eve, and that they rose early to observe the rite of May.

In London, the May-game pageants were supported with great
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spirit ; the citizens used to sally out in the morning a Maying, and return with the spoils of the fields and woods, accompanied with archers, morris-dancers, and other shows. Every parish, and sometimes two, used to join, and have their May-pole ; one was erected in the middle of the street, before the church of St. Andrew Undershaft, of such height, that it over-topped the steeple ; and hence it was that the parish, which was originally called St. Andrew only, acquired the addition of *Undershaft*. A lord and lady of the May were chosen to preside over the sports :—

" The May-pole is up,
Now, give me the cup,
I'll drink to the garlands around it,
But first unto those
Whose hands did compose
The glory of flowers that crown'd it."

" One can readily imagine," says Mr. Irving, " what a gay scene it must have been in jolly old London,

when the doors were decorated with flowering branches ; when every hat was decorated with hawthorn ; and Robin Hood, friar Tuck, *Maid Marian*, the morris-dancers, and all the other fantastic masks and revellers, were performing their antics about the May-pole in every part of the city." On this occasion we are told Robin Hood presided as lord of the May,—

"With coat of Lincoln green, and mantle,
too,
And horn of ivory mouth, and buckle bright,
And arrows winged with peacock feathers light,
And trusty bow well gathered of the yew ;"

whilst near, crowned as lady of the May, *Maid Marian*—

"With eyes of blue
Shining through dusky air, like stars of night,
And habited in pretty forest plight—
His greenwood beauty sits, young as the dew."

And there, too, in a subsequent stage of the pageant, were—

"The archer-men in green, with belt and bow,
Feasting on pheasant, river-fowl, and swan,
With Robin at their head and Marian."

One "evil May-day," however, occurred, and never again did May-morning come wreathed to the citizens in its usual smiles. In consequence of an insurrection that broke out in London on May-eve, 1517, the sports of May-day were long suspended ; nor were they ever after more than partially resumed. The "great shaft of Cornhill" was not once erected after that event ; and thirty-two years later was broken in pieces, at the instigation of a fanatic priest, who insisted that the inhabitants had made an idol of it, by sainting it along with the church.

Without being bigoted admirers of the rough and riotous sports of antiquity, one cannot help regretting that the innocent and fanciful festival of May-day has fallen into disuse. In Scotland, Wales, Ireland, and, indeed, most countries, some traces of May-day customs still prevail ; but as to Jack in the Green, it is too great a burlesque of the old pageant to be here tolerated.

But although the festivities with which our ancestors hailed the opening of this month have sunk into neglect, Nature has not forsaken *her* festivities. She still scatters flowers, and revels in dews ; she still loves her leafy garniture, and the burst of unoppressive sunshine ; for, though we moderns may abandon the customs of our forefathers, and may even deny to May those joyous attributes with which they delighted to invest her ; though we complain of cold winds, dull days, and frosty nights, cutting down flower and leaf, and have them too, yet is May a gladsome month withal. Vegetation has made a proud progress ; it has become deep, lavish, luxuriating, and nothing can be more delightful than the tender green of the young leaves. Primroses still scatter their millions of pale stars over shady banks, and among the mossy roots of hazels ; and, once more, amid the thickly-springing verdure of the meadow, we hail the spotted and golden cowslips.

Towards the close of the month, the mind, which has been continually led onwards by the expansion of days, leaves, and flowers, seems to repose on the fulness of nature. Every thing is clothed. The Spring actually seems past. We are surrounded by all that beauty, sunshine, and melody, which mingle in our ideas of *summer*. Butterflies take their wavering flight from flower to flower, and dragonflies on the banks of rivers. Cattle, fed to satiety, repose in meadows golden with crow-foot ; and sheep-washing is begun in many places. The mowing-grass presents a mosaic of the most gorgeous and inimitable hues, or is white with waving umbels. A passing gale awakens a scene of lively animation. The massy foliage of trees swings heavily ; the boughs of the hawthorn wave with all their loads of fragrant bloom, and the snowy, umbelliferous plants toss on the lea like foam on a stormy ocean.

Cottage gardens are now perfect paradises ; and, after gazing on their sunny quietude, their lilacs, peonies,

wall-flowers, tulips, and crocuses, with their yellow tufts of flowers, now becoming as common at the doors of village cots as the rosemary and rue once were, one cannot help regretting that more of our labouring classes do not enjoy the freshness of earth, and the pure breeze of heaven, in these little rural retreats, instead of being buried in close sombre alleys. A man who can, in addition to tolerable remuneration for the labour of his hands, enjoy a clean cottage and a garden amidst the common but precious offerings of Nature,

the grateful shade of trees and flow of waters, a pure atmosphere and a riant sky, can scarcely be called *poor*.

If Burns had been asked what was the greatest luxury of May, we suppose he would have quoted from his "Cotter's Saturday Night,"

"If heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair
In others' arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."

TO THE FIRST OF MAY.

"Hard his herte that loveth nought
In May, when al this mirth is wrought."—CHAUCER.

HAIL, thou rosy May! with thy merry-dancing hours,
Thy eyes of "dewy light," and the fragrance of thy flowers,—
Hail, thou rosy May! for the wintry winds are past,
And thy primroses and cowslips have shown their hues at last.

To life's young hour of feeling, the gales of Araby,
The odours of thy spicy breath in sweetness far outvie;
They come with gentle colloquy, and whisper every heart,
Of mysteries, joys, and thy bright sun, as if they ne'er could part.

Let Summer wear her flaunting garb and shoot her parching ray,
Her lip is not so fresh as thine, mine own dear sunny May!
The star that gems thy radiant brow so sweet in lustre is,
It shines the beam of hope to earth, the herald of all bliss.

Thy pearls are flashing on the bough, the land is giving life,
The insect broods are swarming, and thy realm is free of strife,
The peacefulness of heaven's own reign is round thy flowery track,—
O pleasant this auspicious day that greets thy footsteps back!

The waters sparkle with delight, a buz is in the air,
The ocean-waves curl softer now, and man hath less of care,
The low wind scarcely moves the wood, or sighs the leaves between,
Lest it disturb earth's harmony among the branches green.

Thou kindest month of all the year, pass not too fast away,
As hours enjoyed are prone to do, for man is miserly
Of thy sweet presence, since to him thou art a boon indeed,
Slave as he ever is to gloom, in friendship, love, and creed.

Thou 'rt come, bright May! with passion's glance to flush the virgin's cheek,
From feelings undefinable her tongue must never speak,
The sadness of affection's dawn is over her soft heart,
She sighs amid her solitude, and tears unbidden start—

She hears the mated bird's first song, when love is all the theme,—
Of thee, thou mouth of love, inquires, why she is not the same;
No songster comes to sing to her, and wile her hours away,
Cheering her wishing solitude with his congenial lay.

Welcome, thou rosy May! with thy merry-dancing hours,
Thy eyes of "dewy light," and the fragrance of thy flowers,—
Welcome, thou rosy May! for the wintry winds are past,
And thy primroses and cowslips have shown their hues at last!

ANDREW CLEAVES.*

MATTERS went on smoothly on the whole, till Joey had been full two years at school, and his third summer holidays were approaching.

They were no longer anticipated with the same impatient longing which had drawn his heart towards home in his earlier school-days; but still there *were* home pleasures, and home indulgences, not attainable at school, and foremost of those ranked the privilege of being master of his own time, and of the grey colt, now become a well-disciplined, yet spirited steed, and destined to succeed to the functions of blind Dobbin, whose faithful career was fast drawing to a close.

In the meantime, Joey was permitted to call young Greybeard *his* horse, and was indulged in the pride and happiness of driving it himself the first time its services were put in requisition to fetch him home for the Christmas holidays. But when the *summer* vacation arrived, Joey's return was ordained to be in far other and less triumphant order. It so chanced, that on the very day of breaking up, a great annual fair was held at C—, which was looked forward to as a grand festival by the boys whose parents and friends were resident there. These youngsters had vaunted its delights to Joey, and one especial friend and crony had invited his schoolfellow to go with him to his own house, and stay the two days of the fair. Now it unluckily fell out that these identical two days occurred at a season most important to Andrew—just as his hay-harvest was getting in, and there was reason to expect the breaking up of a long spell of dry weather. So when Joey returned to school on the Monday, he was enjoined to tell his master (with whom Andrew had no time for parlanche,) that it would not be con-

venient for his father to fetch him home the ensuing Thursday, or indeed (on the account before mentioned) till the Saturday evening.

Andrew, engrossed by his rural concerns, had not thought of the fair, of which Joey took especial care not to remind him, as he well knew, that were he to give the least hint of his schoolfellow's invitation, and his own vehement longing to accept it, his father would fetch him away at the risk of sacrificing his whole hay crop, rather than leave him exposed to the danger of mixing in such a scene of abomination.

Master Joey, whose genius was of a very inventive nature, soon arranged in his own mind a neat little scheme, which would enable him to partake the prohibited delights, unsuspected by his father or the Rev. Mr. Jerk; so trimming up to his own purpose his father's message to that gentleman, he ingeniously substituted for the request that he might be allowed to stay at school till Saturday,—an intimation that he had obtained parental permission to accept his schoolfellow's invitation for the fair days, and that a neighbour's cart would take him home on Friday evening from the house of his friend's parents. Joey *had* his own plans for getting home too when the fun was over, and of managing matters so dexterously, that the truth should never transpire either to his father or master. The latter was easily imposed on by the boy's specious story; and when Thursday arrived, Joey, taking with him his little bundle of Sunday clothes, and his whole hoard of pence and sixpences, left school in high spirits with a party of his playmates.

Andrew Cleaves, meantime, got in his crops prosperously, and, exhausted as he was by a hard day's labour, set out on Saturday evening

to fetch home the expecting boy. Poor Greybeard was tired also, for he too had worked hard all day ; but he was a spirited and willing creature, and went off freely, as if he knew his errand, and rejoiced at the thought of bringing home his young master. So the farmer and his vehicle arrived in good time at the door of the Academy, but Andrew looked towards it in vain, and at the upper and lower windows, for the happy little face that had been wont to look out for him on such occasions.

The servant girl who opened the door looked surprised when Andrew inquired for his son ; and still greater astonishment appeared in Mr. Jerk's countenance, when he stepped forward and heard the reiterated inquiry. A brief and mutual explanation ensued—a grievous one to the agitated father, whose feelings may be well imagined—irritated as well as anxious feelings, for on hearing the master's story, little doubt remained in his mind, but that the truant was still harboured at the house of his favourite schoolfellow. But the intelligence promptly obtained there, was of a nature to create the most serious alarm. The parents of Josiah's friend informed Andrew, that his boy *had* accompanied *their* son home when the school broke up on Thursday morning—they having willingly granted the request of the latter, that his playfellow might be allowed to stay with him till an opportunity occurred (of which he was in expectation) of his returning to his father's the next evening. That after dinner the two boys had sallied out into the fair together, from which *their* son returned about dark without his companion, with the account that they had been separated the latter part of the day, but that just as he began to tire of looking about for his schoolfellow, Josiah had touched him hastily on the shoulder, saying a neighbour of his father's, who guessed he was playing truant, insisted on taking him home in his own cart, and that he *must* go that moment. This was all the boy had to tell—and that

Josiah vanished in the crowd so suddenly, he could not see who was with him. Vain were all possible inquiries in all directions. The distracted father could only learn further, that his child had been seen by many persons standing with his friend at many booths and stalls, and, at last, quite alone in a show-booth, belonging to a set of tight-rope and wire dancers, and of equestrian performers—with some of these he seemed to have made acquaintance, and among them he was last observed. That troop had quitted C—the same night, and having fine horses and a light caravan, must have travelled expeditiously, and were probably already at a considerable distance ; nor could the route they had taken be easily ascertained after they had passed through the turnpike, which had been about ten o'clock at night. Now it was that Andrew Cleaves, in the agony of his distress, would have given half his worldly substance to have obtained tidings—but the least favourable tidings of his lost child—for dreadful thoughts, and fearful imaginings, suggested themselves, aggravating the horrors of uncertainty. There was no *positive* reason for belief that the boy had left C—with the itinerant troop. A rapid river ran by the town—there was a deep canal also—and then—the wharf—crowded with barges—between which——But Andrew was not one to brood over imaginary horrors in hopeless inaction, and the opinion of others encouraged him to hope that his son had only been lured away by the equestrian mountebanks. With the earliest dawn, therefore, mounted on the young powerful grey, he was away from C—and (according to the clue at last obtained) in the track of the itinerants. But they were far in advance, and soon after passing through the turnpike, had struck into cross country-roads and by-ways, so that the pursuit was necessarily tedious and difficult ; and Andrew was unused to travelling, having never before adventured twenty miles be-

yond his native place. No wonder that he was sorely jaded in body and mind, when he put up for the night at a small town about thirty miles from C——, through which he ascertained, however, that the caravan, with its escort, had passed early in the morning of the preceding day—that the troop, while stopping to bait, had talked of Carlisle as their next place of exhibition; and had, in fact, struck into the great north road when they proceeded on their way. Andrew could gain no intelligence whether a boy, such as he described, accompanied the party. It having been very early morning when they baited their horses at ——, the females of the band and children (if there were any) were still asleep within the closed caravan.

So Andrew proceeded with a heavy heart, but a spirit of determined perseverance—and his pursuit (now that he was fairly on the track of its object) was comparatively easy.

About mid-day, in mercy to his beast, as well as to recruit his own strength, he halted at a hedge ale-house, when, having unsaddled Greybeard, and seen that he was taken care of, he entered the kitchen and called for refreshment. There were many persons drinking and talking in the place, and Andrew failed not to make his customary inquiries, which awakened an immediate clamour of tongues—every one being ready with some information relating to the troop Andrew was in pursuit of. Such was the confusion of voices, however, that he was kept for a moment in painful suspense, when a decent looking woman, (apparently a traveller,) who was taking her quiet meal in one corner of the kitchen, came hastily forward, and laying her hand on Andrew's arm, and looking earnestly in his face, exclaimed,—“After what are ye asking, master? Is it for a stray lamb ye're seeking—and hav'nt I seen your face before?” Andrew shook like a leaf. The man of stern temper and iron nerves, shook like an aspen leaf, while the woman look-

ed and spake thus earnestly—“Have ye, have ye found him?—have ye found my boy?” was all he could stammer out. “You are a stranger to me; but God bless you, if you can give me back my boy!”

“I am *not* a stranger to you, Andrew Cleaves; and I *can* give you back your boy; and the Lord bless him for your sake, for you saved me and mine, and took us in, and gave us meat and drink when we were ready to perish. Come your ways with me, Andrew Cleaves; but soft and quiet, for the laddy's in a precious sleep. He *has* come to hurt, but the Merciful watched over him.”

So she led him softly and silently through a little back kitchen, and up a steep dark stair, into a small upper chamber, before the casement of which a checked apron was pinned up, to exclude the full glow of light from the uncurtained bed. Softly and silently, with finger on her lip, she drew him on to the side of that humble bed, and there, indeed, fast locked in sleep, in sweet untroubled sleep, lay the little thoughtless one, whose disappearance had inflicted such cruel anxiety and distress.

The boy was sleeping sweetly, but his cheeks and lips were almost colourless; a thick linen bandage was bound round his head; and over one temple, a soft fair curl, that had escaped from the fillet, was dyed and stuck together with clotted blood. Andrew shuddered at the sight; but the woman repeated her whispered assurance, that there was no serious injury. Then the father knelt softly down beside his recovered darling, his head bent low over the little tremulous hand that lay upon the patchwork-counterpane. Almost involuntarily his lips approached it; but he refrained himself by a strong effort, and, throwing back his head, lifted his eyes to Heaven, in an ecstasy of silent gratitude; and, one after another, large tears rolled down over the rough, hard-featured face, every muscle of which quivered with powerful emotion. Yes, for the first time in his life, Andrew Cleaves

poured out his whole heart in gratitude to his Creator in the presence of a fellow-creature; and when he arose from his knees, so far was he from shrinking abased and humiliated from the eyes that were upon him, that, turning to the woman, and strongly grasping her hands in his own, he said softly and solemnly, "Now I see of a truth, that a man may cast his bread upon the waters, and find it again after many days. I gave thee and thine orphan babe a little food and a night's shelter, and thou restorest to me my child. While Andrew Cleaves has a morsel of bread, thou shalt share it with him." And he was as good as his word; and from that hour, whatever were, in other respects, his still inveterate habits of thrift and parsimony, Andrew Cleaves was never known to "turn away his face from any poor man."

By degrees all particulars relating to Joey's disappearance and his providential recovery, were circumstantially unravelled. The little varlet had been accidentally separated from his school fellow, and while gaping about the fair in search of him, had straggled towards the large showy booth, where feats of rope-dancing and horsemanship were exhibited. Long he stood absorbed in wondering admiration of the Merry-Andrew's antic gestures, and the spangled draperies and nodding plumes of the beautiful lady who condescended to twirl the tambourine, and foot it aloft, "with nods and becks, and wreathed smiles," for the recreation of the gaping multitude. Others of the troop came in and out on the airy stage, inviting the "ladies and gentlemen" below to walk in, with such bland and cordial hospitality, that Joey thought it quite irresistible, and was just stepping under the canvass when a strong arm arrested him, and a splendid gentleman, in scarlet and gold, demanded the price of entrance. That was not at Joey's command, for all his copper hoard was already expended, so he was shrinking back, abashed and mortifi-

ed, when one or two idlers of the band, probably seeing something promising about him, and that he was a pretty, sprightly, well-limbed lad, whose appearance might do credit to their honourable profession, entered into a parley with him, and soon made out that he was playing truant at that very moment, and apparently blessed with such an adventurous genius, as, with a little encouragement, might induce him to join the company, and succeed to the functions of a sharp limber urchin, of whom inexorable death had lately deprived them. So Joey was let in gratis; and there he was soon translated into the seventh heaven of wonder and delight at the superhuman performances of his new acquaintances. He had, as it were, an innate passion for horses, and the equestrian feats threw him into fits of ecstasy. Then all the gentlemen and ladies were so good natured and so funny! and one gave him a penny-pie, and another a drop of something strong and good; and then the manager himself—a very grand personage—told him, if he liked, he should wear a blue and silver jacket, and ride that beautiful piebald, with its tail tied up with flame-coloured ribbons. *That* clinched the bargain; and in a perfect bewilderment of emulation and ambition—wonder and gratitude—gin and flattery—poor Joey suffered himself to be enrolled in "The Royal Equestrian Troop of Signor Angelo Galop, di Canterini."

Forthwith was he equipped in the azure vestments of the deceased Bobby, and indulged with five minutes' sitting on the back of the beautiful piebald; after which, on the close of the day's performance, he made one of the jovial and uncereimonious party round a plentiful board, where he played his part with such right good will, and was so liberally helped to certain cordial potations, that long before the end of the banquet, his head dropt on the shoulder of his fair neighbor, the lovely Columbine, and in a moment he was fast locked in such profound slumber,

that he stirred not hand or foot, till so late the next morning, that the caravan (in a snug birth, whereof he had been securely deposited) had long passed the small town, where Andrew had halted on the first day's chase.

Joey's awakening sensations were nearly as astonishing as those of Abon Hassan, when he unclosed his eyes in his own mean mansion, after his waking vision of exaltation to the throne of the Caliph. Poor Joey, who had fallen asleep in the intoxication of supreme enjoyment and gratified vanity, among knights and ladies, glittering with gold and spangles, himself radiant in all the glories of the blue and silver, and the fancied master of the prancing piebald—found himself, on awaking, stowed away into a corner of the dark, suffocating, jolting caravan, of course divested of his finery, huddled up on a bag of straw, and covered with a filthy horse-rug. The whole ambulating dormitory was heaped with similar bedding, from which peeped out heads and arms and dirty faces, which Josiah was some time in assigning to the blooming heroines of the preceding evening. At last, however, he satisfied himself of the identity of the lovely Columbine; and as she lay within reach, and had taken him under her especial protection, he made bold to pluck her rather unceremoniously by the outstretched arm, which salutation had the desired effect of rousing the fair one from her innocent slumbers, but only long enough to obtain, for Joey, a sound box of the ear, and a drowsily-muttered command, "to lie still, for a little troublesome rascal." So there he lay, half frightened, and half repentant, and quite disgusted with his close and unsavoury prison, from whence his thoughts wandered away to the pleasant cottage on the thymy common—his clean, sweet, little chamber, where the honeysuckle looked in at the window—his breakfast of new-milk and sweet brown bread—his own little garden and his bee-hives, and Greybeard,

that paragon of earth-born steeds. But then came in review, the rival glories of the piebald, and Joey's remorseful feelings became less troublesome, and he longed ardently for the hour of emancipation. It came at last; a brief and unceremonious toilet was despatched by the female group; and great was Joey's indignation, when, in lieu of the silver and azure, or his own good raiment, he was compelled to dress himself in the every-day suit of his deceased predecessor—a most villainous compound of greasy tatters, which, had he dared, he would have spurned from him with contemptuous loathing; but a very short experience, and the convincing language of a few hearty cuffs, accompanied with no tender expletives, had satisfied him of the danger of rebellion, and he was fain to gulp down his rising choler, and the scraps of last night's meal, which were chucked over to him, as his portion of the slovenly breakfast.

In the meantime, the door and little square window of the caravan had been thrown open, and at last the machine came to a full stop on the high-road, by a hedge-side, and the ladder was hooked to the high door-way, and the manager, who, with his spouse, had occupied a back compartment of the van, descended to review his cavalry, while the equestrians snatched a hasty meal dispensed to them by their associated Hebés.

There was the piebald shining in the morning sun, in all the perfection of piebald beauty—pawing, and sidling, and curving inward his graceful neck, and small elegant head, as if impatient of the rein by which he was led at the side of a large Flemish-looking-mare. At sight of his appointed palfrey, Joey was about to scramble down the ladder after Signor Angelo, when the latter most uncourteously repelled him, with such a push as sent him sprawling backwards on the floor of the caravan, and more than revived his late incipient feelings of disgust and repentance. But now the whole party,

females and all, held parley of no very amicable nature about the door of their migratory council-chamber. The success of the late performance at C—— had by no means been such as to sweeten the manager's temper, or to harmonize the "many minds" he had to deal with; and loud, and surly, and taunting accusations and recriminations were bandied about, the most acrimonious of which, Joey soon gathered, related to himself, and to some dispute respecting him, which had occurred the preceding night, after they had deposited him in his luxurious resting place. It appeared, that some of the party had even then begun to think with apprehension of the danger to which they exposed themselves by the abduction of a boy, whose father had ample means to pursue and punish them, should he discover that his son had left C—— in their company. These prudent suggestions were made light of by others of the troop, words had run high even then, and the insides and outsides had arranged themselves for the night in no very placable moods. During the many silent hours of darkness, they had jogged and jolted in company; almost every one, however, in his secret mind, came over to the side of the doubters, and when at last they halted and called council, each accused the other of having caused the present dilemma. From words they proceeded to rough arguments, and at length to something very near a general battle, in which their fair companions, descending from "their high estate," took part so heartily, that Joey, finding himself quite unobserved, seized the opportunity to scramble down after them; but in his haste to reach *terra firma*, he missed his footing, and fell headlong among the horses, already fretted and fidgety at the disorder of their riders, so that Joey's sudden precipitation set them rearing and pawing furiously, and he—the luckless truant!—received such a kick on the head, from the hard hoof of the ungrateful piebald, as not only

completely stunned him, but left him such a ghastly and bloody spectacle, as stilled in a moment the uproar of the conflicting parties, and made them unanimous in their apprehensions of the serious consequences in which they might all be involved, should the accident prove fatal, of which there was every appearance. The child had ceased to breathe—not the faintest pulsation was perceptible. The panic became general, and the decision immediate, to consider their own safety, by moving on as fast as possible, leaving the unhappy boy (who was pronounced quite dead) on the grass bank by the road side.

In two minutes the troop was in motion—in ten more, quite out of sight—and there lay poor Joey to all appearance a corpse, and soon to have become one in reality, but for the providential intervention of that poor woman, by whom Andrew Cleaves was conducted to the bedside of his recovered child. That woman (as she briefly explained to Andrew on their stealthy progress towards the little chamber) was, indeed, the poor Soldier's widow, who, with her orphan babe, had owed to his compassion in her utmost need, the seasonable mercy of a night's lodging and a wholesome meal; and she had never forgotten the name of her benefactor, nor thought of him without a grateful prayer. She had travelled far on to her dead husband's birthplace in the Scotch Highlands, to claim, for his orphan and herself, the protection and assistance of his kindred. Her claims had not been disallowed, and among them she had dwelt contentedly till her child died. *Then* she began to feel herself a stranger among strangers, and her heart yearned towards her own country and kinsfolk; and she wrote a letter home to her own place, Manchester, the answer to which told her, that her friends, who were too poor to help her when she was left a widow, were now bettered in circumstances, and would give her a home and welcome; and that, now

she had no living hindrance, she might obtain a comfortable subsistence by resuming her early labours at the loom. So she set out for her native place, a leisurely foot traveller, for she was no longer unprovided with means to secure a decent resting place, and a wholesome meal; and she it was, who having so far proceeded on her way, had discovered the young runaway lying by the way-side in the condition before described. Her feelings (the feelings of a childless mother!) needed no incentive to place her in a moment beside the forlorn deserted child, whose head she tenderly lifted on her bosom, and parting off the thickly clotted hair, bound her own handkerchief about his bleeding temples. There was water within reach, with which she laved his face and hands, and had soon the joy of perceiving a tremulous motion of the lips and eye-lids—and at last the boy breathed audibly, and his fair blue eyes unclosed, and he uttered a few words of wonder and distress, among which—"Oh, father! father!" were most intelligible, and to the woman's gentle inquiry of "who was his father? and did he live far off?" he answered faintly, that he was the son of Andrew Cleaves, who lived at Redburn. A second fit of insensibility succeeded those few words, but they were sufficient for the widow. Providence had sent her to save (she trusted) the child of her benefactor, and all her homely but well-directed energies were called into action. Partly carrying him in her own arms, and partly by casual assistance, she succeeded in conveying him to the nearest dwelling, that small way-side inn. There he was put comfortably to bed, and medical aid obtained promptly—the longer delay of which must have proved fatal. And then a message was sent off to Farmer Cleaves, (a man and horse, for that poor woman was a creature of noble spirit, and impatient to relieve the father's misery,) and then the widow quietly took her station by the pillow of the little sufferer. His

head had undergone a second dressing, and the surgeon had pronounced, that all would go well with him, if he were kept for a time in perfect quiet. It need not be told how rigidly that injunction was attended to, nor how carefully, when he was in a state to be removed, the father conveyed back his truant child to the shelter of his own peaceful cottage—nor how anxiously he was nursed up there to decided convalescence—nor how solemnly, yet tenderly, when the boy was so far recovered, his father set before him the magnitude of his offence, and the fatal consequences which had so nearly resulted from it. Joey wept sore, and looked down with becoming humility, and promised, over and over again, and really with a sincere intention, never, never again to give his father cause for uneasiness or displeasure.

Time travelled on—school-days and holidays revolved in regular succession—and Joey comported himself just well enough to gain the character of a very good scholar in school, and a very idle dog out of it, except at home and in his father's sight, when he comported himself with such a show of sanctity and correctness, as was quite edifying to behold, and too easily lulled to rest the awakened caution of the still credulous old man.

Andrew had continued his son at the academy to an unusually advanced period of youth, from the difficulty of knowing how to dispose of and employ him profitably, during the interregnum between school and the earliest time of admission in the counting-house, where, at the proper age, he was to be articulated. At last, however, in consideration of his really forward and excellent abilities, the gentlemen of the firm consented to receive him; and now the time arrived when the human bark was to be launched from its supporting cradle into the tumultuous stream of active life. Inasmuch as it advanced him, in his own estimation, to the honour and dignity of confirmed manhood, Josiah was elated at the

change; but had he been left to follow the lead of his own inclinations, to a surety *they* would not have hoisted him up with a pen behind his ear, before a dingy desk, in a dark gloomy counting-house, there to pore away the precious hours he could have disposed of so much more agreeably. Had Joey been allowed to choose his own lot in life, to a certainty he would have enrolled himself a bold dragoon, a dashing lancer, a trooper of some denomination,—anything that would have clothed him in a showy uniform, and given him the command of a horse; but all military professions were so abhorrent to Andrew Cleaves, that he would as lieve have placed his son in the Devil's Own, as in "The King's Own;" and the boy was too well aware of his father's inveterate prejudices, even to hint at his own longings; still less did he hazard the more debasing avowal, that he would have preferred the situation of a dashing groom to a station at the desk; and that to be a jockey! a *real, knowing* Newmarket jockey! (he had heard a vast deal about Newmarket,) would have been the climax of his ambition. Happy disposition, to qualify him for the staid clerk of a commercial establishment! But knowing the decree was irreversible, he submitted to it with a tolerably good grace, consoling himself with the reflection, that many young men so situated were nevertheless very fine fellows, and contrived, at odd hours, evenings, and holidays, to indemnify themselves very tolerably for their hours of duration vile. He had great confidence, moreover, that good fortune would introduce him to some of those choice spirits, whose experience would initiate him into many useful secrets.

Joey's expectations were but too well founded; temptation lies in wait for youth at every turning and bypath; but when youth starts with the design of voluntarily entering her fatal snare, the toils are wound about the prey with treble strength, and

rarely, if ever, is it disentangled. Joey was soon the associate and hero of all the idle and dissolute youth in C——, —the hero of cock-fights, of bull-baitings, of the ring, of the skittle ground, of every low, cruel, and debasing sport, that prepares the way, by sure and rapid advances, through all the gradations of guilt, towards the jail, the convict ship, and the scaffold.

Nevertheless, for a considerable time, Josiah contrived to keep up a very fair character with his employers—so clear and prompt was his despatch of business, and (with a very few exceptions) so punctual and assiduous his attention to office hours. Beyond those seasons, their watchfulness extended not, and no glaring misdemeanour, on the part of their young clerk, had yet awakened any degree of suspicious vigilance.

The heart of Andrew Cleaves was, therefore, gladdened by such reports of his son's *official* conduct, as, coming from so respectable a quarter, were, in his estimation, sufficient surety of general good conduct, and he was consequently lulled into a fatal security, not even invaded by any of those vague and flying rumours, which generally lead the way to painful but important discoveries. Andrew Cleaves had no friends, it could scarcely be said, any acquaintance—alas! it is to be feared, no well-wishers. Beyond the cold concerns of business, he had maintained no intercourse with his fellow men. His world was a contracted span; two objects of interest occupied it wholly—his wealth and his son. But there was no equipoise between the scales that held those treasures. He would not, in Shylock's place, have been in suspense between "his ducats and his daughter."

Gold *had* been his idol, till superseded by that living claimant, to whose imagined good all other considerations became secondary and subservient, and for whom (looking to worldly aggrandisement as the grand point of attainment, though Andrew talked well of "the one

thing needful") he continued to improve upon his habits of parsimony and accumulation, so as to deny himself the common comforts becoming necessary to his advancing years. But the hard gripe occasionally relaxed at the persuasive voice of Josiah's eloquence; and that hopeful youth, as he advanced in the ways of iniquity, made especial progress in its refined arts of specious hypocrisy, to which, alas! his early training had too favourably disposed him.

It would be a tedious and distasteful task minutely to trace the progressive steps by which Josiah attained that degree of hardened profligacy, which marked his character by the time he had completed his nineteenth year—the second of his clerkship in Messrs. ——— counting-house. The marvel is, that his seat on the high office stool had not been vacated long before the expiration of that period. The eyes of his employers had for some time been open to his disreputable and ruinous courses. Their keen observation was of course upon him in all matters that could in any way affect their own interests; and at length, on that account, as well as from more conscientious motives, which ought to have had earlier influence, they deemed it requisite to arouse the fears of the still-deluded parent, and to recommend his interference, to avert, if possible, the dangerous career of his infatuated son. Alas! it was a cruel caution, for it came too late. Too late, except to excite the father's fears to a sudden pitch of agony, which provoked him to bitter upbraidings, and violent denunciations, and thus contributed to sear the already corrupted heart of the insensate youth, and to accelerate his desperate plunge into irretrievable ruin.

It was well known at C—— that Andrew Cleaves had (for a man in his station) amassed considerable wealth, and that his idolized and only son would inherit it undivided; and in that confidence, there were not wanting venturous and unprincipled persons, who not only gave him

credit in the way of trade, to an unwarrantable amount, but even advanced him loans from time to time, on the speculation of future repayment, with usurious interest. By such means, added to the not inconsiderable gratifications he at different times obtained from his father, under various specious pretences, Josiah had been enabled to run a course of low and profligate extravagance, far exceeding anything which had entered into the suspicions of his employers, or the tardily aroused apprehensions of the distressed father. Among the threats of that abused parent, there was one which Josiah doubted not would be promptly executed—a public advertisement in C——, that Andrew Cleaves held himself nowise answerable for any debts his son might think proper to contract—an exposure which would not only cut him off from all future supplies, but probably create such distrust of his hitherto undoubted heirship, as to bring forward all the claims standing against him, and irritate his father, beyond hope of accommodation.

But the idea of absconding from C—— had long been familiar to Josiah, and he had for some time past been connected with a set of characters, whose daring exploits, and communication with the metropolis, had fired his ambition to emulate the former, and to transfer his genius to a theatre more worthy its enterprising capabilities. Yet, Josiah's heart was not *quite* hardened. It had not lost *all pleasant* remembrance of his days of boyish happiness—of the indulgences of his father's dwelling, and of the repressed, but ill-dissembled fondness of that doating parent, whose proud and severe nature had even accommodated itself to offices of womanly tenderness, for the feeble infant left motherless to his care.

There were still moments—even in the circle of his vile associates—even in the concerting their infamous schemes—or while the profane oath still volleyed from his tongue—and the roar of riotous mirth and licentious song resounded—there were

moments, even then, when recollection of better things flashed across his mind, like angels' wings athwart the pit of darkness, and he shuddered with transient horror at the appalling contrast.

The faint gleam of such a mental vision still haunted him at the breaking up of a riotous meeting, during which he had finally arranged with his confederates the plan which was to remove him (probably for ever!) from C—— and its vicinity.

"But I will have one more look at the old place before I go," suddenly resolved Josiah, when he had parted from his companions. "At least I will have a last look at the *outside* of the walls—though I *can't* go in—I *can't* face the old man, before I leave him—he would not pass over what can't be undone—and there's no going back *now*—but I *will* see the old place again."

It was late on the Sabbath evening when Josiah formed this sudden resolution, and so quickly was it carried into effect, that it wanted near an hour to midnight when he reached the low boundary of the cottage garden.

It was a calm delicious night of ripening Spring—so hushed and still, you might have heard the falling showers of overblown apple blossoms. Josiah lingered for a moment with his hand on the garden wicket; and while he thus tarried, was startled by a sudden but familiar sound from the adjacent close. It was the nickering salutation of his old friend Greybeard, who, having perceived, with fine instinct, the approach of his young master and quondam playmate, came forward, as in days of yore, to the holly hedge, which divided his pasture from the garden, and poking his white nose through the old gap betwixt the hawthorn and the gate, greeted him with that familiar nicker.

"Ah, old boy! is it thou?" said the youth, in a low hurried voice, as he stooped a moment to stroke the face of his faithful favourite. "Dost *thou* bid me welcome home, old fellow?"

Well—that's something!" and a short unnatural laugh finished the sentence, as he turned from the loving creature, and with quick, but noiseless steps, passed up the garden walk to the front of the quiet cottage.

Quiet as the grave it stood in the flood of moonlight—its lonely tenant had long since gone to rest; and no beam from hearth or taper streamed through the diamond panes of the small casements.

The Prodigal gazed for a moment on the white walls—on the honeysuckle already flowering round his own casement—then stepped within the porch, and softly, and fearfully, as it were, raised his hand to the latch—which, however, he lifted not—only softly laid his hand upon it, and so, with eyes rooted to the ground, stood motionless for a few minutes, till the upraised arm dropt heavily; and with something very like a sigh, he turned from the door of his father's dwelling, to retrace his steps towards C——.

Yet once again in his way down the garden path, he turned to look on the home he was forsaking. At that moment the evil spirit slept within him, and his better nature was stirring in his heart. The repose of night—its "beauty of holiness"—the healing influence of the pure fresh air—the sight of that familiar scene—nay, the fond greeting of his dumb favourite—the thought for what purpose he was there—and of the old man who slept within those silent walls, unconscious of the shock impending over him in the desertion of his only child—all these things crowded together with softening influence into the heart of that unhappy boy, as he turned a farewell look upon the quiet cottage—and just then a sound from within smote his ear faintly. At first, a faint, low sound, which deepened by degrees into a more audible murmur, and proceeded surely from his father's chamber. Josiah started—"Was the old man ill?" he questioned with himself—"Ill and alone!" and without far-

ther parley, he stept quickly but noiselessly to the low casement, and still cautiously avoiding the possibility of being seen from within, gazed earnestly between the vine-leaves through the closed lattice. The interior of the small chamber was quite visible in the pale moonshine—so distinctly visible that Josiah could even distinguish his father's large silver watch hanging at the bed's head in its nightly place—and on that bed two pillows were yet laid side by side, (it was the old man's eccentric humour) as in the days when his innocent child shared with him that now solitary couch. But neither pillow had been pressed that night—the bed was still unoccupied—and beside it knelt Andrew Cleaves, visibly in an agony of prayer—for his upraised hands were clasped above the now bald and furrowed brow. His head was flung far back in the fervour of supplication—and though the eyelids were closed, the lips yet quivered with those murmuring accents, which, in the deep stillness of midnight, had reached Josiah's ear and drawn him to the spot. It was a sight to strike daggers to the heart of the ungrateful child, who knew too well, who felt too assuredly, that for him, offending as he was, that agonizing prayer was breathed—that his undutiful conduct and sinful courses had inflicted that bitterness of anguish depicted on the venerable features of his only parent. Self-convicted, self-condemned, the youthful culprit stood gazing as if spell-bound, and impulsively, instinctively, *his* hands also closed in the long-neglected clasp of prayer—and unconsciously *his* eyes glanced upward for a second, and *perhaps* the inarticulate aspiration which trembled on his lip, was, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" Yet such it hardly could have been—for that touching cry, proceeding from a deeply stricken heart would have reached the ear of Mercy, and, alas! those agitated feelings of remorse, which might "if Heaven had willed it,"

Have matured to penitence and peace, were but the faint stirrings of a better spirit doomed to be irrevocably quenched ere thoroughly awakened.

The tempter was at hand, and the infatuated victim wanted moral courage to extricate himself by a bold effort while there was yet time, from the snare prepared for his destruction. Just at that awful moment, that crisis of his fate, when the sense of guilt suddenly smote upon his heart, and his better angel whispered, "Turn—yet turn and live!"—at that decisive moment a rustling in the holly hedge, accompanied by a low whistle, and a suppressed laugh, broke on his startled ear; and, as if a serpent had stung him, he sprang without one backward glance from the low casement and the cottage walls—and almost at a bound he cleared the garden path, and dashed through the little gate which swung back from his desperate hand with jarring violence.

Those awaited him without, from whom he could not brook the sneer of ridicule—with whom he had mocked at and abjured all good and holy things, and with whose desperate fortunes he had voluntarily embarked his own; and well they knew the hold they had upon him, and having at that time especial motives to desire his faithful adherence, they had dodged his steps to the lone cottage, under a vague suspicion that if an interview should take place between the father and son, Nature might powerfully assert her rights, and yet detach the youth from their unholy coalition.

"The children of this world *are*, in their generation, wiser than the children of light." They guessed well, and too well succeeded in securing their victim—and before Josiah had half retraced the townward way with his profligate companions, his mind was again engrossed by their nefarious projects, and all that had so recently affected him—the whole familiar scene—the low white cottage—the little chamber, and the aged man who knelt beside that lone-

ly bed in prayer for an offending child—all these things had faded like a vision from his unstable mind ; and secretly humiliated at the recollection of his momentary weakness, the

miserable youth bade an eternal adieu to the paths of peace and innocence, and gave himself up to work evil unreservedly.

HISTORY OF THE COURT OF CHANCERY.*

THIS work commences a new era in legal history. The History of Mr. Reeves and the Miscellanies of Barrington are mere dry and antiquarian records of the growth of law and English judicial establishments. The general "Histories of England" have been palpably deficient in that important and valuable department of historical illustration connected with the laws and jurisprudence of the country. Legal histories have been generally undertaken to expound the value of ancient institutions ; Mr. Parkes's History of the Court of Chancery is to illustrate the value of the principles of legislation and jurisprudence, by showing the ignorance of science in the founders of our early courts of equity and common law. A knowledge of *technical* and black letter law has been generally wanting in the popular historians of our country, and in the instance of Coke the excess of that occult and mystical learning smothered his senses and all taste for the science and principles of his profession. All the modern lawyers of great intellect and acquirement, have been either absorbed in the craft of the law as a trade, or in the more gainful trade of *politics*. Moreover, they were too much interested in the spoils of the profession to acknowledge or to expose its grievances and unnecessary cost to the nation. The Barons in Magna Charta bound down their kings not to sell, deny, or delay justice ; but when the sale, denial, and delay of justice gave birth to places and fees

(which, distributed among the younger children of the nobility, compensated *them* for the endurance of injustice), then the people were left to shift for themselves, and the famous stipulation in the charter became an obsolete statute. The last science also which in England has reaped the benefit of logic and correct reasoning, is jurisprudence : the fact is singular ; the cause involves a longer disquisition than we can now afford.

A second re-action in the interests of the Aristocracy has again taken place—they are caught in the web of their own sophistry : the state of the law has now entangled in hopeless intricacy, litigation, and plunder, all the large landed properties and fortunes of the country : the nobles and collective wisdom of the nation are therefore once more interested in its reformation. This is undoubtedly one of the many causes operating in England for the reform and improvement of the laws. The vast commercial interests of the kingdom, also, the natural subjects of litigation, have deluged the existing tribunals with actions and suits beyond what even the physical powers of the administrators of justice can duly try or determine. Lord Eldon was accustomed to *bag* the papers of the equity suitors till Paternoster-row would not have held the mass of written evidence scattered through the chambers of his law subjects, the equity draftsmen and solicitors ; and which his lordship, because he bagged all the fees, logically thought he could therefore read and adjudicate :

* A History of the Court of Chancery ; with practical Remarks on the recent Commission, Report, and Evidence, and on the Means of Improving the Administration of Justice in the English Courts of Equity. By Joseph Parkes. London, 1828. 1 vol. 8vo.

"I will take the papers home and endeavour to give judgment to-morrow." Sir Lancelot Shadwell, the present vice chancellor of the Court of Chancery, in his evidence before the Chancery Commission, and when he probably had not the *rem in ipse*, asserted that "the load of business now in the court was so great, that three angels could not get through it." Sir Lancelot Shadwell is now of course an *archangel*. There are certain phases in the human mind analogous to the constitutional changes of the body; and few classes of society have been so remarkably subject to the pecuniary influence of these set periods of life as the lawyers.

Added to these causes of legal reform, the science of jurisprudence has certainly been of modern and rapid stride. The pandects and the old jurists no longer command that exclusive adoration which formerly prevented even men of genius from penetrating mysticisms and discovering reason. The political changes in Europe, during the last century, brought forth the Russian, Prussian, and Napoleon *codes*; and North America, having no ready-made-law suited to the demands of justice, and no sinister interests banded in corrupt support of the sediment of bad law left by the mother country when she separated from it, soon used her unshackled energies to construct and improve the various courts of justice. All these concurrent causes have gradually induced a more original and fruitful study of the science of jurisprudence. Ultimately the philosophical and original mind of Mr. Bentham, the great parent of the science, opened a revelation of natural truth; and the rays of light are bursting on all nations of the earth.

Mr. Parkes has submitted the Court of Chancery as the anatomical demonstrator exposes the human body to a complete and analytical dissection. Antiquity is used, not to sanctify defects, but to trace their origin, that historical investigation may discover, with the cause, the

cure of the diseases of the legal system. At the same time the weaknesses of the antiquarian and historian, who generally pile detail on detail, whether or not they illustrate the object of the history, are avoided. The work is a complete exposure of the fallacy of the adoration paid to the institutions of our ancestors, because they are *old*; and it completely dissipates the delusion, that the laws and legal institutions of this country were "founded on wisdom" and "first principles." It is made manifest, that they were imperfect works, constructed in dark ages, for the temporary purposes of the days of their creation, always struggling with wry birth and corruption for existence, and protected by a very limited appreciation of the real value or wants of justice.

This cormorant court has now within its jaws an increasing amount of property almost incredible. And the following account of its progressive and inordinate funds in court, distinctly marks the insatiate nature of its vortex:—

	£.	s.	d.
1756, the total amount was	2,864,975	16	1
1766 — — —	4,019,004	19	4
1776 — — —	6,602,229	8	6
1786 — — —	8,848,535	7	11
1796 — — —	14,550,397	2	0
1806 — — —	21,922,754	12	8
1816 — — —	31,953,890	9	5
1818 — — —	33,534,520	0	10

This amount has now increased to *forty millions* sterling! to which must be added its involvement in litigation and uncertain possession of various real and bankrupt property.

The first chapter in Mr. Parkes's history, argues the necessity of reform in the Court of Chancery. The second details the nature and origin of that anomaly of law, unknown in all other countries, improperly termed *Equity*; and the gradual way in which the king, who formerly heard petitions in person, subsequently referred them to his *deputy*. The progress of the jurisdiction, and the administration of it, are then traced from the reign of Edward III. through all the dynasties, to the reign of James I. And it is not a little cu-

rious to notice the incessant representations of the Commons against the usurpation of the court and its chancellors, the invasion of the common law and the rights of juries, and the predictions of future evils. The deplorable nuisance of the court, during the reign of Charles I., is narrated in Chapter VII. from indisputable authorities and historical evidence, and the innumerable evils resulting from the *political* functions of the chancellor, are distinctly and boldly exhibited. Indeed the subsequent proceedings of the Commonwealth men, to break up and re-construct the court, are fully justified in the enormity of the then existing evils of the jurisdiction, which the country loudly demanded should be terminated. The history of the Court of Chancery during the Commonwealth and Protectorate, forms the most original and valuable historical portion of the volume. It is an impartial and laborious collation of the journals of the two Houses of Parliament, and of innumerable contemporary tracts and legal works, from whence a new and singular light is cast on the proceedings of those calumniated and misrepresented times.

The *remedial* portion of the work is of course, though not historically, substantially, the most important. A

complete analysis is given of the various jurisdictions of the English Court of Chancery. The importance and practicability of numerous reforms tending to remove the *causes* of litigation, or in other words, lessening the subjects of litigation, is first pointed out, viz.; the state of laws of real property, of the technical forms of conveyancing, the laws regarding trusts, corporations, and charities; the bankrupt laws and jurisdiction, and various alterations and amendments of the general law and judicial system of the country. For this great and necessary object, a *real* Commission is proposed for the deliberate and honest consideration of every department of reform. A subdivision of the labour of the court, and of the jurisdictions, is proposed and particularized; and though last, not least, the substitution of *viva voce* for written evidence, (not however with the accompaniment of a jury,) and which Mr. Parkes considers an amendment greatly overlooked, but all important. We cannot extract any portion of this part of the work, but must conclude with recommending it to the consideration of all those interested in the grave and paramount question on which so much light is thrown by Mr. Parkes's elaborate and valuable work.

THE SEVEN APOCALYPTIC CHURCHES.—FULFILMENT OF PROPHECY.

FROM RECENT "LETTERS FROM THE LEVANT."

THERE cannot possibly be placed on record a more striking example of the literal and circumstantial fulfilment of a prophecy, than the instance of the denunciations directed against the Seven apocalyptic Churches. The later events in the history of the world, the predictions of which profess to be contained in the writings of inspiration, are all cloaked in mystery, or couched in language which is impressive from its very obscurity. Here there is no circuitous style of allegory, and no

dark forebodings dealt forth through the involutions of mysticism; the words of the prophet are plain, concise, and equally palpable in their enunciation and fulfilment. The accomplishment of some was deferred but a brief period from the moment of their declaration, whilst the more slow, but equally certain progress of the others is at length completed.

1. As the chief strong-hold of Christianity in the East, and that centre from whence its rays were most brilliantly disseminated, till

"all they who dwelt in Asia heard the word of the Lord Jesus, both Jews and Greeks,"* Ephesus is first addressed by the Evangelist: his *charge* against her is a declension in religious fervour,† and his *threat* in consequence, a total extinction of her ecclesiastical brightness.‡ After a protracted struggle with the sword of Rome and the sophism of the Gnostics, Ephesus at last gave way. The incipient indifference, censured by the warning voice of the Prophet, increased to a total forgetfulness, till at length the threatenings of the apocalypse were fulfilled, and Ephesus sunk with the general overthrow of the Greek empire, in the fourteenth century.

A more thorough change can scarcely be conceived, than that which has actually occurred at Ephesus. Once the seat of active commerce, the very sea has shrunk from its solitary shores; its streets, once populous with the devotees of Diana, are now ploughed over by the Ottoman serf, or browsed by the sheep of the peasant. Its mouldering arches and dilapidated walls merely whisper the tale of its glory; and it requires the acumen of the geographer, and the active scrutiny of the exploring traveller, to form a probable conjecture as to the very site of the "First Wonder of the World." Nothing remains unaltered save the "eternal hills," and the mazy Cayster, the stream of which rolls on still changeless and the same.

No vestige of Christianity is preserved except the ruins at Ayasalook, whither many of the inhabitants of Ephesus retired, at the time of its destruction, from their desolated and irreparable city. After this period, Ayasalook suffered numerous vicissitudes during the wars of Timourlane and Solyman; but as its importance gradually died away with the departure of commerce and

other causes, it at length fell to Time, the resistless conqueror of all, and now retains but a faint inscription on the page of history, and a mutilated skeleton of its edifices entombed in a sepulchre heaped around them by their own decay. It consists of about thirty or forty wretched houses, chiefly built of mud and broken marbles or fragments from the wrecks of Ephesus. Around it in every direction spread extensive ruins of former edifices, prostrate columns and desolated walls, whilst its castle in mouldering pride crowns the summit of a neighbouring hill; and these, together with the vestiges of a church dedicated to St. John, and the remaining arches of its splendid aqueduct, bespeak the former extent and importance of the widowed city.

The present inhabitants of Ayasalook are chiefly Turks and a few miserable Greeks, who have long forgotten the language of their nation, but retain the name of its religion, and earn a wretched subsistence by tilling the unhealthy plains beneath. The castle, erected about the year 1340, is now in total ruin, its tottering buttresses encompassing merely a mass of overthrown buildings and heaps of decayed walls, embedded in high rank weeds, where the cameleon and the green metallic lizard lie basking in the sun, and where the snake and the jackal find a secure and seldom disturbed retreat. Its summit commands a superb and extensive view of the plains of the Cayster, the site of Ephesus, the windings of the river, and the distant hills of Galessus and Pactyas. It is impossible to conceive a more depressing or melancholy prospect; on every side the speaking monuments of decay, a mouldering arch, a tottering column, or a ruined temple. Solitude seems to reign triumphant; the wretched inhabitants of the village are seldom to be seen, save in

* Acts xix. 10.

† Nevertheless I have something against thee, because thou hast left thy first love. Rev. ii. 4.

‡ I will come unto thee quickly, and will remove thy candlestick out of its place, unless thou repent. Rev. ii. 5.

early morning, or in the cool of the evening, when they sally from their muddy habitations to labour in the plain, which would be impossible during the burning meridian heat. Neither motion nor sound is discernible, save the cry of the sea-bird on the shore, or the tinkling of a sheep-bell amid the ruins : all, all is silence and decay. Ayasalook possessed no object to interest us : a large building at some distance from the town, formerly a Christian church dedicated to St. John, and latterly a Turkish mosque, is now a heap of rubbish and grass-grown walls ; its halls deserted, its doors and windows torn out, rank weeds springing in its aisles, while in its courts a few lofty trees add by their mournful waving to the solemnity of its desertion. Some large columns of granite are still left standing, and are said to have once belonged to the temple of Diana. In the walls are inserted certain inscribed marbles taken from a former building, which are now hasting to that destruction, from which they had before been snatched ; and the interior, after having served Diana, Christ, and Mahomet, is now abandoned to the owl and the jackal. A marble sarcophagus, almost shapeless from the effects of time, stands in the town, near the door of the coffee-house ; its inscription and ornaments are obliterated, and from once enshrining the dust of some warrior, or chieftain, it is now degraded into a watering-place for cattle. Ephesus is no more, and such is its modern successor. Thus all the wealth of Cræsus, the genius of Ctesiphon, the munificence of Alexander, and the glory of Lysimachus, (to each of whom Ephesus was indebted,) have no other representative than the mouldering castle and mud-walled cottages of Ayasalook !

2. To Smyrna the message of St. John conveys at once a striking in-

stance of the theory I am illustrating, and a powerful lesson to those who would support the shrine of Omnipotence by the arm of impotency, and fancy they can soothe the erring soul by the balm of persecution, and correct its delusions by the persuasions of intolerance. To this church is foretold the approach of tribulation, and poverty,* and suffering, and imprisonment ;† whilst the consequence of their endurance is to add permanency to their faith, and to reward their triumphs with the crown of immortality.‡ Since the first establishment of Christianity at Smyrna, since the murder of Polycarp, down to the massacre of the Grecian Patriarch, and the persecutions of to-day, the history of Smyrna presents but one continued tale of bloodshed and religious barbarity ; the sabre of the Ottoman promptly succeeding to the glaive of the Roman, in firm, but bootless attempts, to overthrow the faith of "the Nazarene ;" but centuries of oppression have rolled over her in vain, and at this moment, with a Christian population of fourteen thousand inhabitants, Smyrna still exists, not only as the chief hold of Christianity in the East, but the head quarters from whence the successors of the Apostles, in imitation of *their* exertions, are daily replanting in Asia those seeds of Christianity which they were the first to disseminate, but which have long since perished during the winter of oppression and barbarism.

This fact is the more remarkable, since Smyrna is the only community to which persecution has been foretold, though to others a political existence has been promised. It would seem, however, that in *their* case, ease and tranquillity had produced apathy and decay ; whilst, like the humble plant which rises most luxuriantly towards heaven the more closely it is pressed and trodden on,

* I know thy works, and tribulation and poverty, (but thou art rich) and I know the blasphemy of them which say they are Jews and are not, but are the synagogue of Satan.

† Fear none of these things which thou shalt suffer : behold, the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried, and ye shall have tribulation ten days. Rev. ii. 9, 10.

‡ Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life. Rev. ii. 10.

the church of Smyrna, in common with the persecuted tribes of every age and of every clime, has gained strength from each attack of its opposers, and triumphs to-day in its rising splendour, whilst the sun of its oppressors is quickly gliding from twilight to oblivion.

3. Against Pergamos is adduced the charge of instability;* but to its wavering faith is promised the all-powerful counsel of the Deity.† The errors of Balaam and the Nicolaitanes have been purged away; Pergamos has been preserved from the destroyer, and three thousand Christians now cherish the rites of their religion in the same spot where it was planted by the hands of St. Paul.

4. To Thyatira a similar promise has been made, and a similar result ensued. Amidst a horde of infidels, and far removed from intercourse with Christendom, the remnant still exists, to whom has been promised "the rod of iron" and "the star of the morning."‡

5. But by far the most remarkable is the catastrophe of Sardis; and the minuteness with which its downfall corresponds with its prediction cannot fail to strike the most obdurate sceptic. A lengthened accusation of formality in doctrine, and the outward show of religion without its fervour, leads to the announcement, "I will come on thee as a thief in the night; thou shalt not know what hour I will come upon thee;" but "thou hast a few names even in Sardis who have not defiled their garments, and *they* shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy."§ It is needless to trace the gradual decay of Sardis. Once the capital not only of Lydia but of Asia Minor, its boasted pre-eminence intellectually and politically gave the first impulse to its decline. I am not sufficiently versed in theological lore to trace the gradations of its fall; but its overthrow came, "like a thief in the

night," during that earthquake, which, in the reign of Tiberius, levelled its proudest compeers with the dust. It did certainly undergo a temporary and sickly recovery; but it was only to relapse into a more slow but equally fatal debasement; and the modern Sart scarcely merits to be called the *dust* of Sardis. A great portion of the ground once occupied by the imperial city is now a smooth grassy plain, browsed over by the sheep of the peasantry, or trodden by the camels of the caravan. An ordinary mosque rears its domes amidst the low dingy dwellings of the modern Sardiens; and all that remains to point out the site of its glory are a few disjointed pillars and the crumbling rock of the Acropolis. The first emotion on viewing these miserable relics is, to inquire, "Can this be Sardis?" Occasionally, the time-worn capital of a ponderous column, or the sculptured surface of a shattered marble, appear rising above the weeds that overshadow them; incongruous masses of overthrown edifices are uncovered by the plough, or the storied inscription of some hero's tale is traced upon the slab imbedded in the mud of the cottage-wall: but Sardis possesses no remains to gladden the prying eye of the traveller, and no comforts to requite his toilsome wanderings in their search. The walls of its fortress, that bade defiance to the successive arms of Cyrus, Alexander, and the Goths, are now almost level with the surface of the cliff on which they were once proudly reared; the vestiges of the palace of the Lydian kings are too confused to suggest the slightest idea of its form or extent; and the area of the amphitheatre is silent as the voiceless grave.—So far for the first clause of the prophecy; and the second is not less striking, if we may consider the little church of Tartar Key as that remnant "who should walk in white." The modern ham-

* Vide Rev. ii. 14, 15.

† I will come unto thee quickly, and will fight against them with the sword of my mouth. Idem, 16.

‡ Vide Rev. ii. 26, 27, 28.

§ Rev. iii. 3, 4.

let of Tartar Keuy has sprung up within the last twenty years at about three miles distance from the wreck of Sardis, the remnants of its Christian population having retired hither to seek protection for themselves, and a refuge for the unmolested exercise of their persecuted faith, from which they had been unceasingly prohibited by the tyranny of Kara Osman, or Karasman Oglou: the little community now consists of about one hundred members, who maintain for themselves a priest, and contrive to keep in repair the unadorned walls of their primitive church.—Such literal instances are seldom to be paralleled.

6. Philadelphia is the only one of the Seven Churches on whom unqualified praise has been bestowed, and to whom a permanent endurance is foretold.* Both its physical and political situation would seem to conspire in counteracting the fulfilment of the prediction; earthquakes and subterraneous convulsions on the one hand, and wars and ruinous invasions on the other; but it still endures, despite of both, and its community, though not the most numerous, is by far the *purest* in Asia. Her situation has many charms to interest her visitor; her widely-scattered buildings, spreading over an eminence at the base of Mount Tmolus, are thrown into the most picturesque points of view, to which her minarets and cy-

presses give the usual characteristics of Orientalism; whilst the remnants of Christian temples, rising amidst the waving olive-groves which surround the modern representative of the sixth seminary of Christianity, and her associations with time, history and prophecy, confer on her an interest beyond the power of modern incident or adornment to bestow.

7. To Laodicea the most summary of the denunciations is directed—that of total subversion.† It has been awfully accomplished; it now stands rejected of God and deserted by man, its glory a ruin, its name a reproach! No wretched outcast dwells in the midst of it; it has long been abandoned to the owl and to the fox. Not one perfect or very striking object meets the eye; all is alike desolate and decayed. The hill appears one tumulus of ruins, from which the masses of faded buildings that present themselves seem bursting above the surrounding soil. Alternately under the dominion of the Romans and the Turks, and ravaged by the successive wars and invasions of the generals of the Lower Empire, and the sultans who succeeded them, the history of Laodicea is a mere alternation of vicissitudes; earthquakes and internal commotion have conspired to aid the ravages of man, and centuries have perhaps elapsed since its total abandonment.‡

MATERNAL REVENGE.

GIANNINA was one of the most comely damsels in Calabria, and had many a wealthy suitor. To none, however, did she seem inclined to lend a willing ear. Some, of a

more timid nature, admired the maiden, and would fain have wooed her, but were kept aloof by the haughty glance of her light blue eye; a glance that was rendered more re-

* Thou hast a little strength, thou hast kept my word, and hast not denied my name. Rev. iii. 8.

Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out. Ib. 12.

† I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot. I would thou wert cold or hot. So then, because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth. Rev. iii. 15, 16.

‡ Eski-hissar, a miserable village which has sprung from the ruins of Laodicea, contains about fifty inhabitants, of whom two only are Christians, and possess a small mill in the hamlet.

markable from the tender color of the eye, whose sable fringes formed another striking, but agreeable contrast, with its azure hue, and agreed with the glossy raven locks that shaded her snowy brow.

Giannina's father was by no means a thrifty man. His cottage had a better appearance than most of those in the village, of which it was the furthest habitation. The village itself was on the confines of a wood, which reached half way up the side of a wild, and, in some parts, inaccessible mountain; and dreadful were the tales told of the banditti, by which it was infested. The villagers, however, having little to lose, had also little to fear from their depredations; and indeed, of late, only one instance had been given of any attempt to disturb their tranquillity. This attempt was made on the abode of Giannina's father; and it was supposed to have been thus directed from his being reputed one of the wealthiest inhabitants. By the courage of Giannina it had been defeated. She was roused in the night by an attempt to force her window, when, seizing a hatchet, she struck at a man who was in the act of entering. The robber fell to the ground, as Giannina's father, whom her cries had brought to her assistance, arrived, but only in time to witness the intruder's escape, which he effected, although the blood with which the window-sill was imbed testified that he had not escaped unhurt.

Not long after this event, a stranger made his appearance in the village, and succeeded in obtaining the affection Giannina had so constantly withheld from her rustic admirers. The suitor to whom she seemed thus favourably inclined was about thirty years of age; of handsome, though wild and haughty aspect. His stature was considerably above the middle size, and he would have appeared robust had not his extreme paleness, occasioned by a wound that, he said, he had lately received at the chase, and which still obliged him to wear his arm in a

sling, given a sickly delicacy to his features.

Giannina's father, whose will was entirely subservient to her own, consented to the marriage; but from the day on which it took place, the bride and bridegroom disappeared, leaving the afflicted parent as completely ignorant of their fate as the rest of the villagers.

"Giannina," said Antonio to his bride, as, after the marriage ceremony, they were returning towards their father's roof, "Let us escape awhile from the noisy festivity that awaits us, within the shade of the adjacent wood."

"'Tis but a dangerous resort," rejoined Giannina. "Dost thou fear?" said Antonio; and the inflexion of his voice seemed to import more than, "dost thou fear?"—Giannina attended but unto the words. The damsel was proud of her merited renown for courage; and, replying, with a degree of pique, that she would prove her daring, took with him the road that led to the ill-famed forest. They had wandered some minutes in its glades, when Giannina asked Antonio if he could still reproach her with her fears? "What should a sovereign dread within her realm?" he answered, in a sarcastic tone. "My realm!" "Aye, thine, my bandit queen!" and, on a loud whistle, a number of well-armed ruffians appeared to rise from the earth, descend from the trees, and in a moment to encompass them. "Homage to your Queen!" said the robber Captain, for such he was, and taking his wounded arm from a sling—"My gentle bride!" said he, "dost know this nerveless hand! It was not such the night it opened thy casement! But, for this hand of mine, I've now a hand of thine; and the few drops of blood I do forgive thee! Homage to my Queen!" And at this moment Giannina looked a Queen. She turned to Antonio as though he, also, were her subject. "I neither love nor fear thee! Of love thou art unworthy! and fear—what have I left to fear? Dost not I shall attempt to

forego my fate, for whither should I flee but infamy would follow? I do devote myself thy victim, nay, even thy faithful wife, and my own injuries forgive. Beware, alone, no deed of thine do injure aught of mine! of that alone beware, for even a victim may avenge! Respect my father! and all that is mine!"

She was his faithful wife. Three years had passed, and Antonio's band had been hunted down, until some had died of hunger and fatigue—some on the scaffold. Antonia and Giannina wandered now alone, except that Giannina carried in her arms an infant, that slumbered sweetly amongst dangers. She thought if ever she again could reach her native village, to leave the babe at her old father's door, with these few words, "*It is Giannina's child!*" But they were distant now—far distant—from her home, in the recesses of Calabria, which, alone, the pencil of Salvator* hath portrayed in all their wildness: he wandered there with bandits such as they, and he hath left us the wild mountain scene, the rude banditti, and his captive self, storied on his canvass.

More than once had Antonio, for whose head a large reward was offered, been rescued by the quickness and courage of Giannina. But the Tyrolese troops, to whom the Austrian commander at Naples had as-

signed the task of exterminating the banditti, left them no repose. One day, harassed beyond measure, and closely pursued, they reached a bridge, so exposed to view, that they dared not hazard passing it. It was in summer, and the river, over which the bridge was built, now flowed in a narrower bed, but yet too deep to ford. They determined to take refuge under one of the arches which the current had abandoned. Hark! their pursuers approach! Their steps are heard on the bridge! The outlaws scarcely dared to breathe—Giannina pressed her infant to her breast—it gave a feeble cry—Antonio smothered it upon its mother's bosom!

The danger was past:—Giannina dug a grave in the sand, and placed within it the body of her poor lifeless child.

* * * * *

"Antonio, the robber's head?" cried the populace of a small town in Calabria, as a female with dishevelled hair and haggard mien brought a bleeding head, fresh severed from the trunk, to the magistrate of the district.

"A thousand crowns are thine, thou second Judith!"

"I seek not the reward—Antonio was my husband—he killed my child, but yesterday—this night I slew him as he slept!"

A MILITARY ADVENTURE IN THE DESERT.

RECORDS of military adventures have been always received by the public with indulgence; and it is in the hope that I shall share it, that I venture to submit to the reader a brief account of a military expedition into Arabia Felix. It is my design rather to give my recollections and impressions, than a memoir of

military transactions from notes taken on the spot.

Barren mountains and arid plains, the blazing sun and interminable desert, the Arab and his troop of camels, are images of allurements to the fancy, which have been made familiar to us all. But the primitive style of warfare practised by these

* Salvator Rosa is said to have been made prisoner by Calabrian banditti, and to have been detained some months by them in the mountains. One of his landscapes, in which are introduced some figures of robbers, and of a young man who appears in captivity, is supposed to relate to his own story.

wild people has rarely been described. Perhaps if the Ashantee war will not form an exception, the troops of civilized nations have not for many centuries been engaged with such simple savages. Their use of the spear, the shield, and the broad sword, their total ignorance of discipline, and their disorderly mode of attack, when brought into contrast with modern tactics, carry us back into very remote times.

I am not able to explain the causes of the rupture between these natives of the Desert, and the Imaum (Prince) of Muscat. We became first engaged in a contest with these people as the ally of the Imaum. Of the several families of Arabs which are scattered over the plains of sand which go under the name of "Arabia the Blest," the greater number were on terms of amity, and even of alliance, with this chief. But one settlement, that of the Whabees, had for many years given him molestations, advancing into the neighbourhood of Muscat, and defeating his troops. At the period when this narrative commences, there was a body of five hundred Sepoys left at his disposition by the British Government, under the command of Captain Thompson of the 17th Light Dragoons. These he despatched into the interior to the strong hold of the enemy, called Ben-Boo-Ali, about seventy miles from the coast, in confident expectation that they would be reduced by a disciplined force. The event proved the contrary. Captain Thompson advanced, with much difficulty and fatigue, to within half an hour's march of the town, and fell into an ambuscade. Under the covert of a rising ground, over which it was necessary he should pass, the Whabees, to the number of about eight hundred, lay concealed. They waited for the opportune moment, and then rushed upon their unsuspecting enemy with an appalling outcry. It is not surprising that the magical uprising of such a confused host of terrifying figures, struck the Sepoys with instant panic. Darting their

spears before them, and brandishing their double-edged swords, the Whabees were in their ranks in a moment. Our men found their arms only an incumbrance, and, although some efforts were made to rally them, for the most part they flung them away and fled. Very few escaped, and the vengeance of the Arabs was fully glutted.

When the news of this defeat reached Bombay, the Government thought it necessary to send an expedition against the offending settlement. The 65th Regiment, the Bombay European Regiment, a Light Battalion of Sepoys, the Second Battalion of the 7th Native Infantry, and four or five troops of artillery, with two companies of pioneers, were ordered to be in readiness for this service. The command was given to Lieutenant-General Sir Lionel Smith; and we embarked, in the month of January, 1821, a force which did not fall much short of three thousand men.

A voyage on the summer seas of the East is by no means the dangerous and disagreeable thing which it is in Europe. Instead of miserable transports, we were conveyed in large merchant vessels, and accommodated with every thing which could conduce to our comfort. We formed a fleet of not less than twenty sail, besides as many as twice that number of *patamars* (small craft), which contained the horses and a numerous retinue of camp followers.

I am at a loss to designate with geographical accuracy the exact spot of our landing in Arabia, any farther than by saying it was on the coast of the Persian Gulf; for the nests of huts which form the nearest town, do not find a place in any maps with which I am acquainted. Thither (to Zoar) we marched without delay, leaving our Commander-in-chief and staff behind us.

Our march to that place did not explain to me the propriety of the term *Felix* when applied to Arabia; but I thought it might perhaps deserve that appellation for the beauty

of the interior country. The Arabs, I knew, were a pastoral, as well as a warlike people; and to the word pastoral the idea of a beautiful landscape, by force of association, attaches itself. I could not have been more completely disappointed. The panoramic view was everywhere "barren and bare, unsightly, unadorned." It had no variety of feature: mountains, destitute of all vestige of verdure, everywhere met the wearied gaze; the same never-ending plains of sand extended on all sides in hopeless desolation. In vain the eye sought relief; there was nothing on which it could repose; an irksome monotony wearied the vision, while the heat was insufferable, and no periodical rains ever fell, as in India, to cool the earth. Arabs and vultures could alone live there; and the latter would, doubtless, soon wing their flight from the desolate sterility, but for the carnage which at times occurs on those arid plains.

We soon reached the spot destined for our encampment. A date-grove, some gardens, and an Arab village, about a mile and a half to its rear, were the sole attractive objects. The very idea of a shade from the united power of the sun and the burning sand was unspeakably grateful. Zoar, after the fatigue of our first march, with its little circuit of vegetation, seemed a spring of life in the waste. The simple mode of life, and the still simpler habitations of the natives, were strikingly novel. Our morning walks frequently led us among them. We generally encountered one of the prettiest pictures of their singular existence, composed of groups of females drawing water from the well. This ancient custom still prevails everywhere in the East; but here the women wore masks, which was, probably, of no disadvantage to them in an European eye, as it left the effect of their graceful figures and stately gait perfect, without counteraction from their ordinary visages. On entering, for the first time, among the rude assemblage of their huts, I was surprised at the

apathy with which they beheld us. We excited no curiosity, and drew no crowds about us. Every man we saw was either stretched on the ground, or wandering about, seemingly without purpose, having an air of indolent fierceness. The women alone appeared to transact the sluggish business of life. Their dwellings were clean, and their persons remarkably so. The dwellings are built of pliant stakes, covered with mud. They were extremely numerous, and huddled together in the utmost confusion; many of them in the midst of the grove of date-trees, but more straggling round it. Two or three mud towers, and a larger construction of the same materials, called the palace of the Sheikh, gave it, at a distance, an air of some pretension, and, to an Arab, no doubt, of grandeur. The palace had been turned into a bazaar, where Scindian and Surat merchants sold shawls, attar of roses, and various kinds of cloths and silks, and whence they conveyed them, I imagine, into the interior country. We sometimes fell in with a party of women weaving cloth, or knitting; and an incredible number of almost naked children were everywhere industriously employed.

On arriving at our ground, a scene of singular confusion took place. The tents were at first pitched with great irregularity, as the camels and camp followers with the baggage came up. Our multitudes intruded on the silence and solitude of the country with the rude clamour of Babel. The Indostanee, Parsee, Arabic, and European languages were heard, mixed and confounded together. We were detained longer than we expected in this encampment, in consequence of the camels, to be furnished by the Imaum, not making their appearance. We joined in the same messes we had formed on board our respective ships; and experienced as yet no intermission of the good cheer and the gay freedom from solitude which marks a soldier's life in garrison. Our only suffering was

from the hot winds, and smothering blinding clouds of sand, which often filled the air, and obliged us to screen ourselves, as well as we could, all day long in our tents. During this time the commander-in-chief, with his staff, remained on the beach, superintending the disembarkation of stores. A perfect security from all possibility of attack reigned through the camp. The pickets, in consequence I believe of a false alarm having being given, were ordered not to load, and the sentries alone were permitted to do so. This gave rise to a catastrophe which I am now to relate, and which might have been expected.

The pickets had been sent out, for aught I know to the contrary, on a star-gazing party, for some hours. The moon had not yet "unveiled her peerless light;" and troops of well-mounted camels were bearing their riders in silent celerity over the sands, to furnish a spectacle at her rising. A captain of one of the pickets, acting up to the spirit of his orders, had forbidden even his sentries to load. On this unfortunate picket the Arabs made their attack. They had dismounted at some distance, and crept unobserved under a covert close to the defenceless outpost. Of course, resistance was vain. Many were cut down, and the rest fled in dismay towards the camp; but the enemy were at their heels, and in the camp as soon as themselves. During the few minutes they were there, they killed and wounded forty of our men, and houghed and left in agonies all the horses and mules they encountered in their way. They did not penetrate farther than the left wing. Some darted their spears through the tents, whilst others stood at the apertures to cut down those who issued from them. The scene of tumult and terror on the spot may be easily conceived. Fear deprived the fugitives of the power of utterance; and, in their haste, they sprang from their sleep, and hurried, almost in a state of nudity, through the labyrinth of tents, stumbling over the ropes, and

meeting or fearing a sworded foe at every turn. It was impossible to form the men, in this quarter, into ranks. The most spirited effort was made for this purpose by Captain Parr, who succeeded in reaching the front of the lines and collecting a few men together; but he fell a victim to his truly courageous attempt; for, separating from this small body, in search of others to join them, he was met and surrounded by the Whabees, and fell under their sabres, after receiving eight wounds during his desperate resistance. On the right, our men turned out on the first alarm; but, in spite of the quickness with which they formed into line, by the time they were ready for any defensive procedure, the enemy had accomplished the massacre and departed. In the morning we only found two of them dead.

After this surprise we were more on the alert. Our camp was formed more scientifically, and our commander-in-chief moved up to us. The Imaum had joined him on the beach, and tents were pitched for him near the staff lines. The Imaum's state and retinue were, as might be expected, very mean. There was not much superiority of dress to distinguish him from his subjects; and, in person, he had not that fierce and martial bearing which is so striking in his people. He received his visitors very unceremoniously, sitting with his hands doubled under him, and often throwing handfuls of rice and dates into his mouth during the conference. He had, according to ancient Oriental usage, reached his present elevation by the murder of his brother. Yet he was esteemed of a benignant disposition, of which latter amiable quality he gave evidence immediately after his arrival amongst us, by ordering seven of his subjects to be hanged, on suspicion of their being spies.

The cause of our detention all this time had been the non-arrival of the camels of the Imaum to carry our baggage, which were to be accompanied by some hundreds of Bedo-

ween Arabs. At last they came galloping forward at full speed. It was a singular sight. A promiscuous crowd of camels, horses, and asses, whose backs were unincumbered by any kind of housing, bore their riders along with a swiftness almost incredible. They were sometimes seen through, and sometimes lost in, the clouds of dust which they raised. The Bedoweens brandished their swords, sounded them on their shields, and shouted exultingly as they advanced; and their vanity must have been gratified, to see our whole camp turn out to witness their approach.

To these picturesque beings ground on our right was allotted. Here they settled down in the utmost confusion. Of course, they were objects of great curiosity to us. Viewed from a little distance, the strange wild figures of the men, moving about in warrior guise, or basking at length in the sun; the sleek and beautiful figures of the horses, standing in every variety of posture; the camels rearing or reposing their awkward forms, or remaining fixed in the patient motionlessness of still life from sunrise to sunset; the incessant and varying gleam of arms; and the shifting and preposterous shadows of objects, before only known to us as a pageant of poetry, forcibly struck us. We went frequently to observe them more nearly. The harmony and affection which prevailed between the bipeds and quadrupeds was truly edifying. They all ate from the same bag of dates, and drank from the same skin of water, making quite a family circle at their meals.

We found the Bedoweens much more communicative, at least by signs and smiles, than their countrymen, the immediate natives. They appeared to be amused at our ignorance, but showed no curiosity themselves. They suffered us to handle their swords, which are most formidable double-edged weapons, requiring great strength to wield; and they looked upon our spits with evident contempt, disdaining even to take them in their hands. Sometimes one

of them would feign to fight with one of our red coats, and throwing an assumed expression of ferocity into his countenance, would endeavour to excite some symptom of terror, which if he succeeded in doing, it would occasion him great pleasure. Altogether we afforded each other reciprocal amusement; and the contrast between the European dandy decked out in scarlet and embroidery, and the wild warrior of the Desert, was obviously striking, and greatly to the advantage of the latter. Even in outward appearance how superior was the Arab! His tall form, muscular well-built limbs, sallow complexion, regular marked features, long black hair, and dark eye of fire, set off, with the best effect, by his tunic, turban, and sleeveless cloak, the spear which he carried in his hand, the shield upon his arm, with his sword and krees in his belt, completed a figure, which when mounted on a spirited steed, was really inspiring. With their naked and terrific simplicity of person and encampment, ours, where all was artificial, was strangely at variance. The contrast was brought strikingly out in the evenings, when the Bedoweens, separating into bands, went out, as the sun sunk behind the mountains, to perform their orisons. Upon these occasions, after casting handfuls of sand upon their heads, in sign of humiliation, they bent gracefully, covering their faces with their hands, to the earth; then they stood erect, and with an expression of deep devotion in their countenances, muttered their invocations. A few ritual attitudes and genuflections being gone through, the ceremony was at an end, and these simple petitioners of Heaven retired without revelry to their uncurtained rest. But before these living pictures, which seemed to us to have as much of imagination as reality in them, had lost their charm of novelty, we were on the march to Ben-boo-Ali.

Nothing could have afforded a finer opportunity for the use of the pencil than the breaking up of our camp—the tents taking down, camels loading,

groups of soldiers drinking their morning dram, regiments forming into line, officers mounting, the great diversity of costume, the hurry, confusion and crowded animation of the whole scene. Our sultry marches would not have formed so happy a subject. I believe that there is no suffering sustainable by soldiers worse than that which we now endured in the meridian hour of a tropical sun, reflected from burning sands, through which we waded rather than walked. The maddening thirst we suffered was irritated rather than quenched by the scanty provision of water we carried with us. We occasionally halted to refresh ourselves with the above-mentioned beverage, well diluted with a more invigorating liquid. Sometimes even a more delusive refreshment cheated our senses. Once I recollect, during a day of unusual fatigue, a sudden burst of joy broke almost simultaneously from our whole force, on perceiving the village where we were to encamp before us. Its date-groves, towers, huts, and transparent springs; even the camels laden with water coming out to meet us, were all vividly portrayed; alas, it was only by our imaginations on the illuminated sands! It was some time before we discovered this to be a *mirage*, and we often found that we could raise any images we desired. Some, whose fancies were Oriental, conjured up mosques and tanks; others, streams, villas, and flocks; and many were animated by an inspiring vision of a stag-chase sweeping by them. These illusions would have entertained us highly, had we not been too cruelly disappointed to enjoy them. On the same day we passed the ghauts (mountains) with infinite labour and difficulty. They are precipitous rugged rocks of great height; and being eminently exposed to the blaze of the sun, the heat was so intense that many fainted under it, and some, I believe, died. On reaching the summit, we had a most extensive view, and got sight of the distant Desert, which appeared like the sea in restless undulation. When

we descended into the plain, a few trees offered us a welcome and unexpected shelter, under which we scattered and reposed ourselves for half an hour.

It was usual with us to reach our halting-ground about four o'clock in the afternoon. Of course we had guides to direct us to the best passes, and pioneers to clear the obstructions of the way; yet, in spite of their assistance and labours, we were often thrown into the most fearful disarray, in scrambling over the rocks, which now and then agreeably relieved us from ploughing the weary waste of sands. The quarter-master and his myrmidons always preceded us, so that by the time we reached our resting-places, the tents were ready for our reception; but, as duty came rapidly round, we had, every other day, but a few hour's suspension from fatigue. A little before sunset the men for picket were summoned to march off. This was a post of considerable anxiety. Since the night attack at Zoar, others were justly apprehended, and it is surprising they were not made. The Whabees might have cut up our pickets every night, and have retired before they could have been exposed to any retaliation; or they might have stationed themselves in the difficult passes, and have effected prodigious slaughter among our men with very little loss to themselves; but they preferred, perhaps emboldened by their former success, to stand the brunt of a regular conflict. Nevertheless, the expectation of nocturnal incursions kept the outposts in a state of anxious vigilance, and occasioned many false alarms, which always originated in the timidity of the Sepoys, who fancied they saw an enemy in the shadow of every rock. In spite, however, of his painful responsibility, the officer on picket might pass the hours of his vigil in not displeasing thoughts. With his watch-cloak about him and his segar in his mouth, pacing a neighbouring eminence, he could not fail to be struck with the peculiar character of the circumjacent landscape, so much

unlike the features of the earth, profuse in life and multiform in loveliness, in other parts of the world. The gigantic monotony of mountain and plain, canopied by "the dread magnificence of heaven," and the vast nakedness of nature, dotted only by the tents of the slumbering camp, where "eye nor listening ear an object found," awakened undefinable sensations.

An *hiatus* in my memory occurs here. In our last march, I think, we passed through a village in a state of demolition and desertion from a late visit of our enemies. Before we got within sight of their town, we halted to advance in more scientific order; and scouts and flanking parties were sent out to prevent the possibility of surprise. We crossed over the ground of Captain Thompson's defeat. Here were scattered over a considerable space, the skeletons of his five hundred men, many of them stretched out in frightful completeness, bleached into conspicuous whiteness by the sun. This sight animated our martial machinery with a spirit of retaliation; and many, loud, and coarse were the execrations with which each successive company felt the bones of their comrades under their feet. A little farther on, the town appeared in view. It struck us, after the sterility we had traversed, as a magnificent contrast. Noble groves of date-trees rose on each side of it; and in the open front an imposing line of towers, some of them of ample circumference, gave it a formidable aspect. We were saluted by shot and shell from our own ammunition and our own artillery, taken from Thompson, as we advanced. One of these took such good effect, that a man and some cattle were killed. Our light field-pieces were then ordered out on the exposed flank, and, by returning the fire, they protected us from farther loss. But this did not daunt the enemy; for immediately after they showed us defiance in the gleaming of hundreds of swords and spears, evidently designed to attract our gaze, and make known their

resolution; and then again their cannon opened upon us. In a little time we got protection behind some rising sand-banks and a few date-trees. Our commander thought of encamping here, and had, I believe, already sent to hasten the heavy artillery, under the idea that it would be necessary to take the place by regular approaches, when a happy discovery altered his determination. He had,—so at least I presume,—sent out some officers of his staff to reconnoitre an adjoining date-grove. They penetrated to its utmost verge without hindrance, and there discovered a large tower. One of them ascended this tower, with his glass, in the hope of getting a view of the enemy's movements in an opposite grove; for there was an ample plain between the two,—when lo! multitudes were seen equipped for action, and ready for the attack. It caused a thrilling sensation of horror, admiration, and pity, to behold their dark figures, made apparent by the glitter of their arms, for the last time under the congenial gloom of their own shades,—a whole tribe coiled up for one spring of desperation,—still steadfast, and purposed upon death, and doomed to die within a few minutes; the consummation we now hastened to effect.

Our unfortunate enemies might, however, have still made a successful onset upon us. In straggling through the first-mentioned date-grove our men were obliged to pick their way singly, and, being encumbered by their heavy muskets and ammunition, it would have been impossible for them to have made any resistance had they been assaulted. On the contrary, they would have stumbled in all directions over the stumps of trees, and many, no doubt, must have fallen. Even when they issued out, man by man, confusedly into the plain, the effect of an attack would have been nearly as fatal. They were, however, allowed to fall into line, and advance. The 65th regiment and 7th native infantry occupied the plain. The remainder of

the force was immediately in the rear. A party of our rifle company then entered the enemy's covert, and, after a little popping, brought them out upon us. It was a strange sight—terrific, with something of the ludicrous intermingled. Not less than a thousand of their wild, black figures emerged in a confused swarm, shouting their war-songs, and capering about in the most grotesque attitudes. They seemed for a moment uncertain about the best point of attack, and in the mean time threw stones into our ranks. To bring them to a speedy decision, we fired a volley upon them, and had commenced a charge, when the great body wheeled suddenly about, and rushed precipitately at the Sepoy regiment on our left. As they came on, they sent their spears unerringly before them, and closed instantaneously with their swords, dealing around mortal gashes with frightful rapidity. The native regiment was in a moment cut up and routed; and it might have fared the same with the 65th, if its commanding officer, the late Lieutenant-Colonel Warren, had not taken the precaution, at the critical moment, to wheel back the two flank companies, forming three sides of an oblong square. By this disposition we had a fire upon the enemy in every direction but the rear (where our reserve were stationed), and kept them from closing in upon us. Many, however, succeeded in getting round rearward; but there they were dismayed at our numbers, of which they had probably before no idea. The speed of their flight was then as great as the fierceness of their onset had been; but the incessant independent firing which was kept up, strewed them over the ground by hundreds as they fled.

Those who had effected their escape took refuge in the principal tower, which was the palace of the chief Sheikh, and was fortified with a good deal of skill. Thither we now proceeded. We discerned from this spot numbers of Whabees, mounted on camels and horses, flying across

the country. A volley brought some of them down, but most of them got away. Strange to say, the obstinacy of these people was such, that, even after their defeat they would not open the portals of what I may call their citadel to us. We were obliged to bring our artillery to play upon them. I recollect an old woman sitting under the portal we were firing upon, who, upon every fresh discharge dodged out of the way, and then resumed her seat. I inquired afterwards the reason of this extraordinary foolhardiness, and was told that her children were all inside, and that two of her sons lay desperately wounded there. The poor mother was watching anxiously for the portal to be blown down, that she might rush in and join them. At last a flag of surrender was seen flying from the top of the tower, which was soon displaced by our colours. On entering their hold, a scene of horrible misery presented itself. About an hundred and fifty men, women, and children, were crowded together in a very narrow space. Most were badly wounded, many were dying; and the suppressed groans, the loud crying of the children, the women staunching the blood of their husbands and sons with their garments, and the "Allah il Allah," which rose in murmurs of resignation on every side, were truly afflicting. No attention which could be spared from our own hospital, was wanting to aid these wretched beings.

By this time night had come on, and, as it was then impossible to encamp, we wrapped ourselves in our cloaks, and slept soundly *en masse*, under the pigmy walls of the hive of the exterminated horde. This was considerably more extensive than Zoar, but in other respects appeared much the same. All that struck me as remarkable in it were the vast reservoirs of dates, dried fish, and coffee, which must have been the common property of the whole community. This fact was a strong proof of the strict bond of fraternity which united them. We found nothing valuable;

our sole prizes were swords, matchlocks, cloaks, spears, shields, &c.

On the next day we were curious to visit the field of the slain. We counted about five hundred corpses. Most of them had been middle-aged men, handsomely and vigorously built. There were some venerably-bearded patriarchs among them, many slender, smooth-cheeked lads, and not a few females, who had shared the battle with their husbands. We discovered several still alive, but in a hopeless state. These as we approached them, closed their eyes to avoid our sight; or, if any cast a look upon us, it was one of unsubdued vengeance. From us they would not accept of water to quench their dying thirst, but from an Arab they

did not hesitate; feebly ejaculating "Allah!" as they received it. This spectacle, perhaps, to one accustomed to carnage-covered plains, would have caused little emotion, but in a novice it excited intensely painful sensations. Before we left the ground where we had pitched our camp, and where we remained for ten days, the bodies became bloated, by the heat of the sun, to gigantic dimensions. This hideous and disgusting sight received an additional horror towards sunset, when the vultures came down to feast upon their prey. More than once, when on picket near them, have I been sickened by their wings flapping over the carcases, and hearing their busy beaks at work.

STANZAS TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

I oft have gazed on thee sweet Anne,
Till tears have dimmed mine eyes;
How short must be the mortal span,
Between thee and the skies,
When heaven has round thy features thrown
The light that marks thee for its own!

Though rich in outward loveliness,
Fond memory loves to trace
The meek confiding tenderness,
The soft and pensive grace,
Which to that young fair brow has given
The look devotion wins from heaven.

Calm and unruffled as the stream,
O'er which the queen of night
Loves to reflect her placid beam,
And bathe in floods of light,
Is the collected thoughtful mien
In which thy purity is seen.

Thine is that singleness of heart,
That knows no selfish stain—
The tears from feeling's fount that start
To soothe another's pain!
Who thy kind sympathy could prove,
And know thee, dearest, and not love?

Oh, may no early sufferings dim
Thy spirit's stainless glow;
Mayst thou return as pure to Him—
As pure from sin as now—
Who gave thee for awhile to earth,
To prove thy virtues and thy worth.

While memory on my soul shall trace
The records of the past,
Thy image time shall ne'er efface,
My love unshaken last—
In fond affection cherish'd there,
Too pure a guest for earth to share!

NATURE WILL PREVAIL.

DURING the reign of Casimir, King of Poland, a Prince as much feared by his enemies as he was beloved by his subjects, Enrique, an illustrious Spanish nobleman, left his country, for some unknown reason, and came to the Polish court. There he soon won the royal favour by his devotedness to the person, and his exploits in the military service of

the King, who was often in hostility with the neighbouring princes.

The King being one day out hunting with his courtiers, after bringing two wild boars to the ground, resolved to rest a short time on the borders of a sparkling fountain, and partake of a choice collation. During the repast many subjects were discussed, and among others the com-

parative degree of war-like courage among the various European nations. The Poles claimed the palm of bravery for their own nation: the Spaniards they unanimously acknowledged as inferior to none but themselves; but their opinions were not so united respecting the merits of the French and Hungarians. Enrique listened in silent attention to this dispute. The King did not fail to notice it, supposing his silence proceeded from a modest disinclination to praise his own country. "What is the reason," said His Majesty, "that our friend Enrique is the only person silent on a subject on which he is so well qualified to decide?" The prudent nobleman respectfully replied, that, if His Majesty would allow him to express his thoughts, he would say that such disputes never did good, as the opinion of each party would, after all, remain the same. Besides, as a stranger, it would be presumption in him to differ in sentiment from so many abler judges. The King was not, however, satisfied with this excuse. At length, compelled, as it were, to speak, Enrique pronounced for the superior bravery of his own countrymen; alleging, in proof, the numerous and signal victories obtained by them in all ages. "Your Majesty," said he, "would be convinced of their superiority, if an experiment which I could suggest were to be made."—"What is that?" inquired the King; "for howsoever difficult it may be, it shall be attempted."—"Let an infant of Spanish extraction," replied Enrique, "be procured, and confined until he shall arrive at manhood. When released from his confinement, let different objects that may charm the senses be placed before him, and I will venture to predict that a suit of armour will fix his choice."

The King rose up, and signified his approval of the proposed experiment. He observed, however, that Enrique would repent the expression of an opinion so unfavourable to Sarmanian prowess.

His Majesty's words, to the great

concern of Enrique, were soon fulfilled. Knowing the latter had a son but two years old, he commanded him to be taken from its parents and enclosed in a solitary fort which had long served as a military outpost of the city.

The loss of a beloved child proved fatal to the lady of Enrique; and this double calamity so afflicted him, that, in three years, he followed her to the grave. To make all the atonement he could, for the wrongs he had inflicted, the King rendered great honours to the memory of the deceased. He also directed, that when the time for the freedom of the youth should arrive, he should be well compensated for the privation he had endured, and elevated to the dignities of his father.

The child was entrusted during six years to the care of two nurses. He was then placed under an able tutor, by whom he was instructed in philosophy, the languages, and every other branch of learning. His talents were of the first order, and his mind gradually exhibited a strength far above his years. He continued in his prison until his twentieth year, daily longing with increased ardour for liberty, that greatest of all earthly blessings.

The imprisonment of Carlos—so the youth was called—was known only to few; for the King had commanded his heart-broken parents, under the pain of death, to keep the fatal secret.

The King had a beautiful and accomplished daughter, named Sol. Her portrait having been accidentally seen by Rosardo, Prince of Denmark, he became enamoured. Unfortunately, his father was preparing, in conjunction with the King of Sweden to make war on the Polish monarch, and he could not therefore satisfy his desire of visiting her without delay. He had a friend, the son of his father's ally, with whom he frequently spent months in hunting on the confines of the two kingdoms. During one of those excursions, he shewed that Prince (Oscar) the very portrait which had produced so new

a sensation within him, and the latter became, in consequence, as much engrossed with the lovely original as himself. The Swedish Prince determined to travel incognito to Cracow for the purpose of beholding her.

The anxiety of Casimir, lest his prisoner should escape, induced him to become gaoler himself, and he never parted with the keys of the fort excepting to the tutor, Dorestea. One day the young Princess happened to enter the chamber, as her father was giving them into Dorestea's hands. She had frequently noticed the private conferences that were held in the royal closet with this person, and felt that some mystery must be connected with so much secrecy. She now secretly overheard Dorestea entreat the King to set some one at liberty, whom she had no difficulty in recognising as a prisoner of importance. Dorestea expressed his fear that the youth's health would suffer from his intense desire of freedom, and begged of His Majesty not to waste a season so precious as the morning of life in useless confinement. The King then assured Dorestea that the prisoner's release was not far distant. A long conversation followed, which, as it was but partially understood by the attentive Princess, wrapped the subject in tenfold mystery, and increased her curiosity to discover the secret. Fortune so far favoured her, that, on that very night, she contrived to take, in wax, the impressions of the keys in her father's possession; and, with the assistance of a confidant, she procured others exactly similar. The next morning the Princess cautiously followed the steps of the tutor until she saw him enter the fort in which the prisoner resided. The persevering Sol did not long wait for an opportunity of visiting it without fear of detection. She saw Dorestea and the King leave the city on a hunting excursion. Scarcely had the last notes of the bugle died on her ear, when, with a palpitating heart, and a courage which unconquerable curiosity could alone have inspired, she took the keys, and,

wrapping a large cloak around her, accompanied by her confidant, she bent her way to the fort. On their arrival they successfully applied the keys to the gates and doors that led to the interior of the building. Sol then stationed her companion as sentinel, and softly advancing, with a courage hitherto unknown to her, she entered a narrow passage which terminated in a square chamber. Within she perceived a handsome youth, poring over a book. By his side were two globes, and a table near him was covered with maps and writing materials.

The astonishment of Carlos was unbounded at perceiving an object of such ravishing beauty. Conscious of her indiscretion, and confused at the intensity of his gaze, the trembling Princess leaned against the wall without power to retreat or advance. Carlos was the first to break silence. He ventured to inquire of the stranger, in a tone in which natural politeness and surprise were equally conspicuous, whom she was, and what had brought her to the fort. When sufficiently recovered to speak, she acquainted him with her name, but not with the occasion of her visit. "Sol," rejoined he, "is indeed a name that becomes you; for as the sun confers life and heat, so does your presence bestow animation and joy on me. Heaven has certainly designed you the instrument of my deliverance. Are you come to set the captive free?"—Saying this, he suddenly arose. The Princess, in great agitation lest the prisoner should, through her imprudence, effect his freedom—a circumstance she had not for a moment anticipated—informed him of the motive of her visit, and assured him that his life, if not her own, would be the consequence of his escape. But her expostulations, her entreaties, her tears, were equally ineffectual. Though her beauty had already made a deep impression on his heart, the longing desire of liberty, which had for years preyed on his soul, was paramount to every consideration. He hastened through the passages,

followed by the distressed Sol, and, turning down a narrow fortified path, he soon found himself in the street contiguous to the fort.

Whilst gazing with rapture, not unmixed with wonder, on the novel scene around him, entirely forgetful that his safety depended on immediate flight, the sound of a drum fell on the ear of our recluse. He hastened towards it, anxious to learn what it meant.

When he reached the spot whence the sound proceeded, he found a party of soldiers recruiting for the service, and offering unusual bounties to all who would engage in the war which had been declared against Denmark.

Another noise soon attracted his attention, proceeding from a combat of three cavaliers against one who was successfully defending himself. Snatching a sword from one of the by-standers, Carlos desperately wounded two of them. The three antagonists retired with threatening looks, which, from his inexperience, he knew not how to interpret. On inquiring from the valiant cavalier the cause of the quarrel, he was informed that it had been solely occasioned by a dispute at play.

While conversing with the unknown gentleman, a party of police appeared, and arrested our hero for assaulting the two cavaliers: they ordered him to follow them to prison. Unwilling to subject himself a second time to the horrors of confinement, he attempted to force his way through his guards; but he was soon disarmed, bound, and, after a short examination before the civil authorities, condemned to a long and solitary imprisonment. So rigorous a sentence was owing, in no small degree, to the fury with which he had attacked the ministers of justice in the public execution of their duty.

Doubting the reality of his senses, the youth attempted to move the pity of the judge; and several of the persons present joined in recommending him as a fit object of mercy. They grounded their application on the ma-

nifest aberration of mind exhibited by the prisoner, who, they suspected, both from his dress and manner, was a lunatic broken loose from his keepers. The judge, in attempting to ascertain the truth by a series of questions, the purport of which was unintelligible to the inexperienced Carlos, felt satisfied, from his answers, that the alleged insanity was at least specious. Yet as the case was doubtful, and as the prisoner had evinced unquestionable proofs of courage, he contented himself with sentencing him to serve as a soldier in the approaching war. Our hero was accordingly placed as a private in one of the companies which were on the point of departing for the frontiers.

It happened that the Prince Royal of Sweden arrived in Cracow, the very day Carlos escaped from prison. He attended a masked ball, that night given at court, for the purpose of beholding a Princess whose charms had caused him to undertake so hazardous a journey. His disguise, however, was insufficient to conceal him from the recognition of a Polish nobleman, to whom he was well known. This attendant directed his notice to the suspicious looks of the observer, and prevailed on him to leave the assembly. He accordingly retreated from the dangerous precincts, and on his return to his hotel, perceiving that he was followed by some officers of justice, he turned up an alley that led to the very fort which had been so long the prison of Carlos. The gates were open; and, thankful for refuge, he rushed forward and locked himself within. Advancing to the interior, he was not a little surprised to find it elegantly furnished, and in a state which convinced him it had been but recently inhabited. He remained, buried in reflection, more than twelve hours, when, to his consternation, he heard the sound of distant footsteps. His alarm, however, was not equal to that of Dorestea, when the latter, on entering the apartment, perceived that Carlos was not there, and that a

stranger occupied the prison. Oscar instantly informed him how he had gained admittance; but in vain the anxious Dorestea sought to unravel the mystery connected with his pupil's disappearance. Each party was aware of the danger of his situation, and mutual fear induced them to adopt the only expedient that presented itself—viz. that the Prince should continue in prison, under the name of Carlos. He thus secured himself against the risk of discovery, and at the same time arrested the impending punishment of Dorestea for the escape of the fugitive. Dorestea soon after took his departure to renew his entreaties with the King, to liberate their young prisoner; an event which he now desired with increased anxiety. His Majesty at length consented to see him. Oscar was, in consequence, ushered into the royal presence. His appearance pleased the unsuspecting King, who enjoined him to obey Dorestea as a father, until he should be required to join the army about to proceed against the enemies of Poland.

The agitation of the Swedish Prince, on hearing this unexpected destination, was immediately perceived by the watchful monarch, who, somewhat sternly, demanded the cause. Oscar could have assigned two reasons for it—his horror of fighting against his father and country, and his natural cowardice; but he summoned composure to reply, that the little he knew of war sufficiently convinced him of its injustice and cruelty. The King, not a little disappointed at hearing this language from one who, he had hoped, would prove the chief defender of the country, dismissed the youth. Oscar was admitted to another interview, but could not regain the royal favour. He was, to his great mortification, despatched to join the military force on the frontiers.

In the mean time, Carlos was hastening with his comrades towards the head quarters. After a week's march, the company to which he belonged arrived in sight of the enc-

my. Carlos had already distinguished himself by the rapidity with which he learned the necessary duties of a soldier, and by the uniform discretion of his conduct. The Captain, with whom he was decidedly a favourite, sent him with a few trusty comrades to reconnoitre the enemy's position. As he cautiously advanced towards the opposite lines, he encountered and mortally wounded a soldier who had just left them for a purpose similar to his own. Another succeeded, whom he took prisoner, and brought back to his leader's tent. Important information was thus gained. For his courage and prudence, Carlos was promoted to the rank of Cornet of horse. Soon afterwards, he was employed in a service of equal danger and importance; and so well did he acquit himself that he was made Captain.

In a general engagement which immediately succeeded, he performed prodigies of valour. He courted danger, and infused a portion of his own brave spirit into all who witnessed his prowess. While closely pressing the enemy, in the hottest of the fight, he perceived that the person of his sovereign was exposed to imminent hazard from the number and fury of his assailants. Like lightning he flew, at the head of his gallant troop, to the succour of the King, just as the latter was dismounted. He dispersed those who were already exulting in their possession of so distinguished a prisoner; assisted His Majesty to remount, and then returned to his post. Success still attended him. He penetrated to the standard of the Swedish King, and took that monarch prisoner. This important capture, and the death of the King of Denmark, put an end to the battle, and left a glorious victory to the Poles.

Immediately after the action, Carlos received the royal commands to repair to the tent of his sovereign. With an overjoyed and palpitating heart he obeyed. For his exploits that day the gracious monarch, in the presence of his nobles, expressed

the highest approbation, created him a Field-Marshal, and assigned him four thousand crowns per annum to support the dignity of his station.

He had scarcely left the tent, when Oscar entered it to see and embrace his captive father, who was seated with the King. The astonishment of Cassimir may be more easily conceived than expressed, when apprized of the close relationship which subsisted between them. The mystery was beyond his power to comprehend. He instantly sent for Dorsetta, who was compelled to make a disclosure of the escape of Carlos, and the substitution of Oscar. He begged for mercy, on the ground of the consequences which would have ensued both to himself and to the Prince, by revealing the fact at the

time; and he also expressed his suspicion that the unknown young warrior, who had that day won unfading laurels, was the identical Carlos. The King instantly sent for the hero. His appearance, to the great joy of all present, turned suspicion into certainty. The King embraced him with rapture, restored him to the dignities and emoluments enjoyed by his deceased father; and, what gave him the most satisfaction of all, promised him the hand of the Princess Sol. The parties soon returned to Cracow; an honourable peace was made between the two sovereigns; and the marriage of the brave and happy Carlos with the lovely Princess was solemnized with becoming magnificence.

NARRATIVE OF JOHN WILLIAMS,

ONE OF THE PERSONS WHO WERE BURIED ALIVE IN THE RUINS OF THE BRUNSWICK THEATRE.

[Taken down from his Conversations in the Hospital.]

IN the beginning of last autumn I was sent to London on some matters of business by my father Mr. Williams, the building-surveyor of Chester, who is also known to the literary world by his "Remarks" on some of the architectural antiquities of that city. I carried letters of introduction to Mr. Nash, to Mr. Rickman of the House of Commons, and to another Member of Parliament, whose name I do not now wish to mention. The last gentleman invited me to his house, overwhelmed me with professions of esteem, and quite turned my head with his offers of services. When the business which had called me to town was finished, I wrote to my father of the new prospects that had been opened to me, and, in contempt of his advice and injunctions, determined on remaining in London, to follow out a career, so much better adapted to my talents than that of a provincial builder. An open quarrel with my family was the consequence; but I

took no trouble to appease their anger, being convinced that a very short time would prove the wisdom of my conduct, and enable me to demand rather than solicit forgiveness.

Two months passed away in expectation; my money was spent, and the people at my lodgings began to abate in their civility, when I thought it necessary to bring my patron to the point. I called at his house for that purpose, and found him just stepping into a post-chaise. He seemed as glad to see me as ever, but, of course, had little time for conversation. When he had fairly seated himself in the vehicle, and, in my despair, I had ventured to ask how long he meant to be absent from town, shaking me cordially by the hand, he informed me that if there was a call of the House, he might be obliged to return in the course of the Session, but that, at all events, he would have the pleasure of seeing me this time next year. I do not remember the carriage driving off—but

the passers-by stopping to look at me, as I stood like a statue on the flags, recalled me to myself, and I went home to my lodgings.

I was too timid, or too obstinate, to write to my father. I preferred lowering my expectations, and applying for a clerkship in a builder's office, and was promised the influence of several persons of respectability in order to obtain it. In the meantime, by the advice of an acquaintance, I was induced to apply to the pawnbroker for a temporary pecuniary relief; but this did not enable me to discharge the rent of my lodgings. The civility of my landlady was changed to coldness, and her coldness, by a natural transition to heat. The persecution I underwent at home made me take refuge in public-houses, where I fell in with companions as desperate as myself, but apparently more happy. I at length left my lodgings secretly, with the remains of my wardrobe under my arm, I engaged a bed by the night at what is called a theatrical house, but one of the lowest of the sort, where I first acquired a taste—or rather a passion—for stage-amusements, and became acquainted, by the introduction of her brother, with a young actress, whose name, whether she is dead or alive, will not be benefited by an association with mine. My appearance at this time, with regard to dress, was respectable, and my manners probably intimated an acquaintance with better society than that enjoyed by my companions. The reception I met with from the lady was favourable; and, young, beautiful, amiable, and, I am convinced, innocent, she made an impression on my heart which is the only part of my London history I am not ashamed of acknowledging.

I debated with myself whether, on finding a situation, I should not remove her from a mode of life at least dangerous, if not disgraceful, by making her my wife, or, by attaching myself to her profession, serve as a protector from its danger, and derive

from it the means of our mutual subsistence. My debate, however, was speedily cut short: no situation turned up; I was pursued by means of summonses for several small debts; my landlord refused me even a night's lodging without the money in advance, and I was compelled to make my retreat to another quarter of the town. It would be disgusting to pursue, step by step, the path of my decline, which was now fearfully precipitous. From the parlour I sunk to the tap-room—from the society of masters to that of journey-men—from the shabby sortout to the tattered jacket. My place of refuge was in Barlow-court, a narrow lane in the neighbourhood of Wells-street, and having some slight knowledge of the upholstery and cabinet-making business, I received employment accidentally in fitting up the Brunswick Theatre.

My earnings were very small, but I contrived to cheat my hunger out of sufficient to enable me to drown, almost every night, in intoxication the sense of my degradation and my despair.

The theatre was at length opened, although the internal work was not all finished. I was in attendance at the fatal rehearsal of the 28th of February, in the course of my duty. As I was passing across the stage, I was arrested by the voice of a new actress—a voice that had lingered in my ear in spite of everything. The earnestness of my gaze was observed by one of my fellow-workmen, who informed me that the lady whom I seemed to admire so much was Mrs. —. Mrs. —! She was married! I forgot at the moment my situation, my dress, the proprieties of time and place, and I rushed forward to demand from her own lips a confirmation or a denial of the truth of what I had heard. That motion saved my life.—There was heard at the instant a sound which I cannot describe by crash, or roar, or any other imitative word in the language; it was not loud—nor shrill—nor hollow: perhaps its associations in my

memory with what followed may have fixed its peculiar character in my mind—but I can only describe it to the imagination by likening it to one's conception of the harsh, grating sullen, yet abrupt noise of the grave-stone when it shall be suddenly raised from its sandy, clammy bed, at the sounding of the last trumpet. One of the actors rushed across the stage, and darted out by the side-door. Of the rest, those who were speaking stopped in the middle of a word; the hand raised in mimic passion was not dropped; the moving crowd of human beings stood still, as if by one impulse;—there was a pause of two or three seconds. Some, whose mind was more present, raised their eyes to the roof; but the rest were motionless, even in the vagrant organs of vision, and stood mute and still like a gallery of statues. I cannot even attempt to describe the sound which awoke the scene from this appearance of death, only to give it the reality. I would liken it to thunder, if you could mingle the idea of the explosion with that of its effects—or to the rush of a mighty torrent, if you could fancy amalgamated, as it were, in its roar, the typical voices of pain, and horror, and confusion, and struggling, and death. I staggered back, and nearly fell into an abyss that was cloven into the floor by a fragment of the iron roof on the very spot where I had stood but a moment before. While rushing up the side of the newly-formed precipice to regain my footing, by the single terrified glance I had time and light to cast behind, I saw that the iron and wood were wet with blood and brains and the other horrible mysteries of man's inner body, and that the "living soul" I had just talked to was not to be recognized by the sight as having ever borne the external characteristics of a human being.

The light was suddenly shut out—and yet so slowly as to inflict upon my sight that which will ever stand between it and the sun. Fragment after fragment rushed furiously from

the roof, but yet so thickly intermingled that I cannot at this moment say whether or not the mass of roof was disunited at all in its descent. Then the bursting of the walls—the grating of the stones and bricks as they were ground into powder—the rending of the planks and wooden partitions—the hissing sound of the lamps and brass-work—the damp crush of human bodies—and the yells of mortal agony from a hundred hearts, which seemed wilder and stronger even than the inanimate sounds that had called them into being—to choke, conquer, and silence them forever.

All was dark. A weight was upon my shoulder which an Atlas could not have moved; my left leg was fixed between two planks, and, as I discovered by feeling with my hand before the pain announced it, it was broken and distorted; the side outline of the narrow chamber in which I sat would have nearly described a right-angled triangle, the hypothenuse leaning on my back; above, I could extend my hand to its full length without obstacle, but the aperture could not have admitted anything thicker than the arm; before me was a wall apparently of solid iron, and below, and at the sides, the surface, consisting of iron, brick, stones, and wood, was broken into narrow interstices.

When the united sounds I have described had subsided into a distant hum, a single voice rose upon my ear: it was the voice of the lady mentioned above; it was one wild, shrill, unbroken scream. I do not know how long it lasted; I do not even know whether it was a human voice at all; it did not stop for breath; its way was not impeded, like that of the rest, by the intervention of the ruins; minute after minute it continued, and every minute it became wilder and shriller, piercing, like an arrow, through my head and heart, till my tortured senses found temporary relief in insensibility.

My fainting-fit probably lasted a

considerable time ; for, when I recovered, it was long before I could understand my situation, or recall anything that had happened to my memory. At length, piece by piece, the truth came before me, and I could feel the cold sweat trickling down my brow. The voice I had heard existed probably only in imagination, for it was now silent. A low deep sound was humming in my ears, which I could at length distinguish to be the simultaneous groans of human beings, separated from me either by distance or some thick and deadening barrier. My ear endeavoured in vain to divide it into its component parts, and to recognize the voices of those I knew ; and there was something more horrible in this vague mysterious monotony than if it had been distinctly fraught with the dying accents of the one I loved best on earth. I felt as if my lot must be bitterer than that of the rest. I was alone—I was cut off even from communion of suffering : while they, I imagined, were together, and in the sound of one another's voices, and the touch, even, of one another's clothes, received some relief from the idea of total abandonment, of agony unimagined and unshared.

My senses, I believe, began to totter ; for I complained aloud of my lonely fate : I knew that I was behaving absurdly, but I could not help it ; I beat the iron walls of my dungeon with my clenched hands till they were wet with blood, and shrieked aloud with a voice rendered terrific by the fury of despair. The voices of the rest appeared to be startled into silence at the sound—or perhaps it fell upon their ears like a cry of comfort and hope, an answer to their groans from the surface of the earth. After a pause I heard another dull, heavy sound, like that produced by a muffled drum ; it was, in reality, a drum, and probably beat by one of the band, as a more powerful means of awakening attention than his own voice. The sound, in such circumstances,

was inexpressibly awful ; and when the hand that smote the instrument in so unaccustomed a scene wandered by habit into a regular tune, my sensations were exaggerated into a species of horror which I can liken only to that which might be supposed to visit a religious mind on witnessing some shocking and blasphemous impiety.

It may seem a species of insanity to mention it ; but when the roll of the drum, and the sound of human voices had ceased, and after I had been left for a considerable time, as it were, to myself, even in these circumstances of terror, and loneliness, and mystery, I possessed a species of knowledge, which the denizens of the surface would have deemed equally useless and unattainable to those underground :—I knew the hour of the night. Like the idiot who mimicked, at the proper intervals, the audible measurement of time, after the clock was removed, which had taught him the practice, my inclination for drinking, which had been converted by habit into an almost unconquerable passion, returned at the accustomed time of its gratification. In spite of surrounding circumstances, I fancied myself in the midst of my dissolute companions, in the scene of our coarse and vulgar revels ; I drank, but without being filled ; I became drunken with imagination ; and the close and poisonous atmosphere, which before had been burthened with my groans, now rung with songs, and laughter, and imprecations. This state of unnatural excitement passed away, but the reaction which took place exhibited all the symptoms that attend the awakening of the young and inexperienced drunkard. With headache, sickness, faintness, fear, foreboding, repentance,—I awoke, in “an horror of great darkness.”

Then the ideas, wholesome in themselves, but which in such circumstances are felt like daggers, crowded round my burthened and wearied heart. My father—my family—my arrogance—my ingratitude

—my dishonesty—my misspent time—my forgotten duties—my blasphemed and unregarded God ! I buried my face in my hands, but I could not hide them from my soul. Slowly and sternly they passed before me ; but the last idea swallowed up its precursors ; and with a start and a shudder, I found myself trembling on the verge of eternity—on the very steps of the judgment seat, entering into the presence of the awful and eternal Judge.

It will be esteemed an example of the bathos when I mention next my hunger and thirst, and say that these passions of the perishing body almost neutralized the effect of the above sentiments of my immortal soul. Hunger, indeed, may be borne, at least to the extent it was my lot to

endure it ; but thirst is truly a chastisement “ of scorpions.”

I have not described my feelings ; I have simply catalogued, and in a very incomplete manner, their proximate causes. I sunk by degrees into a sort of stupor, from which I was awakened by the light of heaven streaming full in my face, through an aperture made in the ruins by my deliverers. The apparent apathy, or, as some term it, philosophy, which I displayed, has been attributed to wrong causes. The truth is, that although at first my body was awake, my mind was almost wholly insensible ; it recovered its consciousness by very slow degrees, and it was not until I was left alone at night, that I became completely sensible of my deliverance.*

ANECDOTES.

WORDSWORTH, AND SIR WALTER
SCOTT'S ROB ROY.

WHEN “Rob Roy” first appeared, a party was made at Mr. John Wilson's house at Elleray, to read it. Mr. Wordsworth was invited, among others, to the party ; and, as a special inducement to go, he was informed that the illustrious author had chosen the motto for his novel from his name-sake poem, “Rob Roy.” The verbose and venerable Laker accordingly went ; and when the volumes were laid on the table, he eagerly turned to the title-page, where he read—

“For why ? because the good old rule
Sufficeth them—the simple plan
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.”

“Ladies and gentlemen,” quoth the Author of the ‘Excursion’ and other universally-read poems, “you see this motto : it is from a poem of mine,—the volume containing which I have brought in my pocket ; and lest you should not understand the

novel for want of knowing thoroughly my poem, I mean to read my verses to you.” He accordingly began—

“A famous man was Robin Hood,” &c.
and went on to the conclusion, not even omitting a comma, and then putting the vivacious *tome* into his pocket again, he said, “Ladies and gentlemen, I leave you to your novel,” and walked home !

LET WELL ALONE.

An Irishman being on a long journey in a part of the country where Mr. M'Adam's useful talents had never been exercised, at length came to a mile of excellent road. Over this he kept trotting his horse backwards and forwards, till some spectators, a little surprised at this singular mode of travelling, inquired the reason of it. “Indeed,” said he, “and I like to let well alone, and from what I have seen of the road, I doubt whether I will find a better bit of ground all the way.”

* This imprudent and most unhappy young man, is now pronounced to be out of danger. He has been removed to the house of a friend of his father, an eminent solicitor in Gray's Inn ; but even while in the hospital, he was visited by many persons of the highest respectability.

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ANDREW CLEAVES.*

THE flood-gates of accusation and information once set open, innumerable tongues that had never stirred to give timely warning to a person so inaccessible and unpopular as was Andrew Cleaves, were voluble in pouring in upon him charge upon charge against the son who had been so lately, not less the darling than the pride of the old man's heart. And many a one with whom he had had weekly dealings, who had refrained from speaking *the word in time*, which might have saved a fellow creature from destruction, because their *own* pride was offended by the reserve of the austere old man—now sought him even in his lonely dwelling, to multiply upon him humiliating proofs of his misfortune, and professions of sympathy and compassion, that would have been gall and wormwood to his proud spirit, if the overwhelming conviction of his son's deceptive and profligate conduct had not already humbled it to the dust. He heard all patiently, and in silence—attempted no vindication of himself, when the comforters obliquely reflected on his blind credulity by observing, that they “had long seen how matters were going on;” that they “had suspected such and such things from the first;” that they “had always looked sharp after their own boys, thank God, but then they

were ordinary children—no geniuses;” for it was well known how Andrew Cleaves had prided himself on his child's superior abilities—and the self-sufficient man, who had so long held himself pre-eminent in wisdom, qualified to rebuke and instruct others, now listened with a subdued spirit to the torrent of unasked and impertinent advice, which sounded sweet and pleasant to the ears of the intrusive utterers, if it fell harshly and unprofitably on those of the unhappy hearer.

On the Sabbath morning immediately succeeding that Saturday, in the course of which Andrew Cleaves had been subjected to this spiritual martyrdom, he went twice as usual to his parish church; but during divine service, his eyes were never lifted even during sermon time, so much as to the face of the minister, and his deep sonorous voice mingled not that day with those of the village choristers; and in going and returning, he shunned all passing salutation, and once within his own threshold, the cottage door was closed on intruders, (for presuming on his present circumstances such were not wanting to present themselves,) and no human eye again beheld him, till that of his undutiful child, drawn to his chamber window at the still midnight hour, looked upon the distress he had occasioned. Not in vain had

* Concluded from page 102.

been the long and uninterrupted communing of Andrew Cleaves with his own heart and with his God. Sweet to him were the uses of adversity, for they had not to struggle with a heart of unbelief, neither with one seared by vicious courses, nor debased by sensual indulgence. The spiritual foundation was sound, though human pride, inducing moral blindness, had raised on it a dangerous superstructure. But when the hour came, and the axe (in mercy) was struck to the root of the evil, and the haughty spirit bowed down in self-abasement; then was the film withdrawn from his mental vision, and Andrew Cleaves *really* looked into himself, and detected his besetting sins in all their naked deformity. Yes,—at last he detected his pride, his worldliness, his worship of the creature, encroaching on that due to the Creator. He felt and confessed his own utter insufficiency, and laying down at the foot of the cross the burden of his frailties and sorrows, he sought counsel and consolation at the only source, which is never resorted to in vain. As he proceeded in the work of self-examination, and self-arraignment, his heart relented towards his offending child. Had he yielded *something* of his own inflexible determination to the boy's known disinclination for the line of life marked out for him, the parental concession might have established in reality, that gratefully filial confidence, the semblance of which had been so artfully assumed; and the father's heart was wrung with its bitterest pang, when he called to mind the sanctified hypocrisy, which had so long imposed upon him, and reflected that his own mistaken system and erroneous measures, his own boasted example of superior sanctity, might have been the means of engrafting it on his son's character. The fruit of that night's vigil was a determination on the part of Andrew, to depart the next morning for C—, and seek out his erring child—not with frowns and upbraidings, but the more effective arguments of tender

remonstrance, and mild conciliation; to inquire into and cancel whatever pecuniary embarrassments he had incurred; and, having done so, to say, "My son, give me thine heart!" and then—for who could doubt the effect of such an appeal?—to consult the lad's own wishes with regard to a profession, in so far as might be compatible with maturer reason and parental duty. So resolved, and so projected Andrew Cleaves during the sleepless watches of that Sabbath night; but when morning came he found himself unable to act on his determination so immediately as he had intended. The conflict of the spirit had bowed down the strong man. He arose feeble and indisposed, and altogether unequal to the task he had assigned himself. Therefore, as the delay of four-and-twenty hours could not be material, he determined to pass that interval in deliberately re-considering his new projects, and in acquiring the composure of mind, which would be so requisite in the approaching interview with Josiah. Early on the morrow, however, with recruited strength, and matured purpose, he hastily despatched the morning's meal, and was preparing to depart for C—, when the sound of approaching footsteps, and the swinging to of the garden gate, made him pause for a moment with his hand on the latch; and almost before he could lift it, the door was dashed rudely open, and three men presented themselves, one of whom stationed himself just without the threshold, while the two others stepping forward threw down a warrant on the table, abruptly declaring, that, by its authority, they were empowered to make search for, and arrest, the body of Josiah Cleaves. Their abrupt notice fell like a thunder-clap on the ear of the unfortunate old man; and yet, for a moment, he comprehended not its full and fatal sense, but stood as if spell-bound, upright, immovable, every muscle of his strong features stiff as in the rigidity of death, and his eyes fixed with a stony and

vacant stare on the countenance of the unfeeling speaker. And yet the man was but outwardly hardened by his hateful occupation. His heart was not insensible to the speechless horror of that harrowing gaze. His own eyes fell beneath it, and in softened tones of almost compassionate gentleness, he proceeded to explain, that in the execution of his duty, he must be permitted to make strict search over the cottage, and its adjacent premises, in some part of which it was naturally suspected the offender might have taken refuge, with the hope of remaining concealed till the first heat of pursuit was over. As he spoke, Andrew Cleaves gradually recovered from the first effects of that tremendous shock. His features relaxed from their unnatural rigidity, and by a mighty effort, subduing the convulsive tremor which succeeded for a moment, he regained almost his accustomed aspect of stern composure, and in a low, but steady voice, calmly demanded for what infraction of the laws his son had become amenable to justice. The appalling truth was soon communicated. In the course of the past night, the counting house of Messrs. —— had been entered by means of skeleton keys—access to the cash drawer, the strong box, and other depositories of valuables, had been obtained by similar instruments, and considerable property, in notes, gold, and plate, abstracted by the burglars, who had escaped with their booty, and as yet no traces of their route had been discovered. Then came the dreadful climax, and the officer's voice was less firm as he spoke it, though every softened accent fell like an ice-ball on the father's heart—His son—his only child—his own Josiah, had been the planner—the chief perpetrator of the deed. A chain of circumstances already elicited—evidence irrefragable—left no shadow of uncertainty as to his guilt, and the measure of it; and though he was known to have had accomplices, perhaps to have been the tool of more experienced

villainy, his situation of trust in Messrs. ——'s firm, and the advantage he had taken of it in the perpetration of the robbery, deservedly marked him out as the principal offender, after whom the myrmidons of justice were hottest in pursuit. The miserable parent listened in silence to the officer's brief and not aggravated communication. He heard all in silence, with a steady brow, and a compressed lip, but with looks rooted to the ground, and when all was told, bowing down his head, he waved his hand with dignified submission, and calmly articulating, "It is enough, do your duty," seated himself in his old elbow-chair, from whence he stirred not, and neither by word, look, or gesture, gave further token of concern in what was going forward, while the ineffectual search was proceeding. When it was over, and the officers (after a few well-meant but unheeded words of attempted comfort) left him alone with his misery, he was heard to arise and close the cottage door, making it fast within with bar and bolt; and from that hour, no mortal being beheld Andrew Cleaves, till, on the third day from that on which his great sorrow had fallen upon him, he was seen slowly walking up the High Street of C——, with an aspect as composed as usual, though its characteristic sternness was softened to a milder seriousness, as if the correcting hand of God had affixed that changed expression, and his tall athletic form, hitherto upright as the cedar, bent earthward with visible feebleness, as though, since he trode that pavement last, ten added years had bowed him nearer to the grave. His calamity was generally known, and as generally commiserated; for even those whose contracted hearts, and mean tempers, had taken unchristian delight in mortifying the pharisaical and parental pride of a man so arrogant in his prosperity, now that the hand of the Lord lay heavily on him, were affected by the sacredness of a sorrow, for which there was no balm in human sympathy, and were awed

by the quiet dignity of his silent resignation. As he passed on, many a hat was touched with silent respect, whose wearer he was personally unacquainted with, and many hands were extended to his, by persons who had never in their lives before accosted him with that kindly greeting.

To those who addressed him with a few words of cordial but unavailing concern and sympathy, he replied without impatience, but with a brief and simple acknowledgment, or a lowly uttered—"God's will be done;" and withdrawing himself as soon as possible, from the cruel kindness of his comforters, he betook himself with all the undiminished energy of his uncommon character to transact the business which had urged him forth into the haunts of men, in the first nakedness of his affliction. To satisfy the demands of tradespeople and other inhabitants of C——, who had claims on his unhappy son, was his first concern, as it had been his intention before the last stroke of ruin; and that done, he repaired to the banking-house of Messrs. ——, and having ascertained the actual loss those gentlemen had sustained by the late robbery; and setting aside even their own admission, that others had assisted in the perpetration, and partaken of the booty with his unhappy boy; he proceeded with unwavering inflexibility of purpose, to make over to them, without reservation or condition, the entire sum of his long-accumulating wealth, of which their house had been the faithful depository; and the first faint sensation of relief which enlightened the heart of the afflicted father, was that when he received into his hands, not an acquittance of his son's criminal abstraction, from which he well knew Messrs. —— could not legally absolve him,—but an acknowledgment of such and such monies paid into the establishment, as due to it on account of his son Josiah. That payment reimbursed the firm within a trifle of their actual loss, and the

deficiency was made good to them in a fortnight, by the sale of a few acres of Andrew's paternal farm—the little patrimony he had tilled and cultivated with the sweat of his brow, in the natural and honest hope of transmitting it entire and unalienable to his descendants, though destined, in his fond anticipation, to form but an inconsiderable portion of the worldly wealth to which he aspired for his young Josiah. The greater part of the land in the occupation of Andrew Cleaves, was held on renewable leases,—a term whereof expiring about the time of his great calamity, he resigned the whole into his landlord's hands.

The concern, though considerable, had hitherto been but the healthful and salutary occupation of his hale and vigorous age, and its annual bringings in were still added to the previous hoard, for him who was to inherit all. But that great stimulus was gone forever. For whom should he now toil?—for whom should he accumulate? For whom—to what, look forward? "To Heaven," was the fervent response of his own heart, when the desolate old man thus mused within himself, but with earth what more had he to do? "Sweet are the lessons of adversity." His elder sin—his abstract covetousness—was dead within him. The few paternal acres with which he had begun the world, would more than furnish a sufficiency for his contracted wants, and even afford a surplus to reserve for future exigencies; and in calculating those, he thought far less of his own desolate old age, than of the wretched exile, whose cry might come from afar to the ear of his forsaken parent, should disease and misery come upon him, and the associates of his guilt leave him to perish in his helplessness. It was a miserable hope, but still it *was hope*, and it lent the old man energy and strength to ply his rural labours, in their own contracted space, with almost undiminished activity.

Weeks slipped away,—weeks—months—a year—four years. Four

years had come and gone since the day that left Andrew Cleaves a worse than childless father,—the forlorn tenant of his paternal cottage, which, with its appendencies of barn, out-buildings, and a few fields, was all that *then* remained to him of his previous prosperity.

Four years had passed since then, and the old man still lived. The same roof still sheltered him,—the same small garden still yielded its produce to his laborious hands. But that small dwelling, and that poor patch of ground, and its adjoining slip of pasturage, a crazy cart, one cow, and one old horse,—(the favourite grey colt, now white with age,)—these were all the possessions that Andrew Cleaves could now call his own in the wide world. A cry *had* come from afar,—the appeal of guilt and misery,—and it came not unheeded. Again and again the father's heart was wrung, and his straitened means were drained to the uttermost, to supply the necessities, or, alas! the fraudulent cravings of the miserable supplicant. And now and then professions of contrition, and promises of reform, served to keep up the parent's hope; and old and impoverished as he was, he would have taken up his staff and travelled uncounted leagues, to have thrown himself upon the outcast's neck, and received into his own bosom the tears of the repentant prodigal. But under various pretences, the wretched youth still evaded all propositions of this nature, though his communications became more frequent—more apparently unreserved,—more regular and plausible,—and at last came such as, while he read them, blinded the old man's eyes with tears of gratitude and joy. It was an artfully constructed tale. The eloquence of an itinerant preacher had touched the stony heart. Then came the hour of conversion—of regeneration—of justification—of peace unspeakable! Pious friends had rejoiced over their converted brother—had associated him in their labours,—deeming him a fit instrument to convince

others, himself a shining testimony of the power of grace,—and then points of worldly consideration were cautiously introduced. For him there was no safety in his native land. But other lands offered a refuge—a decent maintenance—above all, a spiritual harvest,—and thither, by many unquestionable tokens, he felt himself called, to labour in the vineyard. A little band of elect Christians were about to embark themselves and families for a distant mission. To them he was, as it were, constrained in spirit to join himself,—and then came the pith and marrow of the whole—the point to which these hypocritical details had tended—to his kind parent, his forgiving father, he looked for the pecuniary assistance necessary to fit him out for a long voyage and distant establishment. And there were references given to “Reverend gentlemen,” and “serious Christians;” and letters confirming Josiah's statement were actually addressed to Andrew Cleaves by more than one pious enthusiast, blessed with more zeal than discretion, whose credulity had been imposed on by the pretended convert. This well-concerted story was but too successful. All lurking doubts were discarded from Andrew's mind, when he succeeded in ascertaining that the letters addressed to him were actually written by the persons whose names were affixed as signatures. “Now may I depart in peace,” was the old man's inward ejaculation, as, full of joyful gratitude, he despoiled himself of nearly his last earthly possessions, to forward what he believed the brightening prospects of his repentant child. The reversion of his cottage and garden and the small close, was promptly—and without one selfish pang—disposed of to a fair bidder, and an order for the sum it sold for as quickly transmitted to the unworthy expectant, together with a multifarious assortment of such articles as the deceived parent, in his simplicity of heart, fondly imagined might contribute to the comfort and conve-

nience of the departing exile. A few good books were slipt into the package, and Josiah's own Bible and prayer book, were not forgotten. Involuntarily the old man pause as he was carefully enfolding the former in its green baize cover; involuntarily he paused a moment, and almost unconsciously opened the sacred volume, and on the few words written on the fly leaf 19 years before by his own hand, his eyes dwelt intently till the sight became obscured, and a large drop falling on the simple inscription, startled the venerable writer from his fond abstraction.

Day after day, the now comforted but anxious father, expected the coming letter of filial acknowledgment. Day after day, procrastinating the tasks on which depended his whole subsistence, he was at C—— by the hour of the mail's arrival, and evening after evening he returned to his solitary home, his frugal, alas! his now scanty meal, sick at heart with "Hope deferred," yet devising plausible pretences for retaining the blissful illusion. But at length its fading hues were utterly effaced—no word—no letter—no communication came; silence, chilling, withering, deathlike silence held on its palsying course, and once more divested of all earthly hope, Andrew Cleaves leant wholly for support on the staff which faileth not in direst extremity. But the fiery trial had not reached its climax. The gold was yet to be more thoroughly refined, yea, proved to the uttermost.

Three months had elapsed since the last day of Andrew's shortlived gladness, when a rumour reached him which had been for some time current at C——; that his unhappy son had been seen in the neighbourhood, and recognised by more than one person, in spite of the real and artificial change which had taken place in his appearance; that he had been observed in company with suspected characters, some of whom were believed to be connected with a gang of horsestealers, whose depredations

had lately proceeded to an audacious extent in C—— and its vicinity; and that two houses had lately been broken open, under circumstances that evidenced the skilful practice of experienced thieves. The painful warning came not to an incredulous ear. That of the unhappy father was but too well prepared for the worst that might betide. But this vague perception of impending calamity—this indefinite anticipation of something near and terrible—was, of all his painful experiences, the most difficult to endure with christian equanimity. For many days and nights after he heard that frightful rumour, Andrew Cleaves knew not an hour of peaceful thought, nor one of quiet slumber. However employed,—in his cottage—in his garden,—if a passing cloud but cast a momentary shadow, he started from his task, and looked fearfully abroad for the feet of those who might be swift to bring evil tidings. And in the silence of night, and during the unrest of his thorny pillow, the stirring of a leaf—the creaking of the old vine stems—the rustling of the martin on her nest under the eaves—sounded to his distempered fancy like steps, and whispers, and murmuring voices. And once, when the night-hawk dashed against his casement in her eccentric circles, he started from his bed with the sudden thought (it came like lightning) "was it possible that *he*—the guilty one—the wretched—the forsaken, might have stolen near, under the shadow of night, to gaze like the first outcast Cain, on the tents of peace, from which he was for ever exiled?"—"Oh! *not* from hence—not from his father's roof!" was the old man's unconscious murmur, as, under the influence of that agitating thought, he flung open the cottage door, and stepped out into the quiet garden. There was no sign nor sound of mortal intrusion. No foot-print on the dewy herb-bed beneath the casement, betraying its pressure by the exhalation of unwonted fragrance. The old horse was grazing quietly in his small pas-

ture. The garden gate close latched, and no objects visible on the common to which it opened, but the dark low pyramids of furze, distinct in the cloudless starlight. And soon that feverish fancy passed away from the old man's mind, as the balmy air played round his throbbing temples, and he inhaled the wafting of that thymy common, and listened to the natural tones of midnight's diapason, and gazed fixedly on the dark blue heaven, and its starry myriads,

“For ever singing as they shine,
‘The hand that made us is divine.’”

Ten days had dragged on heavily, since Andrew Cleaves's mournful tranquillity had been thus utterly overthrown. During all that time he had not ventured beyond his own little territory. The weekly journey to C—, with his cart-load of rural merchandize; (the produce of his garden and his dairy,) had been relinquished, though its precarious sale now furnished his sole means of subsistence. But towards the end of the second week, finding himself unmolested by fresh rumours, or corroborations, he began to take hope that the whispers of his son's re-appearance in the neighbourhood might have arisen on vague suspicion, or the slight ground of fancied or accidental resemblance. So reasoning with himself, the old man shook off, as far as in him lay, the influence of those paralyzing apprehensions, and his morbid reluctance to re-enter the busy streets of C—, where he felt as if destined to encounter some fresh and overwhelming misfortune. But though Andrew Cleaves's iron nerves and powerful mind had been thus enfeebled, by his late trial of torturing suspense, he was not one to encourage vague forebodings, or give way to pusillanimous weakness; so, girding up his loins for renewed exertions, he loaded his little cart with its accustomed freight, and, as cheerfully as might be, set off for C— market. By the time he reached it, bodily exercise and mental exertion, co-operating with change of scene and variety of objects, had, in a great

measure, restored to him his usual firmness and self-possession, and he transacted his business clearly and prosperously—provided himself with such few articles of home consumption as he had been accustomed weekly to take back from C—, and once more set his face homeward, inwardly blessing God that he was permitted to return in peace.

As he turned the corner of Market Street, into that where stood the Court-house, in which the Magistrates were holding their weekly meeting, his progress was impeded by an unusual crowd, which thronged the doors of the building, with an appearance of uncommon excitation. Andrew was, however, slowly making way through the concourse, when two or three persons observed, and recognised him—and suddenly a whisper ran through the crowd, and a strange hush succeeded, and all eyes were directed towards him, as the people pressed back, as though, in sympathetic concert, to leave free passage for his humble vehicle. But the old man, instead of profiting by their spontaneous courtesy, unconsciously tightened his reins, and gazed about him with troubled and bewildered looks. In a moment he felt himself the object of general observation, and then his eyes wandered instinctively to the Court-house doors, from whence confused sounds proceeded, and at that moment one or two persons from within spoke with the eager listeners on the steps—and the words—“Prisoner” and “committed,” smote upon Andrew's ear, and the whole flashed upon him. As if struck by an electric shock, he started up, and, leaping upon the pavement with all the agility of youthful vigour, would have dashed into the Justice Hall, but for a firm and friendly grasp which forcibly withheld him. Wildly striking down the detaining hand, he was rushing forward, when himself and all those about the doors were suddenly forced back, by a posse of constables and others descending the Court-house steps, and clearing the way for those

who were conducting the prisoner to jail. And now it was, that the poor old man, overcome by agonizing expectation, leant heavily and unconsciously on the friendly arm, which a moment before he had dashed aside with impatient recklessness. Cold drops gathered upon his forehead—he breathed short and thick, and his sight became misty and imperfect, as he strained it with painful intensity towards the open door-way. But it cleared partially, as the expected group came forth. Three persons only—the middlemost a hand-cuffed guarded felon, whose downcast features, haggard, and dark, and fierce—and shadowed by a mass of coarse red hair, were seen but for a moment, as he was hurried short round the corner of the Court-house to the adjacent prison. But the old man *had* seen them—he had seen enough—a genial glow diffused itself through his shivering frame—and with a burst of renovated energy he clasped his upraised hands forcibly together, and cried out with a piercing voice—“It is *not* he—Oh, God! it is not *he*.” It *was* a piercing cry! The prisoner started, and half turned—but he was hurried off, and the crowd had already closed in between him and Andrew Cleaves, who, recovering a degree of self-possession, looked up at last to note and thank those who had befriended him in his agony. Everywhere—from all eyes—he encountered looks of compassionate interest, and distressful meaning—and no one spoke but in some low whisper to his neighbour—and again Andrew’s heart sunk with a strange, fearful doubt. But had he *not* beheld with his own eyes?—That dark gaunt countenance!—Those fiery elf locks!—“*That* could not be my curly-headed boy—You saw it was not he!” the old man faintly uttered, as his eyes wandered with imploring anxiety from face to face, and resting at last on that of the friend whose arm still lent him its requisite support, read there such a page of fearful meaning, as scarce needed the confirmation of words to reveal the

whole extent of his calamity. But the words were spoken—the few and fatal words, which dispelled his transient security. They sounded on his ear like the stunning din of rushing waters, yet were they low and gentle—but his physical and mental powers were failing under the rapid transitions of conflicting passions, and overtaken Nature obtained a merciful respite, by sinking for a time into a state of perfect unconsciousness.

It needs not to detail the particulars of that last daring exploit, which had been the means of consigning Josiah into the hands of justice; nor of the progressive circumstances, which had drawn him back, step by step, with the hardened confidence of infatuated guilt, to receive the punishment of his crimes on the very spot where he had first broken through the laws of God and man. Neither will we attempt to trace the journal of those miserable weeks that intervened between his committal to the county jail and his trial, which came on at the next assizes. Still less may we venture to paint minutely, the first meeting of parent and child, in such a place, under such circumstances. On one side, the overwhelming agony of grief and tenderness. On the other, the callous exterior of sullen insensibility, and sneering recklessness, and unfilial reproaches, “sharper than a serpent’s tooth.” It is too painful to dwell on such a scene—too harrowing to depict it. Rather let us pass on to the brighter days of that awful interval, which was most blessed in its prolongation. Light from above penetrated the depth of the dungeon. The prayer of faith prevailed. The sinner’s heart was touched, and at last the tears of the repentant son fell like balm upon the father’s bosom. From *that* hour the gracious work was gradually perfected. The good seed, though mixed with tares, had been sown early in Josiah’s heart; and God gave time in mercy, that the parental hand, which had first sown it there, should, with gen-

tle and dear-bought experience, revive the long hidden and unfruitful germ, and cherish it into life everlasting. The father's labour of love had been ably seconded by the christian zeal of the officiating chaplain, who was unremitting in his visits to the prisoner's cell, especially at those times when imperious necessity detained Andrew Cleaves at his own desolate home, or forced him more unwillingly into the public haunts. But when (as was not unfrequent) Mr. Grey found the father and the son together, it was very affecting to observe with what a chastised and humbled spirit the aged man acknowledged his *own* deficiencies—his *own* need of instruction, and his own earnest desire to profit by the spiritual teaching, and pious exhortations, addressed to his unhappy son. Mr. Grey's voice not seldom faltered with emotion, as he looked on his two hearers, the eyes of both fixed on him with such earnest reverence! Of the beautiful youth!—and the old grey-haired man!—and both so near the grave!

The awful hour approached of Josiah's arraignment before an earthly tribunal, but his trial did not come on till the last day of the assizes. Its result was inevitable, had the cause been defended by the ablest counsel in the land; but no defence was attempted, all had been pre-arranged between the father and son; and when the latter in a low but steady voice pleaded "Guilty" to the charge against him, and in spite of merciful dissuasion from the Bench itself, firmly persisted in that plea, and it was finally recorded, the aged parent who had accompanied him into Court, and borne up through all the preliminary forms with unshaken fortitude, bowed his head in token of perfect acquiescence with that decisive act, and yielding at last to natural weakness, suffered himself to be led away, as the Judge arose to pronounce sentence.

On the evening of the day preceding that appointed for his execution, far different was the scene in Josiah's

cell, from what it had presented in the earlier stages of his imprisonment. Its occupants were the same as then, the old afflicted man, and the poor guilty youth—and they were alone together, and *now* for the last time, and earthly hope was none for either of them. And yet, in that gloomy cell—that portal of the grave, *was* Hope, not born of *this* world, and Peace, such as this world "can neither give nor take away." In the father's heart, a humble and holy confidence, that through Christ's atonement and intercession, the pardon of his repentant child was already registered in Heaven; and in the son's, a more chastised and trembling hope, built up on the same corner stone, and meekly testified by a perfect submission to his awarded doom, far removed from the miserable triumph of false courage, and the presumptuous confidence of fanatic delusion. That evening was the close of the last Sabbath Josiah was to pass on earth, and the old man had obtained the mournful privilege of being locked up for the night in the condemned cell. Father and son had that day partaken together of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; and when the pious and compassionate chaplain, who had administered that holy rite, looked in upon them before the closing of the prison doors, they were sitting together upon the low hard pallet, side by side, hand clasped in hand,—and few words passed between them, for they had spoken all. But the Bible lay open upon the father's knees, and the eyes of both followed the same line, on the same page, as the old man occasionally read in his deep solemn voice, some strengthening and consolatory sentence. The youth's tall slight form was visibly attenuated, and his face was very pale—yet it had regained much of its sweet and youthful expression. The jetty curls of which his father had been so proud, again clustered in glossy richness on his white and polished forehead, and as his head leant against the old man's shoulder, a large tear,

which had trembled on the long black fringes of his downcast eye-lids, dropt on the sacred page, which assuredly it profaned not. As the good chaplain gazed upon that youthful countenance, his own eyes filled with tears, and he almost groaned within himself, "To be cut off so young!" But repressing that involuntary thought, as one of sinful questioning with Heaven, he addressed to each of his heart-stricken hearers, a few fitting words of comfort and exhortation, and having knelt down with them in short but fervent prayer, and promised to revisit them at the earliest hour of admission, he departed for the night with his Master's emphatic words, "Peace be with you."

The pale cold light of November dawn yet feebly visited the cell, when Mr. Grey re-entered early on the fatal morning, and all was so still within, he thought *both* slept, the parent and the child. Both had lain down together on the narrow pallet, and the youth's eyes were heavy, and he "slept for sorrow;" but in age, the whole weight falls *within*, and presses not upon the aching eyelids: So the old man slept not. The son's cheek was pillowed on the father's breast, every feature composed in angelic peace, and his slumbers were deep and tranquil as those of infant innocence. One long pale hand was clasped within his father's—in that hard withered hand, which had toiled for him so long—and as the chaplain drew near, and stooped over the bed, the old man, who had been so intently watching his child's placid sleep, as not to heed the opening of the cell, turned his head round with an impatient gesture, as if to prevent the disturbance of that blessed rest. Perhaps *he* also had slumbered for a while, and awaking with that young head upon his bosom, where it had so often lain in the beauty of childhood, his mind had wandered back confusedly to that blissful season, and its fair vision of parental hope. But one glance round the walls of the small prison

room, at the person of the reverend visitor, recalled him to the scene of sad reality, and knowing that the hour was come, he cast upward one earnest look of unutterable supplication, and softly pressing his lips to the forehead of the still unconscious sleeper, thus tenderly awakened him, as he had often done before to light and joy; but *now* to the light of a new day, which for him, whose hours were numbered, was to have no morrow but eternity. And from that hour, till the earthly expiation was complete, Andrew Cleaves left not for one single instant, the side of his unhappy son; and having surely received strength from above, proportioned to his great necessity, not only sustained *himself* firmly throughout the tremendous trial, but soothed and supported the fainting spirit of the poor youth, in his dishonoured passage through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, whispering hope and consolation, even within the portal of that gloomy gate, through which, according to the course of nature, himself should have gone first. And when all was over, his aged hands helped to compose in its narrow receptacle that youthful form, which should have followed his own remains to a peaceful grave, and laid his grey head reverently in the dust.

Andrew Cleaves had provided that his own cart, with the old favourite horse, should be in readiness at the place of execution, that Gallows-hill at a short distance from C——, where his first outset with the young Josiah had been so ominously impeded. Compunctious bitterness might have sharpened the arrow in his heart, had the absorbing *present* left room for retrospection. But to him, the past, the future, and all extraneous circumstances, were for a time annihilated. In comparatively light affliction, the heart takes strange delight, in aggravating its own sufferings, with bitter fancies, and dear remembrances, and dark anticipations; but a mighty grief sufficeth unto itself, in its terrible individuality.

So absorbed, yet acting as if mechanically impelled, while aught remained to do, the old man proceeded with his appointed task, and having, with the assistance of friendly hands, lifted into the cart the shell containing that poor *all* which now remained to him on earth, he quietly took his seat beside it, while those who had so far lent their charitable aid, prepared to accompany the humble vehicle with its mournful freight, and to lead the old horse—ah! how unconscious of his charge—with slow and respectful pace, to the desolate home of his aged master. Just as the simple arrangement was complete, the old man, whose eyes had not once wandered from the coffin, lifted them for a moment to the face of a woman, who had touched him accidentally, as she stood beside the cart. The sight of that face was like lightning from the past. It flashed through heart and brain, and awakened every nerve that thrilled to torturing memory; and almost he could have cried aloud—“Hast thou found me, oh, mine enemy?” but he refrained himself; and groaning inwardly, let fall his head upon his breast in deep humility. Then slowly lifting it, looked up again into that remembered face, still fixed on him with an expression of unforgetting hardness; and laying his hand upon the coffin, he said, in a subdued tone, “Woman! pray for me—the time is come.”

The old man looked up no more, neither spake nor moved, nor betrayed farther signs of consciousness, till the humble car, with its charitable escort, stopt at the gate of his own cottage garden. Then rousing himself to fresh exertion, his first care was to assist in bearing the body of his dead son under the shelter of that roof, beneath which, three-and-twenty years before, he had welcomed him, a new-born babe—and to place the coffin (for he would have it so) on his own bed, in his own chamber. Then lingering for a moment behind those who had helped him to deposit the untimely burden, he drew the

white curtain before the little casement, glanced round the chamber as if to ascertain that all was arranged with respectful neatness, and stepping softly, like one who feared to disturb the slumbers of the sick, paused on the threshold to look back for a moment, and making fast the door, as if to secure his treasure, followed his friends into the outer room, and with quiet and collected firmness, rendered to all his grateful acknowledgments for their charitable services, and set before them such refreshment as his poor means had enabled him to provide.

Neither, while they silently partook round his humble board, did he remit aught of kindly hospitality, nor was it apparently by any painful effort that he so exerted himself. But there was *that* in his countenance and deportment, and in the tone of his low deep voice, which arrested the words of those who would have pressed him to “eat and drink and be comforted,” and carried conviction to the hearts of all, that to *his* affliction One only could minister; and that having rendered him all the active service immediately needful, they should best consult his wishes, by leaving him to the unmolested quiet of his solitary cottage. There was a whispering among themselves, as they stood up to depart—and then a few lowly spoken, but earnest proffers, were made to return at the close of evening, and watch through the hours of darkness, while the old grey head took rest in sleep, by him whose slumbers needed no guardianship. But the kindly offer was declined with a gentle shake of the head, and a faint smile which spoke more meaningly than words—and the old man spoke also, and thanked and blessed them, and bade them take no care for him, for he should “*now* take rest.” So they retired—slowly and reluctantly retired—and left him to his coveted solitude.

But there were not wanting some who, deeply moved with compassionate anxiety for the desolate old man,

came about the cottage after night-fall, and crept close to its walls with stealthy footsteps. And they told how, looking cautiously into the chamber of death, wherein a light was burning, they saw a sight which so strangely and powerfully affected them, that (rough peasants as they were) they could not afterwards speak of it with unflinching voices. The coffin, from which the lid had been removed, rested, as they had helped to place it, at the old man's desire, on one half of his own bedstead; and beside it, he had since arranged his mattress and pillow, and then (his head pressing against the coffin, and one arm flung across over its side) he lay at length in sweet and tranquil slumber. He had told them he should "*now* take rest;" and, doubtless, that rest so taken, strange and awful as it was to look upon, was sweet and blessed, in comparison with all he had lately tasted. For him the bitterness of death was past; and the nearness of his own change, made of slight account the little intervening space of earthly darkness. Once more his son lay beside him on that same bed they had so often shared together; and perhaps the moment of remission with his forgiven child was already anticipated in the dreams of that placid sleep, which composed his venerable features in such unearthly peace.

Four days afterwards, the remains of Josiah Cleaves were quietly and decently interred beside those of his mother, in Redburn churchyard. Six labourers, formerly in the employ of Andrew, volunteered to bear the body to its last resting-place; and two or three respectable persons, in decent mourning, walked behind the aged solitary mourner. And beside him none other was a-kin to the dead, of those who stood that day about that untimely grave in Redburn churchyard; yet was his the only face, which, as the affecting service proceeded, maintained unmoved composure, and his the only dry eyes that followed the descent of the coffin, as it

was lowered into "the pit where all things are forgotten."

Andrew Cleaves had unavoidably incurred a few trifling debts during the time of Josiah's imprisonment, and the consequent relaxation of his own laborious industry. To discharge those, and the burial expenses, he parted with his cow, and with his last *freehold*,—that small old pew in the parish church, which had descended to him from his father, the heir-loom of many generations, where he himself (a small urchin!) had stood aloft upon the seat between his father and his mother; and when the old couple were laid side by side in the churchyard—where he had sat alone, upright against the high dark oak back, a thriving bachelor, "the cynosure of neighbouring eyes," and afterwards, a staid and serious bridegroom, with his matronly bride; and then again, alone in impregnable widowhood; and, last of all, a proud and happy father, with his little son lifted up beside him into the very place where he had stood between his own parents. Andrew Cleaves had said to himself, as he gazed upon the dead body of his son, that no after circumstance of human life could affect him with the slightest emotion of joy or sorrow; but when he finally made over to another the possession of his old pew, one pang of commingled feeling thrilled through his heart, and moistened the aged eyes that had looked tearlessly into his son's grave.

The next Sunday after the funeral, Andrew Cleaves was at church as usual, but not in his accustomed place. Many pew-doors opened to him, as he walked slowly and feebly up the aisle, and many a hand was put forth to the old man's arm, essaying to draw him in with kindly violence; but gently disengaging himself, and silently declining the proffered accommodation, he passed onward, and took his seat near the communion-table, on the end of one of the benches appropriated to the

parish poor ; and from that time forward, to the end of his days, Andrew Cleaves was to be seen twice every Sabbath-day in that same place, more dignified in his sorrow and his humility, and perhaps more inwardly at peace, than he had ever been when the world went well with him, and he counted himself a happy man.

Andrew Cleaves was an old man when his great calamity befel him. He had already numbered seven years beyond the age of man—his threescore years and ten ; and though he bore up bravely during the time of trial, that time told afterwards tenfold in the account of Nature, and he sank for a time almost into decrepit feebleness ; yet still the lonely creature crept about as usual, and was seen at his daily labour, and at church and market, and answered all greetings and kindly queries, with courteous thankfulness, and assurances that he was well—quite well, and wanted for nothing, and was content to “tarry the Lord’s leisure.” But it was easy to see he hoped soon to depart, and all who spoke of him said his time would not be long, “for the old man’s strength was going.” Nevertheless, it was God’s pleasure to delay the summons, which could not but have been welcome, though it was awaited with submissive patience. Andrew Cleaves survived his son’s death upwards of nine years, and not only did his strong and sound constitution in great measure recover from the shock which for a time had prostrated its uncommon power, but his mind also settled into a state of such perfect peace, as at times almost brightened into cheerfulness ; and never before had he tasted such *pure* enjoyment from the sight of the green earth—of the summer sky, and the sweet influence of the balmy air.

The old man would have been a welcome and respected guest by many a fire-side in Redburn village ; but at his time of day, it was too late to acquire social habits. It is often easier to break the bondage of a

heavy chain, than to disentangle the meshes of a few seemingly slight cords ; neither may the tree, which has been warped when a sapling, be made straight when its green branches are all gone, and the bare trunk left scarred and rifted on the heath.

Andrew still dwelt companionless in his paternal cottage, and rarely entered under any other roof, except that of the House of God. But, towards the close of his life, he was more frequently drawn into intercourse with his fellow creatures, than at any former period of his existence. He had continued to support himself, for four years after his son’s death, on the sole profits of his garden, and of a little poultry that fed about his cottage ; with which small merchandise he still performed his weekly journey to C—— market. But though the “green old age” of honest Greybeard still yielded good and willing service, it was plain to be seen, that the crazy cart must soon drop to pieces, and painfully suspected that there was pinching want in Andrew’s cottage, in lieu of the increasing comforts which should afford “a good soft pillow for the old grey head.” And, thereupon, much kindly consultation took place among the *Magnates* of the parish, how to assist and benefit the old man, without wounding his last lurking feeling of human pride—the pride of living by the honest labour of his own hands, unindebted to parochial or individual charity. An opportunity soon presented itself, for the furtherance of their benevolent purpose. The foot carrier, who had long travelled twice a-week, to and fro, between C—— and Redburn, became disabled from continuing his office, the acceptance of which was immediately proposed to Andrew Cleaves, and that a new light cart should be provided for him by subscription, among those to whom the regular carriage of packages larger than could be conveyed by a foot carrier, would prove a real accommodation. The old man did not

long deliberate. He felt that he could usefully and faithfully acquit himself of the proffered charge, and accepted it with unhesitating gratitude. But when there was farther talk of purchasing for him a younger and more efficient steed than honest Greybeard, Andrew shook his head, in positive rejection, and said, smiling, "No, no, *we* must rub on together—the old fellow will do good service yet; and who knows but he may take *me* to my last home?" And then, for a moment, his brow darkened with a passing shadow, for the thought of the *last burden* of mortality drawn by the old horse came vividly into his mind.

The new cart was provided, the venerable carrier installed into his office, and for five whole years, (his remaining span of life,) he fulfilled its duties with characteristic faithfulness and exactitude, and almost with the physical energies of his youthful prime. Winter and summer—through frost and snow—and in the dog-day heat—through fair ways and foul—by daylight and twilight—Andrew Cleaves's cart was to be seen nearly about the same place on Redburn Common, at, or near, five o'clock, on the afternoon of Tuesdays and Saturdays, on its return from C—. And it was still drawn lustily along by the same old horse, looking sleek and glossy, and round-quartered like one of Wouverman's Flemings; and when some one, willing to please the master, would now and then pat the sides of the faithful creature, and comment on his handsome appearance, the old man would smile with evident gratification, and say—"Ay, ay, I knew what stuff he was made of—*we* shall last out one another's time—never fear."

So said Andrew Cleaves, towards the close of a long, hard winter; when, though the snow-drifts that still lay in every shady place, were not whiter than the once darkly dappled coat of old Greybeard—he shewed little other sign of age, except, indeed, the rather more deliberate pace in which his kind master

indulged him. But though the tardy spring set in at last, mild, warm, and beautiful; and though its renovating spirit seemed to infuse itself, like a renewal of youthful vigour into the frame of the hale and hearty old man, it was observed that his periodical returns from C— became each time later and later; and that in spite of the young tender grass on which Greybeard fed at pleasure—and the abundance of bruised corn, and heartening mashies with which he was tenderly pampered, the sides of the aged creature grew lank and hollow, his fine glossy coat rough and dull, and that his well-set ears, and once erect and sprightly head, drooped low and heavily as he toiled slowly homeward over the Common.

It was some evening in the first week of balmy June, that an inhabitant of Redburn, who expected a consignment by Andrew's cart, set out to meet the vehicle on its return from C—. The man walked on and on, and no cart was seen approaching, and the gloaming was darkening apace, and still no Andrew.

But just as uncomfortable surmises respecting the delay of the venerable carrier began to crowd into his neighbour's mind, the old man came in sight, not in his accustomed driving-seat, but walking by the side of his aged steed, which still drew on the cart with its lightened load, but evidently with painful labour; and when Andrew stopt to deliver out the required parcel, his neighbour remarked to him, that though he himself looked stout and well as usual, his good horse seemed drawing near the last of his journeys.

"Maybe—maybe," gravely replied the old man, laying his arm tenderly across the neck of his aged servant, and looking in the creature's face, as it lifted and half turned round its head with seeming consciousness—"Maybe, master! but who knows, after all, which may go first? Please God, we may yet last out one another's time."

But he himself looked well, and

strong as ever, and talked cheerfully all the rest of the way; and that same evening, as was customary with him, walked his rounds, to give account of his multifarious commissions. This was on the evening of Saturday, and the next morning Andrew Cleaves was missed at church from his accustomed seat; and no soul that looked towards the vacant place, but knew immediately, that the old man was either sick unto death, or that he had already "fallen asleep in Jesus."

When divine service was over, many persons bent their steps towards the lonely cottage; and soon the general expectation (fear on such an occasion would have been an irreligious feeling) was fully verified. The cottage door was closed and locked, and not a lattice open, but prompt admission was effected, and there the venerable inmate was found sitting in his old high-backed chair, before the little claw-table, on which was a small glass of untasted ale, and an unlit pipe beside the open Bible. It seemed at a first glance, as if the old man were reading,—but it was not so. One hand, indeed, was still spread upon the chapter before him, but his head had dropt down upon his breast, his eyes were closed, and he slept the last sleep of the righteous.

Such were the village annals collected from different narrators, and at divers opportunities, during the better part of a long summer month, which time I employed, or as some would have it, idled away, in fishing the streams in the vicinity of Redburn, taking up my head-quarters at the sign of the Jolly Miller. The substance of the story, and all its main facts, were, however, related to me by the loquacious landlady, on the first night of my sojourn under her roof. And she wound up her narrative with farther particulars, including the ghost, which had excited such extraordinary tumult in the hitherto quiet village.

Andrew Cleaves had been laid at

rest beside the graves of his wife and son, the day before my arrival. The burial charges were defrayed by the sale of that poor remnant of his household goods which yet remained in the cottage, its once abundant plenishing having gone piece by piece during the time of his greatest necessity. The old cottage itself, and its small domain, fell in of course to its reversionary purchaser, the village butcher. And there was no man to say him nay, when he likewise appropriated to himself, as make-weights no doubt in the scale of the dilapidated building—its few living appurtenances,—Andrew's favourite breed of milk-white poultry, and his only, his still surviving servant, honest Greybeard. Yes, the poor old creature, fast drooping as he was, did indeed *last out his master's time*, and render him the latest service. For the old man was taken to his grave in his own cart, by his own aged servant; and that was the last task of the poor worn-out brate; and when it was over, his new proprietor turned him loose at the churchyard gate into his own adjoining field, there to linger out the few intervening days, till that when he was destined to furnish a repast to the squire's hounds.

The graves of the Cleaves's lay side by side under the churchyard wall, at that end of the cemetery exactly fronting the entrance. The old man had been committed to the earth on the fourth day from that of his decease; and, some hours after the funeral, a person came hurrying about nightfall into the tap-room of the Jolly Miller, affirming, that in his way past the churchyard, having looked accidentally towards the new made grave, at its farther extremity, he had seen distinctly a white spectral shape arise out of the earth, at the head of the dark fresh mound, which strange appearance gradually increased in size and stature, till he was afraid to continue gazing, and ran off to communicate the awful intelligence.

Some laughed at Hodge's story,

some bullied, some quaked; but all clamoured and questioned, and finished by running off *en masse* towards the churchyard, headed by the bearer of wonderful tidings, whose courage being of a gregarious nature, became absolute valour with such comfortable backing. Yet did his pace slacken perceptibly as he approached the burial-ground, and his followers pressed less impatiently upon his heels; and the whole phalanx, by that time wedged into close order, retrograded simultaneously, when Hodge stopped short with a theatrical start, and stretching forth his right arm, after the fashion of the Prince of Denmark, uttered not exactly the adjuration of the royal Dane, but an exclamation quite as electric to his excited followers.

"There he goes, by Gosh!" quoth Hodge, under his breath.

But all heard the awful words; and all were ready to make oath, that, just as they were spoken, they saw something tall, white, vapoury, spectral, sink down into the earth at the head of Andrew Cleaves's grave. Some went so far as to whisper of having caught a glimpse of horns and fiery eyes; and they might have got on to hoofs and a long tail, had not the less imaginative elders rebuked such idle fantasies, and condemned the uncharitable inferences therefrom deducible.

"For why should the Evil One, designated by their fears, be permitted to visit the last earthly resting-place of one, whose faith, while living, had baffled his subtlest wiles, and whose immortal part was now, it was humbly to be hoped, beyond the influence of his power?"

But *they*, too,—those sober wittnesses,—had seen *something*,—had caught a momentary glance of the white figure as it sank into the earth! and their long-drawn jaws, and solemn doubts, and qualified admission, and pious ejaculations, struck more awe to the hearts of the cowering group than the bolder asseverations of the first speakers. Certain it is, not one of the party proposed to en-

ter the consecrated precincts, and take closer cognizance of the spot, to which all eyes were directed with intense eagerness. But they kept their ground of observation for a considerable time after the vanishing of the phantom; and though mysterious sounds and indistinct glimmerings were still rife in the heated imaginings of many, no further *appearance* was unanimously pronounced to have been visible during that night's watch, and, by degrees, the gazers dispersed, to spread panic and conjecture through the village. No epidemic is more easily disseminated; and, by the next day's close, *all* Redburn mustered for the ghost-hunt;—which formidable array it was my lot to encounter when I first entered the straggling street, in quest of lodging and entertainment at the village inn. More entertainment than I had reckoned on was, as I have shown, provided for me by my garrulous landlady; and her village gossip had so well eked out the more substantial refreshment of her savoury fare, that time had stolen on unheeded amidst the unwonted quiet of her well-frequented house, and darkness had long succeeded the gloaming, which lent me light to reach its hospitable shelter. And still the old lady had something more to tell, and I still listened with unwearied ear, when all at once the deep, unnatural quiet of "the deserted village" was broken by a confused uproar, like the rushing of an approaching torrent, and, in a moment, the trampling of many feet, and the clattering of many tongues, announced the nearness of the living *torrent*, which came pouring onward in "admiral disorder," and pressing head over head, and shoulder against shoulder, into the kitchen of the Jolly Miller. And there were white faces, and staring eyes, and chattering teeth, and "horrific hair," but no paralysis of tongues; and, for a while, the confusion of Babel was nothing to that which mingled forty discordant voices, all trying to out-pitch one another.

At length, however, I obtained from mine host himself the sum and substance of the *united discords*. His *professional* eye had been acute, even in the midst of the hurlyburly, to discern that a new and respectable-looking guest was located in his house; and I was accordingly favoured with his account of the recent adventure.

They had watched, he said, two good hours at the churchyard hatch, in full view of Andrew Cleaves's grave, the exact spot of which was discernible, even after perfect night-fall. And they had taken every possible precaution to satisfy themselves before dark that no living creature, Christian or brute, was lurking within the churchyard,—that there was nothing within it but the green graves, and the white tombstones, and the old yew tree in the north-east angle.

"Well, sir," said mine host, "we watched there, as I made mention, two mortal hours; and though some fancied one thing, and some another, they were nothing but fancies,—for nothing better nor worse than we ourselves was stirring all that time; and I for one began to think we were making fools of ourselves, and had best sneak home quietly, and say nothing more about the matter. But just then, sir," quavered mine host, glancing fearfully round, and lowering his tone to a whisper; "just then, sir! we *did* see something. We *seed* the tall, white thing, rise up out of the earth, right at the head of the old man's grave; and then, sir, if you'll believe me, as I am a sinful man, it rose and rose, and spread, till it was as big and high as the gas-work tower—though, for shape, we could not make it much out,—only the head of it seemed to shoot up in a kind of forked fashion; and there must have been some sort of unnatural light about it, for my eyes got quite dazzled and dizzy like, and there was a ringing in my ears; and then—Lord, sir!—while we were all looking quite steadfast, and standing as steady as a rock, sir!—quite cool

and composed—the thing gives a kind of a heave up—so, sir!—and down again; and then there was a terrible noise, just as if the old church tower was tumbling about our ears,—and then, we thought, it would be presumptuous to stay any longer, (for rashness is not courage you know, sir,) and so we came back home again, sir, to talk the matter over quietly."

But neither mine host nor his adherents were in a state to talk the matter over very quietly just then; and all shrank back with unequivocal dismay, when I proposed to head them for a fresh enterprise,—myself and two or three others provided with lanterns, not to flare about the outskirts of the burying-ground, but to make strict search within its haunted precincts—even upon the very grave itself—of which, they could not hear without a shudder. By degrees, however,—what with shaming their pusillanimity, and patting their courage, and plying them well with mine host's strong beer,—I succeeded in enlisting a band of desperate heroes, prepared to brave all dangers, and swearing to go with me through fire and water. And off we set, at a good round pace, (for some sort of courage is apt to cool if it marches to slow time,) and so reached the churchyard hatch; and dashing through, without a moment's pause, made straight towards the haunted grave. But when we had neared it by a few yards, my doughty heroes made a sudden stop; and I held out my lantern far and high, to throw forward its rays on the strange object which indisputably lay (a long, white heap) on Andrew's grave. Just then I struck my foot against a stone; and one behind me stumbled over another great rough stone, like those piled together, without masonry, that formed the churchyard wall, close to which lay the three graves of the Cleaves's.

"Oh, ho!" I cheerfully cried out to my trembling followers, "here has been a downfall; but ghosts do not break down stone-walls, my

men." And on we went, stumbling over like obstacles, and five steps more brought us to the place of terrors ; and all the lanterns were held out, every neck poked forward, every eye full stretched,—and all fear soon exchanged for loquacious wonder, and pitying exclamation,—for there, upon his master's grave, stretched out at full length upon its side,—lay the skeleton carcase of Andrew's poor old horse. He had been turned into the butcher's field behind the churchyard, to await, as I have told, the leisure of the Squire's hounds. There was a breach in the loose stone-wall, exactly at the head of Andrew's grave ; and whether it was simply impatience of his new pasture, or whether the creature was really conscious that to the spot below that broken wall, he had drawn

the remains of his old master ; certain it is, he must have stationed himself in the gap when first observed by the frightened villagers ; and no doubt might have been seen there by daylight, had any one then be-thought himself of looking *beyond the grave* toward the adjoining inclosure. And it is equally certain, that on the memorable night of the catastrophe, the old animal having raised himself by his forelegs on the lowest part of the breach, the loose stones had given way under his hoofs, and falling forward with them, a helpless, heavy weight, he had breathed out the last feeble remnant of his almost extinguished life, on the scarcely closed grave of his aged master, whose words were verified almost to the letter—"We shall last out one another's time."

SPRING SONG.

Rose ! Rose ! open thy leaves !
 Spring is whispering love to thee.
 Rose ! Rose ! open thy leaves !
 Near is the nightingale on the tree.
 Open thy leaves,
 Open thy leaves,
 And fill with balm-breath the ripening eves.
 Lily ! Lily ! awake, awake !
 The fairy wanteth her flowery boat ;
 Lily ! Lily ! awake, awake !

Oli ! set thy sweet-laden bark afloat.
 Lily, awake !
 Lily, awake !
 And cover with leaves the sleeping lake.
 Flowers ! Flowers ! come forth ! 'tis Spring !
 Stars of the woods, the hills, the dells,
 Fair valley-lilies, come forth and ring
 In your green turrets your silvery bells !
 Flowers, come forth !
 'Tis Spring ! come forth !

ON THE RUINS OF WALBERSWICK CHURCH, IN SUFFOLK.

"WHAT, in the olden time, hast thou seen,
 Dark ruin, lone and grey ?"
 "Full many a race of man from the green
 And bright earth pass away !
 The organ has pealed in these roofless aisles,
 And priests knelt down to pray,
 At the altar where now the daisy smiles
 O'er their silent beds of clay.
 "I've seen the strong man, a wailing child,
 By his mother offered here ;
 I've seen him a warrior fierce and wild,
 I've seen him on his bier ;
 His warlike harness beside him laid,
 In the silent earth to rust,
 His plumed helm and trusty blade
 To moulder—dust to dust !
 "I've seen the stern reformer scorn
 The things once deem'd divine ;
 And the bigot's zeal with gems adorn
 The altar's sacred shrine !

I've seen the silken banners wave,
 Where now the ivy clings,
 And the sculptur'd stone adorn the grave
 Of mitred priests and kings !
 "I've seen the youth in his tameless glee,
 And the hoary locks of age,
 Together bend the pious knee,
 To read the sacred page ;
 I've seen the maid with her sunny brow,
 To the silent dust go down—
 The soil-bound slave forget his woe—
 The king resign his crown !
 "Ages have fled—and I have seen
 The young—the fair—the gay—
 Forgotten as they ne'er had been,
 Though worshipped in their day ;
 And schoolboys here their revels keep,
 And spring from grave to grave,
 Unconscious that beneath them sleep
 The noble and the brave !

"Here thousands find a resting-place,
Who bent before this shrine;
Their dust is here—their name and race,
Oblivion, now are thine!
The prince, the peer, the peasant sleeps
Alike beneath the sod;
Time o'er their dust short record keeps,
Forgotten, save by God!

"I've seen the face of nature change,
And, where the wild waves beat,
The eye delightedly might range
O'er many a princely seat;

But hill, and dale, and forest fair,
Are whelm'd beneath the tide—
They slumber here, that could declare
Who owned these manors wide!

"All thou hast felt—these sleepers know;
For human hearts are still,
In every age, to nature true,
And sway'd by good or ill;
By passion rul'd, and born to woe,
Unceasing tears to shed;
But thou must sleep, like them, to know
The secrets of the dead!"

JOHN MASON GOOD.*

JOHN MASON GOOD was born of reputable parents at Epping, on the 25th of May, 1764. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to a surgeon-apothecary at Gosport, where, with an activity peculiar to himself, he set himself immediately to pound medicines, play cricket and the German flute, practise fencing and poetry, study Italian, and compose a Dictionary of Poetic Endings, besides sundry other literary pieces. In 1783 and 1784 he attended Lectures in London, and wrote a treatise on the Theory of Earthquakes, containing a great deal of reasoning as elaborate as it was erroneous. In 1784 he entered into partnership with a surgeon at Sudbury, and in the following year into the still more intimate one—that of matrimony, with Miss Godfrey, a young lady of nineteen. The latter was dissolved by death in little more than six months.

Four years after, he married a Miss Fenn, and in due time became the father of six children, two of whom, daughters, still survive. Agreeably to the wishes of these ladies, however, who found that Dr. Gregory could not write of them without praise, the biographer determined reluctantly to mention their names as little as possible in the course of their father's history. In 1792 Mr. Good, either owing to "suretyship," or the imprudent prac-

tice of lending money to his friends, became embarrassed in his pecuniary affairs. This had the happy effect of stimulating him to literary exertion: he wrote plays, translations and poetry, but without the desired effect; he then tried philosophy, but without discovering the secret of transmutation; and at last, to somewhat more purpose, opened a correspondence with a metropolitan newspaper and review.

In 1793 he removed, with his family, to London, and entered into partnership with a Mr. W. by whose misconduct the business soon after failed. "His character," says Dr. Gregory, "soon began to be duly appreciated among medical men; and, on the 7th of November he was admitted a Member of the College of Surgeons." We do not understand the conjunction here; perhaps there is a typographical mistake. However, he obtained a less questionable honour in becoming an active Member of the Medical Society, and of the General Pharmaceutical Association; and, at the suggestion of some of his colleagues in the latter, wrote a "History of Medicine, so far as it relates to the profession of the Apothecary," which was published in 1795.

In 1797 he began a translation of Lucretius; and, two years after, set himself to study the German language, having previously made con-

* *Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Character, Literary, Professional, and Religious, of the late John Mason Good, M.D.* By Olinthus Gregory, LL.D. London, 1828.

siderable progress in the French, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese. The Arabic and Persian he afterwards added to his acquisitions. In 1799, he finished his translation of Lucretius, which was composed in the streets of London during the translator's walks to visit his patients. This is not so extraordinary a circumstance as Dr. Gregory imagines; if the business of literature stood still except when the artists are in their workshops, a weekly reviewer would not require a two-inch thick table like this before us, to support the subjects for his hebdomadal dissection.

Mr. Good's literary productions now followed each other in rapid succession till 1812. Of these, his "Song of Songs," "Translation of the book of Job," and his contributions to the "Pantalogia," are the best known. In 1810 he began to deliver Lectures at the Surrey Institution, the first course of which treated of the nature of the Material World, the second of that of the Animate World, and the third of that of the Mind; the whole of which were afterwards published under the general title of "The Book of Nature." In 1820, by authority of a diploma, dated from the ancient and anti-mercenary university of Aberdeen, he began to practise as a physician; and, from the extraordinary success that attended his career from this moment, had reason to regret that he had not aspired at an earlier period to the highest branch of his profession. In the same year he published "A Physiological System of Nosology," and, in 1822, "The Study of Medicine," one of the most successful of his works.

Up to this period, and indeed for some time after, his health had been almost uniformly good, which will not be deemed so extraordinary even in a man who read, wrote, and thought so much as Dr. Good, when

it is recollected that his bodily exertions were, of necessity, almost equal to those of his mind. Even in London, when visiting his patients *on foot*, he must have walked enough to counterbalance the effects of more than one sheet *per diem*: and when the lazy luxury of a coach was substituted for this healthful exercise, it is not wonderful that the mental pressure of study should have increased, even to the extinction of life. On the 2nd of January, 1827, in the 63rd year of his age, John Mason Good died of a carriage, a disease of fatal, and, we believe, not very unfrequent recurrence in the history of physicians.

Dr. Good was a man of great and versatile talents. As a medical writer his name stands high; and as a physician his practice was extensive and successful. He was not, and, from his education and opportunities, could not be, profoundly learned; but the stores of knowledge, collected by unwearied industry, carried on with a kind of enthusiasm in research, were in him as valuable, for all practical purposes, as abstruse learning. In religion, he began by being a Trinitarian, in the sequel he was a Socinian, and in conclusion, a strict christian according to the doctrines of the Church of England. It is not known at what precise period his mind reverted to this persuasion; but, in 1807, he intimated by letter to the minister he had been in the habit of attending, that he could no longer countenance by his presence "a system which, even admitting it to be right, was at least repugnant to his own heart and his own understanding." The terms in which this renunciation was made are, at the least, ill-chosen, and among verbal critics might be made the subject of some controversy. In private life he was a good husband, a good father, and a good man.

ISMAEL GIBRALTER.

ISMAEL GIBRALTER, an officer of the Pacha of Egypt, received his appellation as an honourable distinction accorded by his master, in consequence of the extraordinary nautical skill and science displayed by him in completing the first voyage ever undertaken by an Egyptian vessel of war to the walls of London, at the time the Pacha first meditated the establishment of the fleet which he has more recently collected to be destroyed. If report speak true, and Ismael was little disposed to contradict the assertion, he was far more favored by accident than knowledge in the conduct of his distant expedition; but his predestinarian principles were of no common advantage to him: and, trusting to Alla and the Prophet, a bad Greek pilot and a worse chart, with a compass, quadrant, and other appliances, (which Ismael was assured were always used as ornaments on board a vessel,) and devoutly repeating, in pure Arabic, the motto of the house of Russel, "Che sarà sarà,"* he left Alexandria and put to sea, fully confident that he would arrive—where chance and fate might decree—with the aid of wind and currents, sails and rudder, a stock of gold, and a still larger stock of Moslem patience and apathy. His "Navarchus," Panajotti, had travelled far and seen much; and, having now boldly launched forth on their enterprise, to him would Ismael listen, as reposing on the deck he calmly smoked his argillé,† while the pilot recounted to him the many wonders he had encountered, and the dangers he had braved; but, what was better than Panajotti's stories, the wind was fair as they left the shores of Mesr,‡ and wrapping himself in his white and ample albornoze,§ to shield him from the effects of the blighting and humid sirocco, in exclaiming Mortadi, (or

loved of God) he betook himself to Al Moshaf, or the book, caring about little else than the ship's being on her course, as Panajotti, with sundry oaths and multiplied crossings, earnestly assured him. Shortly they arrived off the Island of Candia, which Panajotti had the hardihood to pronounce as having been inhabited even before the Hegira, while Ismael laughed within himself at the credulity of the false Nazarene. He spoke, too, of its delicious wines to the sneering Moslem; and told how St. Paul had preached there, and had represented its people as subject to idleness, lying and debauchery, which induced Ismael calmly to demand if it were not the place of Panajotti's birth; and this gave the pilot considerable offence.

Still held the breeze "so fair and foul," for, while it filled the canvass, it relaxed every fibre of the system; nor did it cease until it brought Ismael into the Port of Malta, and there did he piously praise Alla for his success—salute the town—and wish God might darken the face of him who had invented quarantine; for predestination made the plague endurable, but with the quarantine it had nothing to do. When the moon arose and shed not soft, but rich, warm, and glowing light on that white rock, and whiter edifices which it supported, so forcibly contrasting their hue with the deep azure of the Mediterranean;—when the gentle land breeze wafted on its wings the grateful perfume of the orange and citron groves, and the fragrant odour of jessamine, rose, myrtle, and geranium:—when the bells of the Island near him sounded the evening Angelus, and pious Christians spoke the heavenly Salutation, or chaunted the Litany of the Queen of heaven;—when the air was cool and pleasant, and the distant tinkling of the man-

* What will be, will be. † The Egyptian pipe. ‡ Africa. § A large white mantle.

doline was heard on shore,—then Ismael (having first shouted the *Salat*, or call, and repeated the *Alatema*, or Last Prayer of Day,) would summon Panajotti to the *tarikh*, or recital of tale or history.

Then did he ask of Panajotti where was the *Al Cazár* (the Palace); and it was pointed out to him, where the moonlight fell upon the lofty tower rising from the centre of and high above the vast and imposing edifice; and with joy was it that Ismael heard that the *Hakem*, or Governor, was a *Cidy** of the sea; for he, too, was now somewhat famous on that element, and undoubtedly they were peers.

The Quarantine at length expired, (for “even *Stamboul†* will have an end,” has been by an *Alime* said,) and with pomp and honour was he received by the good Sir Alexander Ball, and with pleasure he recognised in the Governor one of the great captains of *Aboukir*; and feasts were given him at *Sant’ Antonio* in delicious gardens; and hither Ismael hied him, in a *calessa*, sitting upon both his hands, for the roads were rough and rocky, and the carriage, like the land it ran over, had no springs; there by him sate the *Chatib*, or Secretary of Sir Alexander, and a strange man‡ was he; for in the tongue of *Almagreb§* did he recite long verses, the whole way, to amuse the Turk, which Ismael was too much shaken and jolted to attend to, nor could he otherwise have understood them: and the *Chatib* showed him a peacock’s¶ plume with which he wrote. Ismael met him long years after in London, and then he was a man of fame; for he had written poems, and a tragedy, and sermons, and things which Ismael did nevertheless little wot of. But to return—the *Giema*, or assembly in the gardens, was enchanting; for what *houris* were there not there! and “*Allah Acbar!*|| *Allah Acbar!*” exclaimed he, as the soft blue eye of

the fair Briton cast its gentle, but curious glance upon him; or the more brilliant orbs of the dark Maltese flashed looks of lightning in his favour. There was, too, the *Sahba*, or wine, of various lands; and Ismael quaffed them off with zest, for he was learned in the *Koran*; and “where has the Prophet forbidden the use of the bright liquor? Mohammed forbade only its excess,” said Ismael, as he drank largely of the delicious fluid. “Only—its—ex—cess,” exclaimed Ismael, as he sank upon a sofa near one of the loveliest daughters of the West.

Again they sailed; but who shall describe the difficulties and dangers of their voyage, until they beheld *Bâb-el-Fetah* (or *Europa Point*), and were fairly anchored in the bay of *Gebel** Taric*, and beheld the mighty fortresses it displays? *Gihanam*, the evil angel, must have been with them on that their course; and full often did Ismael deem he heard the very rushing of *Azrael’s* wings, soft and solemn, and voluminous, as the flow of many waters. Twice, it is reported, they put in to *Tunis*; once they anchored in the port of *Cagliari*; then did they find themselves in the road of *Leghorn*, which was not theirs; again got they, with no ordinary ingenuity, to the south of *Sicily*;—then, after a long, long interval, verily they saw the mighty *Pyrenees*; and then it was they knew to tack and steer to the southward; and long they sailed meridionally, without diverging, until the coast of *Afric* was in view. Now their course became more certain, for there was land to be seen on either side; yet did they visit *Oran*, and *Melilla*, and *Almeria*, and *Marbella*, asking counsel and advice of right experienced men of either creed; and in three short months they completed their voyage from *Malta* to *Gibraltar*.

There also was he right hospitably received, and duly complimented. He inspected the noble fortifications,

* A lord or high officer. † Constantinople.

‡ A fact.

§ God is great.

‡ Mr. C—lr—dge. § The western land.

** The Mount of Taric, whence Gibraltar.

and St. Michael's Cave, and the Devil's Tongue. ("What a combination!" ejaculated the Moslem.) He admired the Almeida;* but with scorn he viewed the ignoble statue of the gallant Heathfield, (and long afterwards did he recognise a twin production at Brighton). Here then he drew his bills on the Pacha;—and lading himself with fruits, and wines, and doubloons; and saluting the Governor in most irregular time, and evincing his liberality and contempt of ammunition by increasing the effect of his courtesy in the gratuitous loan of two balls (having forgotten that the pieces were loaded); and cursing the Jews and the Jewesses' perukes, while the white cloud spread itself over the rock's summit, announcing the coming of the easterly wind, he braved the Bâb-el-Zakac, the gate of the road, and at sunset he beheld, for the first time, the ocean, which extended thousands of miles before him, and to north and south. At least so said Panajotti; but Panajotti was such a liar, who could believe him!—that peopling of Candia before the Hegira was quite enough to show what he was;—however, in redemption of his want of truth, it was to be confessed that he was an able pilot (witness their late successful voyage), and that was every thing. Now was there counsel, and advisement, and reflection, and discussion; but at length it was all decided by Ismael's "Billah," and "Birmillah," (in God, and by God's order;) and, after many days, they happily found themselves at the Island of Madeira; but here they learned that they had gone some small matter out of the way, and warmly did Ismael reproach Panajotti; but, as he cooled, he recollected that the wisest might be at times deceived, and there was that astonishing voyage from Malta to Gibraltar in barely more than three months! and then the wine where he was, was good, and the English merchants kind and hospitable; and he ate of the ananas and

orange, and drank the cheering liquor. He took some lessons, too, in English; and showed his progress, on taking leave of the Governor, by saying, "How you do; I hope;" while the Governor replied, in Portuguese, to what he deemed some Oriental compliment in the pure Arabic of the Moslem.

Now, having inquired their course, they steered them north, and in some few days they came to England;—at least Panajotti swore by the Panagia and St. George! St. Spiridion and St. Dionysius, that it could be nought else than England, for he had been to London, and must know. But Ismael had his doubts, for was not England larger? he had heard so. Then he took his chart, and examined the many isles he saw; certainly, there might be Great Britain, and Ireland, and the Isle of Wight; yet there were more and more; possibly, the Orkneys, and Hebrides, and Shetland Isles, and Man, and Anglesey; but there were more yet, and without they were also the West Indies, really Ismael could not make out what they were. They did not at all correspond with his notions of our land, so he whiffed the argillé; but they entered a port, and then he learned the islands were the Azores, and the city Angra. But there were more fruits and wine; and "God was great, and Mohammed was his prophet;" and there some days they stayed them, ere they set sail once more.

It was a lovely night, but moonless; a current bore them swiftly onward, and seemingly they had entered a river, and that a mighty one; "Surely the tide was strong! What could it be? It might be the Thames." But Panajotti was quite at a loss here, and his calculations fearfully disordered. "Yet the Thames it might be," and he chuckled at the thought;—but somehow, "had they not arrived too soon?" There was the rub.—"Leave it to Allah and daylight," said Ismael,

* The public walk; literally, "The Table."

quietly; and, as daylight broke, "Allah! Allah-homa!" exclaimed Ismael, as he rubbed his eyes, "but it bear-eth much resemblance to Gibraltar." On they went; and, to be on the sure side, although it might scarcely be, they saluted the town; and the town, most vehemently surprised, returned the compliment; for it was truly nothing else than Gibraltar, and the General and his aids du camp, and merchants, and Jews and Jewesses' perukes. How did Ismael storm! but Panajotti swore that it was the current; and, in sooth, Panajotti had reason, so to the current they gave the blame.

They were all at sea again, although the second time upon the ocean. But now they betook them to the north, instead of the south; and Panajotti grew in favour with Ismael, by repeated and unquestionable proofs he gave of skill and science. They visited Cadiz; and would actually have steered up the Guadalquivir (to avoid, probably, the national reproach of, "Those who have not Seville seen;") but they were soon set to rights. The wind was fair, and gaily they went onwards, leaving Portugal and Spain behind, until they got into the Bay of Biscay, and there a fearful storm came on. Ismael grew sadly sick, and Panajotti confounded, and in a most solemn fright; the ship made water fast; the pumps were plied; the Greeks knelt to a print of St. Spiridion; the Maltese vowed vows to the Virgin and St. John;—a Jew on board was sadly off here;—the Turks called on the Prophet; winds roared; the topmast went; sails were split; and all was horror, confusion, and dismay.

At Bourdeaux (with the permission of Bonaparte) they stopped to refit. Panajotti's wits were terribly shattered, so an English prisoner was given them as a pilot; the Gironde pushed them out, and once more they tried it.

"It was the month Muharram when we left Alexandria," mused Is-

mael, as he sate on deck. "Muharram, (including Safer) *one*; Ribeah (the first) *two*; the second Ribeah, *three*; Giomada (the first) *four*; Giomada (the second) *five*; Giomada (the third) *six*;—Regeb, *seven*; Schaban, *eight*. Glory to Allah and the Prophet! eight, eight months only; and the new pilot says that we are between France and England. Prodigious! by Alaksa! What a pity Panajotti should be crazed, for we might yet have arrived within the year. There is Ramadan, *one*; Schawal, *two*; Douk Kadah, *three*; Douk Hegiagh, *four*; but that may scarcely be! What has been ordained must be—" But what was Ismael's surprise when, but two days after, even in the very commencement of Ramadan, he was told that the tall white cliffs he gazed upon were the coast of England. What vessels sailing on every side! what forts, and towns, and villages; and noise, and crowds, and bustle, and confusion! "It was the meeting of Al Azab; *—the congregation of earth's many nations!"

Ismael ever left much for fancy to supply in the history of his weary way, as farther than the space of time has been recorded, he was little disposed to dwell upon its secrets. We must now proceed to other circumstances, on which he had less difficulty to dilate.

It was in the neighborhood of Ratcliffe Highway that, on his arrival in England, Ismael took up his abode, little aware of the factitious distinctions which fashion has ordained between the component parts of the metropolis; but duly sensible to the substantial comforts attending even the ordinary houses of entertainment in London, and the real luxuries of carpets and curtains, good beds, bright fires, cleanliness, civility, and attention; all rendered still more acceptable by the fatigue and tedium of a lengthened and painful voyage. Greatly did he relish his position, as he crossed his legs upon a sofa, after

* The Tribes.

his nine months' wanderings upon the waters : and he doubted not but that he was suited appropriately to his own rank and mission, and the more than viceregal dignity of his Egyptian master. His credentials were duly forwarded ; and early was he advertized that his reception by the Prince Regent would have place. He arrived punctual at the appointed day and hour at Carlton-house. His dress was rich and elegant : the ample folds of his turban were of exquisitely wrought silk : his scymitar hung before him suspended to a massive chain of gold ; on his vest were the anchor and the crescent, in brilliants of great size and beauty ; to which were added the lofty and imposing figure of the Turk himself—his features marked by an expression of firmness and resolution, which was however tempered by a peculiar air of mildness ; and with his pale face, full eye and dark mustachio, he would, independently of his nation and costume, have been an object of regard, curiosity, and admiration. His step was slow and firm, and grave ; and most graceful was his reverence as placing his right hand to his breast he raised the other to his turban ; and who might better appreciate what was fit in manner than he before whom he stood ? It is said that the Prince was particularly struck with his Egyptian visitor ; and, after discoursing with him, recommended him to the attentions of one of his royal brothers who was standing near. He was now encircled by all that was great and noble ; and they listened in silence to the reply he would furnish to the Duke's inquiry of his residence. " It is the Pig and Whistle ! (or some such strange sign of contrasted harmony) at Wapping." This was too much ; however, an explanation was come to. It was found that it was rather erroneous confidence in the recommendation of Panajotti, than predilection, which had placed him there ; his removal to the West was soon resolved upon ; there he was installed and treated with honour

and hospitality by his numerous friends.

Ismael always spoke with much gratitude of the testimonies of friendship and respect he had received in England, and was particularly partial to the nation. He often mentioned that he had never met there with insult but once, and that was at a dinner, where, after recounting his travels, a gentlemen at table observed to him that " he was a Cosmopolite." Ismael, however, pardoned whatever of offence he might impute to the epithet, as rather the result of indiscretion than intention.

Acting as agent for the Pacha of Egypt in one of the islands of the Mediterranean, where the embarrassments of those who had dealt with him had prevented his remitting the amount of sales of Egyptian produce to his master as early as was requisite, he was suddenly recalled from his situation. " Ah ! the Pacha cannot do without your advice," observed a friend, in alluding to his departure. " Yes ; the Pacha without doubt has need of my head," replied the apathetic Turk.

It was in the road of Corfu that, while his vessel lay at anchor, a violent storm occurred, and the only chance of saving her was by a Greek vessel allowing him space to remove to another station. Easily as this might have been effected, the Greek refused, and Ismael being obliged to cut his cable, brought up his vessel, as mariners term it ; but not before that of the recusant Greek had gone down. The cargo of the Greek was valuable, and his sole property ; he sought redress at law for his proper obstinacy, but after many decisions his claim was justly dismissed. Never was fury equal to his ; he sought Ismael in public ; every vile and degrading epithet was bestowed upon him ; but the calm Moslem answered not to, nor even seemed to notice his indignation or abuse. The wrath of the Greek became augmented by the Turk's indifference ; until, mindful only of his presumed wrongs, and forgetful of Ismael's force, his eye

flashing fire, the foam bursting from his mouth, he raised his arm to strike. All eyes were turned towards Ismael;—he had paused, and ere the blow fell, he extended—his open snuff-box to the maddened Greek, calmly and mildly. This was too much for the latter; his arm fell by his side; his muscles became suddenly relaxed; he gasped for breath, and casting a glance at his foe, in which astonishment prevailed, rushed from the place, and never again addressed him.

Ismael Gibralter is said to have been a Constantinopolitan by birth, and carried to Egypt when young, where he had passed the prime of

life ere he attained rank and distinction. He was intrusted by the Pacha with the purchase of vessels and stores in England, Sweden, and elsewhere, which he effected with skill and success. He spoke Italian fluently, and somewhat of French and English. He was tall of form, and spare, but evidently powerful of limb. His manners were mild and elegant. He was true, honourable, and generous; and esteemed by all who knew him. On the insurrection of the Greeks he was appointed Amir-alim* (whence the French *amiral* and our admiral) to the Pacha, and heroically fell in battle in 1824, at an advanced age.

THE BROKEN LUTE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

When the Lamp is shatter'd,
The light in the dust lies dead;
When the cloud is scatter'd,
The Rainbow's glory is shed.
When the Lute is broken,
Sweet sounds are remember'd not;
When the words are spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendour,
Survive not the Lamp and Lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song when the Spirit is mute.

SHELLEY.

SHE dwelt in proud Venetian halls,
'Midst forms that breathed from the pictured
walls;
But a glow of beauty like her own,
There had no dream of the painter thrown.
Lit from within was her noble brow,
As an urn, whence rays from a lamp may
flow;
Her young, clear cheek, had a changeful
hue,
As if ye might see how the soul wrought
through;
And every flash of her fervent eye,
Seem'd the bright wakening of Poesy.

Even thus it was!—from her childhood's
years,—

A being of sudden smiles and tears,—
Passionate visions, quick light and shade,—
Such was that high-born Italian maid!
And the spirit of song in her bosom-cell,
Dwelt, as the odours in violets dwell,—
Or as the sounds in the Eolian strings,—
Or in aspen-leaves the quiverings;
There, ever there, with the life enshrined,
And waiting the call of the faintest wind.

Of, on the wave of the Adrian sea,
In the city's hour of moonlight glee,—
Of, would that gift of the southern sky,
O'erflow from her lips in melody;—
Of amid festal halls it came,
Like the springing forth of a sudden flame,—
Till the dance was hush'd, and the silvery
tone
Of her Inspiration was heard alone.
And Fame went with her, the bright, the
crown'd,
And Music floated her steps around;
And every lay of her soul was borne
Through the sunny land, as on wings of
morn.

And was the daughter of Venice blest,
With a power so deep in her youthful breast?
Could She be happy, o'er whose dark eye
So many changes and dreams went by?
And in whose cheek the swift crimson
wrought,
As if but born from the rush of thought?
—Yes! in the brightness of joy awhile
She moved, as a bark in the sunbeam's
smile;

* Bearer of the standard.

For her spirit, as over her lyre's full chord,
 All, all on a happy love was pour'd!
 How loves the heart, whence the stream of
 song
 Flows like the life-blood, quick, bright, and
 strong?
 How loves a heart, which hath never proved
 One breath of the world?—Even so she
 loved!
 Blest, though the Lord of her soul afar,
 Was charging the foremost in Moslem war,
 Bearing the flag of St. Marks on high,
 As a ruling star in the Grecian sky.
 Proud music breathed in her song, when
 Fame
 Gave a tone more thrilling to his name;
 And her trust in his love was a woman's
 faith—
 Perfect, and fearing no change but death.

But the fields are won from the Ottoman
 host,
 In the land that quell'd the Persian's boast,
 And a thousand hearts in Venice burn,
 For the day of triumph and return!
 —The day is come! the flashing deep
 Foams where the galleys of Victory sweep;
 And the sceptred City of the wave,
 With her festal splendour greets the brave;
 Cymbal and clarion, and voice, around,
 Make the air one stream of exulting sound,
 While the beautiful, with their sunny smiles,
 Look from each hall of the hundred isles.

But happiest and brightest that day of all,
 Robed for her warrior's festival,
 Moving a Queen 'midst the radiant throng,
 Was She, th' inspired one, the Maid of Song!
 The lute he loved on her arm she bore,
 As she rush'd in her joy to the crowded
 shore;
 With a hue on her cheek like the damask
 glow
 By the sunset given unto mountain snow,
 And her eye all fill'd with the spirit's play,
 Like the flash of a gem to the changeful day,
 And her long hair waving in ringlets bright—
 So came that being of Hope and Light!
 —One moment, Erinia! one moment more,

And life, all the beauty of life, is o'er!
 The bark of her lover hath touched the
 strand,
 Whom leads he forth with a gentle hand?
 —A young fair form, whose nymph-like
 grace
 Accorded well with the Grecian face,
 And the eye, in its clear soft darkness meek,
 And the lashes that droop'd o'er a pale rose
 cheek;
 And he look'd on that beauty with tender
 pride—
 The warrior had brought back an Eastern
 bride!

But how stood She, the Forsaken, there,
 Struck by the lightning of swift despair?
 Still, as amazed with grief, she stood,
 And her cheek to her heart sent back the
 blood,
 And there came from her quivering lip no
 word—
 Only the fall of her lute was heard,
 As it dropt from her hand at her rival's feet,
 Into fragments, whose dying thrill was
 sweet!

What more remaineth? her day was done;
 Her fate and the Broken Lute's were one!
 The light, the vision, the gift of power,
 Pass'd from her soul in that mortal hour,
 Like the rich sound from the shatter'd
 string,
 Whence the gush of sweetness no more
 might spring!
 As an eagle struck in his upward flight,
 So was her hope from its radiant height,
 And her song went with it for evermore,
 A gladness taken from sea and shore!
 She had moved to the echoing sound of
 fame—
 Silently, silently, died her name!
 Silently melted her life away,
 As ye have seen a young flower decay,
 Or a lamp that bath swiftly burn'd, expire,
 Or a bright stream shrink from the summer's
 fire,
 Leaving the channel all dry and mute—
 Woe for the Broken Heart and Lute!

DREAMS.

Oh! there is a dream of early youth,
 And it never comes again;
 'Tis a vision of light, of life, and truth,
 That flits across the brain:
 And love is the theme of that early dream,
 So wild, so warm, so new,
 That in all our after years I deem,
 That early dream we rue.
 Oh! there is a dream of maturer years,
 More turbulent by far;
 'Tis a vision of blood, and of woman's tears,
 For the theme of that dream is war:
 And we toil in the field of danger and death,
 And shout in the battle array,
 Till we find that fame is a bodyless breath,
 That vanisheth away.

Oh! there is a dream of hoary age,
 'Tis a vision of gold in store—
 Of suns noted down on the figured page,
 To be counted o'er and o'er:
 And we fondly trust in our glittering dust,
 As a refuge from grief and pain,
 Till our limbs are laid on that last dark bed,
 Where the wealth of the world is vain.
 And is it thus, from man's birth to his grave,
 In the path which all are treading?
 Is there naught in that long career to save
 From remorse and self-upbraiding?
 Oh, yes! there's a dream so pure, so bright,
 That the being to whom it is given,
 Hath bathed in a sea of living light—
 And the theme of *that* dream is Heaven.

AFRICA.

THE country of Walo is situated on the left bank, and near the mouth of the river Senegal. The French have lately been founding establishments there for free colonial labour; the result of which may have a great influence over the whole of that part of Africa. Walo is governed by a king, who bears the title of Brak. This word has no meaning in itself. According to the negroes, it was the name of the first of their kings, and his successors have considered themselves honoured by adopting it; just as the Roman emperors took the name of Cæsar or Augustus. The order of succession to the throne is established in a very singular manner, with a view of averting the evils that spring from minorities and regencies. On the death of a Brak, his brothers succeed him in the order of their birth. When this first series is exhausted, recourse is had to the eldest son of the first, and so on. It is required of the legitimate heir that he should be neither blind nor infirm; that he should be able to ride, to shoot, &c. If he do not possess these qualifications, his right devolves to another. The ceremonies of coronation are allegorical. The new king must pass through all the conditions of society, not excepting even that of the fisherman, which is nevertheless a despised cast. The Brak goes into the water, with some of the principal fishermen, in the middle of the appointed river; and when he comes out, he holds in his hand a fish, which it is to be supposed he has caught himself, but which, in fact, has been secretly conveyed to him. It is ridiculous enough to find, at the court of the Brak, and in the places subjected to his authority, the customs and ceremonies which prevailed in Europe during the feudal ages. Thus, for instance, the people believe that the royal family possess the gift of curing diseases by the imposition of hands. In his travels, the

Brak and his retinue are maintained and fed at the expense of the villages through which they pass; while the Griot, or musicians and buffoons, sing the praises of the monarch to the unhappy peasantry, who are thus despoiled of their sheep, milk, and poultry. The Boukanek is a confidential servant, the major-domo and prime-minister. This important post is reserved for a family, who call themselves the Brak's slaves, but who, in fact, govern him. Dignities rarely go out of the families possessing them; and every one takes the name of the province over which he hereditarily reigns. They farm out the villages and domains to vassals, who pay them annual ground-rents: these vassals sub-let divisions of districts; and the fiscal and feudal chain thus descends even to the lowest inhabitant. The seigniors, proprietors of the villages, have adopted the same order of succession as that to the crown; but a few societies of the people have shaken off this system, and have formed a kind of communities, which have their civil officers, charged with the measurement of the lands, the collection of taxes, the management of the police, and the administration of the law. The chief of this municipal magistracy is sometimes a Marabout, who assumes the title of Serin, or priest, and who obliges the people to pay tithes, which tithes are divided between the priest and a military chief appointed by the Brak. To the possession of the soil is attached the right of administering justice; and the maxim, "no land without a lord," is the basis of the common law in the country of Walo. One fact ought to excite profound reflections on the comparatively deplorable ignorance of the European population; namely, that in most of the villages of Walo, the greater portion of the negroes can read and write Arabic, which is to them a dead and learned language.

The inhabitants of Walo are extremely polite. They are gay, argumentative, and fond of narratives of travels, combats, and the traditions of their country. In their assemblies by moon-light they amuse themselves with games of skill. Hospitality is a virtue by which they are particularly distinguished. Their superstition is

equal to that of Europe in the ninth century. Such is the account given of these remarkable people by Baron Roger, ex-governor of the French colony of Senegal, who intends to publish an extensive philosophical and political treatise on Senegambia, to which he will add a very curious collection of negro tales and fables.

A THEATRE DESTROYED BY FIRE AT ROME.

ROME was an ocean of flame. Height and depth were covered with red surges, that rolled before the blast like an endless tide. The billows burst up the sides of the hills, which they turned into instant volcanoes, exploding volumes of smoke and fire; then plunged into the depths in a hundred glowing cataracts, then climbed and consumed again. The distant sound of the city in her convulsion went to the soul. The air was filled with the steady roar of the advancing flame, the crash of falling houses, and the hideous outcry of the myriads flying through the streets, or surrounded and perishing in the conflagration. * * All was clamour, violent struggle, and helpless death. Men and women of the highest rank were on foot, trampled by the rabble that had then lost all respect of conditions. One dense mass of miserable life, irresistible from its weight, crushed by the narrow streets, and scorched by the flames over their heads, rolled through the gates like an endless stream of black lava.

* * * * *

The fire had originally broken out upon the Palatine, and hot smokes that wrapped and half blinded us, hung thick as night upon the wrecks of pavillions and palaces; but the dexterity and knowledge of my inexplicable guide carried us on. It was in vain that I insisted upon knowing the purpose of this terrible traverse. He pressed his hand on his heart in reassurance of his fidelity, and still spurred on. We now passed under the shade of an immense range of

lofty buildings, whose gloomy and solid strength seemed to bid defiance to chance and time. A sudden yell appalled me. A ring of fire swept round its summit; burning cordage, sheets of canvass, and a shower of all things combustible, flew into the air above our heads. An uproar followed, unlike all that I had ever heard, a hideous mixture of howls, shrieks, and groans. The flames rolled down the narrow street before us, and made the passage next to impossible. While we hesitated, a huge fragment of the buildings heaved, as if in an earthquake, and fortunately for us fell inwards. The whole scene of terror was then open. The great amphitheatre of Statilius Taurus had caught fire; the stage, with its inflammable furniture, was intensely blazing below. The flames were wheeling up, circle above circle, through the seventy thousand seats that rose from the ground to the roof. I stood in unspeakable awe and wonder on the side of this colossal cavern, this mighty temple of the city of fire. At length a descending blast cleared away the smoke that covered the arena. The cause of those horrid cries was now visible. The wild beasts kept for the games had broke from their dens. Maddened by affright and pain, lions, tigers, panthers, wolves, whole herds of the monsters of India and Africa, were enclosed in an impassable barrier of fire. They bounded, they fought, they screamed, they tore; they ran howling round and round the circle; they made desperate leaps upwards

through the blaze ; they were flung back, and fell only to fasten their fangs in each other, and, with their parching jaws bathed in blood, die raging. I looked anxiously to see whether any human being was involved in this fearful catastrophe. To my great relief, I could see none. The keepers and attendants had obviously escaped. As I expressed my gladness, I was startled by a loud cry from my guide, the first sound that I had heard him utter. He pointed to the opposite side of the amphitheatre. There indeed sat an object of melancholy interest : a man who had either

been unable to escape, or had determined to die. Escape was now impossible.—He sat in desperate calmness on his funeral pile. He was a gigantic Ethiopian slave, entirely naked. He had chosen his place, as if in mockery, on the imperial throne ; the fire was above him and around him ; and under this tremendous canopy he gazed, without the movement of a muscle, on the combat of the wild beasts below ; a solitary sovereign, with the whole tremendous game played for himself, and inaccessible to the power of man.

ACCOUNT OF CAPTAIN DURVILLE'S EXPEDITION.

AT a late Meeting of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, M. Freycinet read a letter from M. M. Quoy and Gaimart, dated Tonga Tabou, May, 1827. About a week ago a letter was published, from M. M. Quoy and Gaimart, written from New Zealand. We did not certainly entertain the least expectation of so soon receiving fresh accounts of this expedition.

Unfortunately, those communicated by M. Freycinet to the Academy are very afflicting.

In their last letter, dated Feb. 1827, M. M. Quoy and Gaimart, announced that the expedition had reached New Zealand, where they anticipated a rich harvest of scientific knowledge ; but M. Durville, having found it necessary to repair to Tonga Tabou to complete his observations, a whole month was occupied in the passage from New Zealand to that station, a voyage which is generally performed in ten or twelve days.

"We arrived," says this letter, "at Tonga Tabou, on the 20th of May. We unfortunately ran aground, but the weather being fine we were soon enabled to get afloat again. Not long after, however, the weather became bad, the wind contrary, and we were driven at the distance only of a few fathoms from the breakers, which

at low water were perfectly dry. On our starboard side, we had only just a sufficient depth of water to prevent our touching ; on our larboard thirty-five fathoms, and at the distance of about six fathoms no bottom. All our anchors were successively let go. Those which had chain cables held firm ; but from time to time we had our cables break, and momentarily expected, what we now looked on as inevitable, the total destruction of the *Astrolabe*.

"For twenty-four hours one of the smallest cables only held us in this position. You may imagine with what anxiety all our attention was directed towards this frail hope. In the evening the boats were ranged along side the vessel in readiness to receive us. It will suffice, however, to inform you, that for three days the vessel continued in this frightful situation, without our having any prospect of relief, but from the rising of a strong wind.

"We were, however, visited by canoes filled with natives. Every morning thirty or forty of them came and ranged themselves along the reef, to await the instant in which they might profit by the wreck of our vessel. These men seemed like so many vultures, to be eagerly awaiting the destruction of their prey, in or-

der to divide the spoils. Some of the chiefs who were on board did not appear to possess sufficient power to restrain them; or rather, perhaps, they themselves were equally anxious to profit by the circumstance.

"Mr. Durville at length determined on securing their confidence and assistance, by promising them a share in the wreck. He, no doubt, acted prudently in so doing, since, as it happened, it was to these chiefs we were compelled to be indebted for lodging and support. And from that moment they exerted all their influence to disperse the multitude.

"On the second day the wind became more favourable, and our stern only holding by one anchor and a cable which we expected every moment to part, the commander determined on making use of his last and most desperate resource, which was to set sail.

"You may easily conceive the anxiety of this moment; our cable was slipped, and the sails set. The result was, that we were thrown a few fathoms further on the breakers, but fortunately, the current counterbalancing the wind, which was at that time light, carried us back again to our former position, when we again availed ourselves of the moorings which had been left attached to the buoys. Without anchors, without any resources, who could have anticipated a favourable result, and not looked on a total wreck as certain? It was then that the commander assembled all the Chiefs, addressed them through the means of Singleton, the Englishman, (the same of whom Mariner speaks.) All swore, that having taken us under their protection, they would perish sooner than suffer the slightest evil to happen to us. Paon, and the most

influential chiefs, harangued the multitude with that savage eloquence, which is worthy the attention of an observer, and dispersed the crowd which surrounded us. We again attempted to set sail, under almost as many disadvantages as at first, but happily with greater success.

"The *Astrolabe* was saved. From that moment the greatest abundance reigned on board. And as we always maintained the respect of the Natives, this abundance continued during our stay amongst them.

"Our vessel is in safety, but what is to become of the remainder of the voyage, having lost four anchors out of seven? We are ignorant of what course M. Durville will pursue, deprived of those resources which are so indispensable to us, in those seas to which our course is directed.

"We still talk of visiting the islands of Fidje; and seeing what may be done at New Guinea, with our small number of anchors. We have only two left, the third having only one arm or fluke.

"The English Missionaries established at Tonga rendered us all the services possible for men newly established, and possessing but very little influence.

"If the Academy has received our communication from Port Jackson, assure them that we have since collected much more numerous and valuable materials. Our greatest anxiety is that they should reach them in safety, should any accident of the nature of that we have just escaped, destroy our vessel, which to this moment has encountered only violent gales, calms, or contrary winds.

"We write in great haste, and pass over many things to which we have not time to advert."

MR. BROUGHAM.

MR. BROUGHAM is one of the few who have attained equal eminence in the senate and at the bar. He has shown that legal studies do not necessarily contract the understanding, and that a sound

practical lawyer may be a man of extensive information and philosophic views. There are many, no doubt, who will say of him what Queen Elizabeth said of Bacon, "he hath many excellent flowers of wit, but is no great lawyer;" this opinion, founded on principles familiar to narrow minds, was natural enough in an old woman and a queen. If a sterile and contracted mind be necessary to make a lawyer, then God forbid that we should ever claim the honour of being one. But mind is universal, and Brougham has mind; he has also what renders his acquirements indubitable, industry—persevering industry. His thirst for distinction makes him disregard labour, and the variety of his pursuits renders his exertions less irksome. From his earliest career he appears to have sought political distinction. At college he was plodding and determined; sometimes satirical, and always eccentric, from a contempt perhaps of those about him; afterwards he broke out with a bright promise, derived chiefly from his boldness. In the *Edinburgh Review* his papers were known by their rough vigour; by the unmusical labour of his periods, and his constant effort to dip his ploughshare below the surface and turn a deep furrow. His pen and his tongue are ready for every subject by which fame is to be earned. His "Colonial Policy" was written before he had reached his twenty-fourth year; and, as a natural philosopher, he has helped to eke out the volumes of *Nicholson's Journal*, and the *Transactions of the Royal Society*. For topics suited to oratorical display he has ransacked "all nature and all art."

The versatility of Mr. Brougham's talents may perhaps have retarded his political as well as professional success. A man who thinks of many things soon loses all enthusiasm, except that which is commingled with his self-admiration, and the ties of party are too slender to bind the self-willed ambition of such a cold and egotistical associate. A philo-

sopher is a bad party man, and if he ever be at the head of a party, it must be a very small one. But he consulted his genius in diversifying his pursuits; not naturally a brilliant man, but a great thinker, his powers would have been lost in a narrow field. If he had not humanized himself in some measure by general cultivation, his harsh and intractable spirit would have been quite intolerable. Rapid success never was his lot; he was formed "to toil hard up hill." Albeit not of the finest clay, he is what his favourite author, Lord Bacon, calls "a hot genius, who must grow old e'er he be fit for action." He is not, in fact, a sufficiently practical man, and time alone can correct his intemperate disregard of the men he deals with. It is obvious that one so rough and austere as Mr. Brougham, one who prides himself so much on intellectual eminence, can have no sincere love for the aristocracy, and although he may sometimes hang on the arm of Earl Grey, he cannot pretend to venerate the noble earl's order. The right of "a cat to look at a king," which he once vindicated in the House of Lords, must be often uppermost in his mind. The success of Mr. Brougham's talents, as is the case with other men's, was determined by circumstances. He was only a troublesome speaker in the House, and had only the advantage of being more conspicuous when he had the good luck to be chosen the Queen's professional adviser. If it were not for this piece of good fortune, still might "blundering Brougham spoil the sale" of the *Edinburgh Review*. He wanted an opportunity of display, while her Majesty wanted a counsel disposed to make a display, and whom nothing could abash. This was an affair exactly to his taste, involving a variety of considerations, and sufficiently elevated to give some dignity to all engaged in it. Mr. Brougham has been in general very successful in watching the march of the public mind, and in taking his station in the line of its advance.

Thus, by his speech on Education in 1820, he got the start of the Ministry in commencing the work of peace, and exhibited himself to the public in the light of a benefactor to mankind. In like manner, in the case of the missionary Smith, he advocated the saints because the public sympathy was with them, although all the world knows that he is no saint. Here we see a strong proof of the tendency which active intellect has towards humanity; we see one who evidently has not from nature much of the milk of human kindness, in his efforts to signalize his talents continually deviating into philanthropy. He does not care to enforce economy, nor to meddle with any question, which, however important, is without *éclat*; but universal instruction and universal freedom are open fields to an orator, although the discussion of them leads to no practical result.

In like manner the recent publication of Bentham's work on Evidence, of that of Humphrey on Conveyances, as well as Mr. Peel's Amendments of the Criminal Code, clearly showed that the time was come when the public might be brought to think of reforming the law. Mr. Brougham perceived this, and was determined not to be anticipated in the honour of pioneering the way. On the first or second night of the session he gave notice of his motion to that effect. His speech on the Reform of the Law was not, as he himself acknowledged, directed to any specific result; but it was a grand display, and, considered as coming from a practising barrister, shows wonderful activity and independence of mind: if viewed critically; however, and with reference to its subject, its chief merit will be found to be that it was made opportunely.

It is certainly impossible not to admire the activity and versatile talents of the man who can make an oration in praise of Greek at Glasgow, and in praise of trade at Liverpool; who in the House can enter into all the details of the Slave Co-

lonies, and into all the defects of the Law; who can, at the same time, take an active part in the organization of a great public school, and devote eight hours a-day to the duties of his profession.

The style of Mr. Brougham's eloquence may be readily conjectured from his laborious life. The stream of his thoughts is fed by copious springs; his mind is stored with general principles and illustrations; but he wants the fervour, the fullness, and the maturity of sentiment that belong to a concentrated attention. He is not fiery and impetuous, nor close and cogent. Labour is always visible; his sentences are involved and tedious; frequent parentheses, the effect of distraction, entangle himself and his hearers; his delivery is often forcible, but never rapid or impassioned; and his voice, sweet enough at first, becomes unmusical when exerted. He has, however, rather improved of late; his language is more natural, and his manner less boisterous than formerly. The chief fault, however, of Mr. Brougham's eloquence is, that he is encumbered with a pretension to oratory; it is that he views his subjects too abstractedly, and speaks with too much of an *ex cathedra* air. Whatever qualifications of the orator he may possess, he certainly has not persuasion. He never thinks, like Mr. Peel, of wheedling his auditors into an opinion that they are all really of one mind: on the contrary, he is better pleased with opponents, whom he takes a perverse pleasure in ridiculing or convincing.

As the savage supposes that when he knocks out a man's brains he acquires all his intelligence, so Mr. Brougham seems to imagine that the consequence of the county member whom he tears to pieces becomes his lawful spoil. He thus lowers his senatorial dignity by forensic rudeness, his immediate object in every debate being to show himself formidable. A man thus constituted is obviously better qualified to discuss questions than to deal with his fellow

men. An amiable carriage, suavity of manners, and the personal attachments arising from them, are great aids to public men; they blunt the edge of opposition, and open a way through adverse circumstances. No talents can ensure success to the ambition of a man who, from moroseness or the cynical asperity of his disposition, is surrounded, as it were, with an atmosphere of repulsion; who appears to have no object but to raise his own character, and trample on that of others. We have often thought that Lord Byron, who, in his *Don Juan*, manifested frequently a propensity to punning, and who, in his *English Bards*, alludes to the true pronunciation of Mr. Brougham's name, had that gentleman in view when he wrote

"A legal Broom's a moral chimney-sweep."

The harshness and callousness of feeling engendered in the courts by constantly witnessing all that is wicked in human nature, destroys all the winning graces of character. Mr. Brougham would be a powerful auxiliary to a party, but he is one whose alliance will never be sought till it is actually wanted. He must first seek to make himself useful on little occasions, instead of thrusting himself forward on great ones. At present the highest praise that can be bestowed on Mr. Brougham is, that he is the first oratorical gladiator of the day, uniting more law, more general knowledge, and more discipline superadded to his clumsy strength, than any one else in the House. Nevertheless, it is from without he meets the warmest applause. He has few enthusiastic admirers about him.

MEMOIRS OF TOM JONES.

[Heard by the late Mr. Colquhoun from the lips of Millar the Bookseller.]

FIELDING, having finished the manuscript of "*Tom Jones*," and being at the time hard pressed for money, went with it to one of your second-rate booksellers, with a view of selling it for what it would fetch at the moment. He left it with this trader in the children of other men's brains, and called upon him the succeeding morning, full of anxiety, both to know at how high a rate his labours were appreciated, as well as how far he might calculate upon its producing him wherewithal to discharge a debt of some twenty pounds, which he had promised to pay the next day. He had reason to imagine, from the judgment of some literary friends, to whom he had shown his MS., that it should, at least, produce twice that sum. But, alas! when the Bookseller, with a significant shrug, showed a hesitation as to publishing the work at all, even the moderate expectations with which our Cervantes had buoyed up his hopes seemed at once to close upon him at this unexpected and dis-

treassing intimation. "And will you give me no hopes?" said he, in a tone of despair.—"Very faint ones, indeed, Sir," replied the Bookseller, "for I have scarcely any that the book *will move*."—"Well, Sir," answered Fielding, "money I must have for it, and little as that may be, pray give me some idea of what you can afford to give for it."—"Why, Sir," returned our Bookseller, again shrugging up his shoulders, "I have read some part of your '*Jones*,' and, in justice to myself, must even think again before I name a price for it;—the book will *not move*; it is not to the public taste, nor do I think any inducement can make me offer you more than 25*l.* for it."—"And that you *will* give for it," said Fielding, anxiously and quickly.—"Really, I must think again, and will endeavour to make up my mind by to-morrow."—"Well, Sir," replied Fielding, "I will look in again to-morrow morning. The book is yours for the 25*l.*; but these must positively be laid out for me when I call. I am

pressed for the money, and, if you decline, must go elsewhere with my manuscript.”—“I will see what I can do,” returned the Bookseller : and so the two parted.

Our author, returning homewards from this unpromising visit, met his friend, Thomson, the poet, and told him how the negotiation for the manuscript, he had formerly shown him, stood. The poet, sensible of the extraordinary merit of his friend's production, reproached Fielding with his headstrong bargain, conjured him, if he could do it honorably, to cancel it, and promised him, in that event, to find him a purchaser, whose purse would do more credit to his judgment. Fielding, therefore, posted away to his appointment the next morning, with as much apprehension lest the Bookseller should stick to his bargain, as he had felt the day before lest he should altogether decline it. To his great joy, the ignorant trafficker in literature, either from inability to advance the money, or a want of common discrimination, returned the MS. very safely into Fielding's hands. Our author set off, with a gay heart, to his friend Thomson, and went, in company with him, to Mr. *Andrew Millar*, (a popular bookseller at that day.) Mr. M. was in the habit of publishing no work of light reading, but on his wife's approbation; the work was, therefore, left with him, and some days after, she having perused it, *bid him by no means let it slip through his fingers*. M. accordingly invited the two friends to meet him at a coffee-house in the Strand, where, having disposed of a good dinner and two bottles of port, Thomson, at last, suggested, “It would be as well if they proceeded to business.” Fielding, still with no little trepidation, arising from his recent rebuff in

another quarter, asked Millar what he had concluded upon giving for his work. “I am a man,” said Millar, “of few words, and fond of coming to the point; but really, after giving every consideration I am able to your novel, I do not think I can afford to give you more than *two hundred pounds* for it.”—“What!” exclaimed Fielding; “two hundred pounds!”—“Indeed, Mr. Fielding,” returned Millar, “indeed, I am sensible of your talents; but my mind is made up.”—“Two hundred pounds!” continued Fielding, in a tone of perfect astonishment: “*two hundred pounds*, did you say?”—“Upon my word, Sir, I mean no disparagement to the writer or his great merit; but my mind is made up, and I cannot give one farthing more.” “Allow me to ask you,” continued Fielding, with undiminished surprise,—“allow me, Mr. Millar, to ask you—whether—you—are—*serious*?”—“Never more so,” replied Millar, “in all my life; and I hope you will candidly acquit me of every intention to injure your feelings, or depreciate your abilities, when I repeat that I positively cannot afford you more than two hundred pounds for your novel.”—“Then, my good Sir,” said Fielding, recovering himself from this unexpected stroke of fortune, “give me your hand; the book is yours. And, waiter,” continued he, “bring us a couple of bottles of your best port.”

Before Millar died, he had cleared *eighteen thousand* pounds by “Tom Jones;” out of which he had the generosity to make Fielding presents at different times of various sums, till they amounted to 2000*l.* And he closed his life by bequeathing a handsome legacy to each of Mr. Fielding's sons.

VARIETIES.

THE PLAGUE.

AT a late sitting of l'Académie des Sciences de l'Institut, M. Moreau de Jones communicated the

following fact, which was sent to him in an official correspondence. A boat of the Ionian Isles having been met at sea by a Turkish vessel, was

forced to send her captain on board the latter. On her return to Cephalonia, this boat was put under quarantine, and it was discovered that the captain, who had communicated with the Ottoman boat, was already seized with the first symptoms of the plague. Although no one else offered any sign of this contagion, the English physician of the Lazaretto, considering that all the crew, to the number of twelve, having remained together, might have received the germ of this frightful disease, resolved to subject the whole to an active mercurial course, internal and external. The event, said M. Moreau de Jones, proved the wisdom of this precaution. All these individuals were attacked successively with the plague, but with differences extremely remarkable. The captain and another sailor, who had not experienced any sensible effect from the mercury, suffered the disease in all its violence, and died of it. On the contrary, the sailors whom the mercury had salivated, were seized with symptoms attended by no danger, although completely characteristic of the infection. All these sailors recovered, and it is fair to conclude that it was to the mercurial treatment they owed their safety. Mercury was used in the late plague at Malta, but it was only after the commencement of the disease. A means so simple and easy as a mercurial course, which if it does not prevent the plague, prevents at least its mortal effects, is very interesting, as communications with ships infected with the contagion, may, at any instant, be rendered unavoidable, by the events of which the Mediterranean is at this time the theatre.

THE LONDON UNIVERSITY.

A general meeting of the subscribers to this important Institution was held on Wednesday at Freemasons' Hall; Lord Auckland in the chair. A very favourable report of its progress was read by the Secretary; and it appeared, in the course of some discussion, that the building was nearly completed, so as to promise the ac-

tive commencement of the system of instruction, lectures, &c. &c. in October next; that most of the professors had been elected, from among candidates of great acknowledged abilities; that the plan of a botanical garden had been abandoned; and that of a subscription amounting to 71,205*l.* (on Dec. 31st), 58,115*l.* 12*s.* had been expended, leaving a balance of above 13,000*l.* in the treasury. A voluntary subscription was opened for the erection of an hospital, rather than that the funds of the University should be diminished for that needful appendage. Upon the whole, the affairs of the University appear to be as prosperous as its friends could desire.

DEATH OF YOUNG PARK.

We lament to see it stated that this interesting individual has become another victim to African enterprise. A letter from Cape Coast Castle to Mr. Secretary Hay, announces that he died in the Akimboo country, a little to the south-east of Accoa, some time in October. This melancholy event, we are sorry to learn, was produced by a want of due consideration on the part of our countryman; for it is related, that on the occasion of the annual festival or *yam custom*, which the natives were assembled on a large plain to celebrate,—he would not be dissuaded by the king from mounting a *fetish*, or sacred tree, for the purpose of sketching the scene. The consequence of this profanation was, that within two days he was poisoned by the marabouts or priests.

BITUMINOUS VOLCANO.

The island of Java, which is distinguished by some of the largest volcanoes in the eastern hemisphere, also presents the phenomenon of a volcano of bitumen, or black mud, forming a crater of about sixteen feet in diameter. The tenacity of the bituminous mass is so great that the gaseous exhalations from beneath drive it up in a conical form from twenty to thirty feet above the surface of the crater, when it explodes

with a dull report, scattering a black unctuous fluid having the odour of naphtha, in all directions. After the interval of a few seconds, the surface of this boiling cauldron again becomes covered with a film or crust, and the phenomenon is repeated.

AFRICAN COAST.

The powerful currents on the western coast of Africa, and especially near the Canaries, are the cause of frequent shipwrecks. A hundred and sixty passengers, embarked in a vessel bound for Chili, but wrecked off the coast of the desert of Sahara, were lately miraculously saved from falling into the hands of the savage people who inhabit that inhospitable region, by the sudden appearance of some European ships; a rare occurrence in those latitudes.

GYPSIES.

On the other side of the river Ganges was a large encampment of wretched tents of mats, with a number of little hackeries, panniers, ponies, goats, &c. so like gypsies, that on asking what they were, I was not much surprised to hear Abdullah say they were gypsies; that they were numerous in the upper provinces, living exactly like the gypsies in England; that he had seen the same people both in Persia and Russia, and that in Persia they spoke Hindoostanee the same as here. In Russia he had had no opportunity of ascertaining this fact; but in Persia, by Sir Gore Ouseley's desire, he had spoken with some of the wandering tribes, and found that they understood and could answer him. I told him of Lord Teignmouth's conversation in Hindoostanee with the old gypsy on Northwood, and he said that in Persia it was not every gypsy who spoke it, only old people. He said they were so like each other in all the countries where he had seen them, that they could not be mistaken, though in Persia they were of much better caste, and much richer than here, or in England, or Russia. But he added, "I suppose in Russia,

before Peter the Great, all people were much like gypsies." There were many curious circumstances which I deduced from his information: first, the identity of the gypsy race in Europe and India, and their connecting link seemed established by a very observant witness, and certainly one unprejudiced by system. Secondly, on further inquiry, I found the people whom he identified with our gypsies in Persia, were the wandering tribes of Louristan, Curdistan, &c. whom he described with truth as being of "good caste," valiant, and wealthy. It therefore follows, that these tribes, whose existence in Persia seems to be traced down from before the time of Cyrus, and whose language is generally understood to differ from the Persians of the plains and cities, resemble in countenance and person the gypsies, and that their ancient language has been a dialect of Hindoostanee. The probability is indeed that Persia, not India, has been the original centre of this nomadic population.—*Bishop Heber's Travels in India.*

NEW INVENTIONS.

"*Two New Inventions*, by either of which, it is presumed, a man of enterprise might speedily accumulate a princely fortune," have been offered to us through a printed paper, the contents of which, (as we are not likely to attain the desired fortunate end) we liberally communicate to the world at large. The first invention is "*A Method of Instantaneous Communication, over land, by day or night, between any Towns, at whatever Distance.*" The instrument, it seems, consists of two small boxes, connected with each other by rods of a peculiar kind, (not electric, magnetic, or galvanic) and so constructed, that the precise words of any piece of reading or writing may be communicated from box to box; and that any conversation may be held on any subject, and in any language, with the utmost facility and correctness!!

The second offer is, "*The Secret*

of constructing a *New Machine of very great Power, called the Hydrodynamic Engine, for suddenly producing immense Pressure, which Pressure may either be continued, or instantly removed, at option.*—"By it (says the inventor) a small quantity of liquid is made to exert an astonishing force, which is easily manageable, and perfectly free from danger. This force (being intermittent if required) can impart motion to every species of machinery, at an expense the most trifling. Fire is not employed,—nor is any more liquid requisite than that used at first,—and yet the power can be increased to equal the strength of any number of horses. The sum expected for each secret is five hundred pounds down, and five thousand pounds more within twelve months after the purchaser takes out his patent.

AN ENTERTAINING JOURNEY.

Dodd the comedian was very fond of a long story.—Being in company one night, he began at twelve o'clock to relate a journey he had taken to Bath; and, at six o'clock in the morning, he had proceeded no farther than *the Derizes!*—The company then rose to separate; when Dodd, who could not bear to be curtailed in his narrative, cried, "Don't go yet; stay and hear it out, and upon my soul I'll make it entertaining."

ALGIERS.

It appears by no means improbable, that existing circumstances may lead to the final liberation of the Mediterranean from the ravages of the Algerines and other barbarous nations of Africa. The combined squadrons of the three great maritime powers of Europe having completed their object as regarded Greece, may perhaps do that which Pompey formerly accomplished with a much less imposing force, and against much more numerous enemies. There is nothing at present to prevent the founding of European colonies on the coasts of Africa, and in Mount Atlas, in order to drive the barba-

rians back into the deserts of the interior, which alone they ought to be permitted to inhabit. The trade of the Mediterranean might then be carried to the greatest possible height; the ancient Libya, the kingdom of Massinissa, the territory of Carthage, &c. would resume their fertility, and the celebrated cities of former times would rise again out of their ruins. These immense benefits, for which Africa would one day be as grateful as Europe, would cost the European powers much less than a single campaign of the wars which they make upon one another!

COLERIDGE AND THE MALMSEY.

Mr. Rogers, whose taste in cookery is as exquisite as his taste in poetry, and whose wine is not better or more sparkling than his conversation (at least, if he talks as well now as he did eight years ago,) invited Coleridge one day to dinner, and observing that the latter seemed particularly fond of some delicious Malmsey, said, "I'm glad to see, Mr. Coleridge, that you like *that* wine, for it is a favourite wine of my own; and I should like to think with you even about that!" "Indeed, Mr. Rogers," replied the future author of the *Dissertation on the Logos*; "Indeed, I never tasted better *currant wine* in all my life!!" At this frightful mistake, Mr. Rogers looked (as indeed he generally does,) *more dead than alive.*

STUDY OF NATURE.

If we look with wonder upon the great remains of human works, such as the columns of Palmyra, broken in the midst of the desert, the temples of Pæstum, beautiful in the decay of twenty centuries, or the mutilated fragments of Greek sculpture in the Acropolis of Athens, or in our own Museum, as proofs of the genius of artists, and power and riches of nations now past away; with how much deeper a feeling of admiration must we consider those grand monuments of nature, which mark the revolutions of the globe; continents broken into islands; one land pro-

duced, another destroyed; the bottom of the ocean become a fertile soil; whole races of animals extinct, and the bones and exuviae of one class covered with the remains of another; and upon these graves of past generations—the marble or rocky tombs, as it were, of a former animated world—new generations rising, and order and harmony established, and a system of life and beauty produced, as it were, out of chaos and death; proving the infinite power, wisdom, and goodness, of the Great Cause of all Being!

THE OLIVE-TREE.

There are on the southern borders of the Crinæa two varieties of the olive-tree, which have become indigenous there. The one is pyramidal, and the fruit is perfectly oval; the branches of the other are pendent, and its fruit large, heart-shaped, and abundant. These valuable trees have resisted the injuries of centuries, and of successive nations of barbarians. In 1812, an imperial garden was formed at Nikita (Russia), into which the cultivation of these useful trees was introduced by means of cuttings or slips, which no extremity of cold has hitherto affected, although some olive-trees brought from France perished in the same garden in the winter of 1825-6.

INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF COAL TAR ON FRUIT-TREES.

This application, which has been occasionally recommended for the destruction of caterpillars and other insects, has been found totally to destroy the life of the trees to which it has been applied. The bark appears as though burned by the caustic property of the tar, or the pores are so obstructed that its ordinary functions are destroyed, and the transmission of the nourishment to the branches of the tree prevented; the stem ceases to grow, and the contraction becomes so great, that in many instances the wind has blown the heads of the trees off at the part where the coal tar has been most freely applied.

TRAVELS.

The celebrated traveller Edward Rippel is on the point of setting out for Abyssinia, with the purpose of exploring those parts which have not hitherto been visited by any European. The senate of Frankfort, by an unanimous resolution, has granted him 1000 florins of annual income for the ensuing seven or eight years, as well in acknowledgment of his former services, as to enable him, agreeably to his wish, to continue his scientific travels and researches.

NAPOLEON.

We observe that Dr. Channing's admirable Essay on the character of this extraordinary man has reached a second edition. We trust that many more editions will be called for, as we know of no work so well calculated to convey a just idea of the despot, and traitor to freedom, whom too many are disposed to regard as a hero.—*London Weekly Rev.*

VITRIFIED SAND TUBES.

When thunder-bolts fall upon a sandy soil, their intense heat changes the sand through which they pass into a tube of glass. Several tubes thus produced, one of which was nineteen feet long, have just been presented to the French Academy of Sciences, by M. Arago. These curiosities were collected in Germany by M. Fielder, a young German naturalist.

MADAME DAMOUROUX.

Mademoiselle Cinti (Madame Damouroux) received 25,000 francs from the French, and 10,000 francs from the Italian opera. The directors of the French opera, fearing her voice might be injured by too much fatigue, insisted on her giving up the Italian opera, and refused to allow her any indemnity. On this, the fair warbler took the huff, and set off to her husband at Brussels. She had been there only a few days, when a deputation from the managers was sent after her. She now resolved to make her own terms: and to induce her to come back, the opera engaged

to give her 40,000 francs instead of 25,000, and 200 every night she performed; and this without singing at the Italian opera. She is decidedly the best French singer on the stage: she knows all the resources of her art, and manages them so admirably, that they seem the inspirations of nature, to which an elegance of manner and her personal charms greatly contribute. She wished to get an engagement at the opera for her husband; but in this she did not succeed.

M. BORY DE SAINT-VINCENT.

M. de Saint Vincent has, after repeated trials, discovered that the inclosing of wine in bottles, by parchment, or a portion of common bladder, instead of corks, has the effect of rendering its flavour, in a few weeks, equal to that of the oldest wines; from such covering possessing the property of only allowing the aqueous exhalations to escape, but being wholly impenetrable to the spirit or body of the wine. His reasoning on the subject is curious, as it appears just, but too extended to permit our trespassing so far on the time of our readers as to give it.

A LONG TEXT.

A clergyman was once going to preach upon the text of the Samaritan woman, and after reading it, he said, "Do not wonder, my beloved, that the text is so long, for it is a woman that speaks."

NEW WORKS.

Gomez Arias, a Spanish Romance, 3 vols.—The Head Piece and Helmet, or Phrenology opposed to Scripture.—A Hundred Years Hence.—Macauley's Medical Dictionary.—Rae Wilson's Travels in Russia, 2 vols.—Wanostrocht's *Livre des Enfants*.—Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin. Sixth Edition.—Jones's Sermons for Family Reading.—Consistency, by Charlotte Elizabeth, author of "Osric," &c.—Davis's Hints to Hearers.—Levizac's French and English Dictionary, by Gros.—Fuller's Gospel its own Witness, a new edition, with

his Life.—Memoirs of the Rev. John Townsend.—Dodd's Connoisseur's Repertory, vol. 3.—Reading and Spelling, for the use of the Schools of the New Jerusalem Church.—The Woodlands, a Treatise on Planting, by W. Cobbett.

In the Press.

Mr. Lockhart has nearly completed his "Life of Robert Burns," for "Constable's Miscellany," which will appear on the 12th of April; and in order to gratify those who are already in possession of the best editions of the Poet's Works, a small impression, beautifully printed by Ballantyne, on 8vo. will be ready at the same time. Both editions will be embellished with a full-length portrait of Burns, engraved by Mil-lar after Naysmith.

Mr. Rickards has a work now in the press, which will be published in Parts, under the general title of "India," and will contain, with other matter, a Treatise on the Castes of India; the simplicity and immutability of Hindoo habits; Sketch of the state and condition of the Natives under former Governments; the Revenue Systems of India under the Company's Government, as tending to perpetrate the degraded condition of the Natives; the Company's trade; Suggestions for a Reform of the Administration, &c.

No. I. of a New Magazine, to be called "The Gentleman's Magazine of Fashions, Fancy Costumes, and the Regimentals of the Army," will appear on the first of May. The whole of the Embellishments will be beautifully coloured.

The Second Series of "The Romance of History" is in a state of forwardness:—to comprise Tales illustrative of the Romantic Annals of France, from the reign of Charlemagne to that of Louis XIV. inclusive.

"Observations on Geographical Projections," with a description of a Georama, by Mr. Delanglard, Member of the Geographical Society of Paris, and Inventor and Constructor of the Georama there.

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

NO. 5.]

BOSTON, JUNE 1, 1828.

[VOL. 9, N. S.]

JUNE.

O JUNE! prime season of the annual round,
Thy gifts with rich variety abound;
Though hot thy suns—they luscious fruits mature,
Though loud thy thunders—coolness they procure;
Pleasing thy twilight to the studious muse,
Thy evening coolness, and thy morning dew.

WELCOME once more to sweet
June, the month which comes

Half pranked with spring, with summer half im-
browned.

Yet it is almost startling to those who
regret the speed of time, and especial-
ly of those

Who like the soil, who like the element skies,
Who like the verdant hills, and flowery plains,

to behold how far the season has ad-
vanced. But with this we must be
sensibly struck, if we give a retro-
spective glance to the days when,
in our walks, we hailed with delight
the first faint announcements of a
new spring, the first snatch of milder
air, the first peep of green, the first
flowers which dared the unsettled ele-
ments—the snow-drop, violets, prim-
roses, and then a thousand beautiful
and short-lived blooms. They are
gone! The light tints of young fo-
liage, so pure, so tender, so spiritual,
are vanished. What the poet appli-
ed to the *end* of summer, is realized
now:

It is the season when the *green delight*
Of leafy luxury begins to fade,
And leaves are changing hourly on the sight.

A duller and darker uniformity of
green has spread over the hedges;
and we behold, in the forest trees,
the farewell traces of spring. *They*,
indeed, exhibit a beautiful variety.

21 ATHENEUM, VOL. 9, 2d series.

The oak has "spread its amber leaves
out in the sunny sheen;" the ash has
unfolded its more cerulean drapery;
the maple, beech, and sycamore are
clad in most delicate vestures; and
even the dark perennial firs are en-
livened by young shoots and cones
of lighter green. Our admiration of
the foliage of trees would rise much
higher, did we give it a more particular
attention. The leaves of the horse-
chestnut are superb. Passing through
a wood we broke off one without
thinking of what we were doing; but
being immediately struck with its size
and beauty, we found on trial, that it
measured no less than one yard and
three quarters round, and the leaf
and footstalk three quarters of a yard
in length, presenting a natural hand-
screen of unrivalled elegance of
shape. It is now, too, that many of
the forest trees put forth their blos-
soms. The chestnut in the earliest
period of the month, is a glorious ob-
ject, laden with "ten thousand wax-
en, pyramidal flowers." Then come
the less conspicuous, but yet beauti-
ful developements of other giants of
the wood. The sycamore, the map-
le, and the hornbeam are affluent
with their pale yellow florets, quickly
followed by winged seeds; the ash
shows its bunches of green keys;
and, lastly, the lime bursts into one

proud glow of beauty, filling the warm breeze with hushed sweetness, and the ear with the hum of a thousand bees,—

Pilgrims of summer, which do bow the knee
Zealously at every shrine.

The general character of June, in the happiest seasons, is fine, clear, and glowing, without reaching the intense heats of July. Its commencement is the only period of the year in which we could possibly forget that we are in a world of perpetual change and decay. The earth is covered with flowers, and the air is saturated with their fragrance. It is true that many have vanished from our path, but they have slid away so quietly, and their places have been occupied by so many fragrant and beautiful successors, that we have been scarcely sensible of their departure. Every thing is full of life, greenness, and vigour. Families of young birds are abroad, and a busy life the parents have of it till they can peck for themselves. The swallow is careering in clear skies, and

Ten thousand insects in the air abound,
Flitting on glancing wings that yield a summer
sound.

The flower-garden is in its highest splendour. "It is the very carnival of Nature," and she is prodigal of her luxuries. It is luxury to walk abroad, indulging every sense with sweetness, loveliness and harmony. It is luxury to stand beneath the forest side, when all is basking and still at noon, and to see the landscape suddenly darken, the black and tumultuous clouds assemble as at a signal,—to hear the awful thunder crash upon the listening air,—and then to mark the glorious bow rise on the lucid rear of the tempest,—the sun laugh jocundly abroad, and

Every bathed leaf and blossom fair
Pour out their soul to the delicious air.

It is luxury to haunt the gardens of old-fashioned cottages in the morning, when the bees are flitting forth with a rejoicing hum; or at eve, when the honeysuckle and sweetbriar mingle their spirit with the

breeze. It is luxury to plunge into the cool river; and, if ever we were tempted to turn anglers, it would be now. To steal away into a quiet valley, by a winding stream, buried, completely buried in fresh grass; the foam-like flowers of the meadow sweet, the crimson loose-strife, and the large blue geranium nodding beside us; the dragon-fly and king fisher glancing to and fro; the trees above casting their flickering shadows on the stream, and one of our ten thousand volumes of delectable literature in our pocket; then, indeed, could we be a most patient angler, content though we caught not a single fin. What luxurious images would there float through the mind! Gray could form no idea of heaven superior to lying on a sofa and reading novels; but it is in the flowery lap of June that we can best climb

Up to the sunshine of uncumbered ease.

How delicious, too, are the evenings become. The damps and frosts of spring are past. The earth is dry. The night air is balmy and refreshing. The glow-worm has lit her lamp. Go forth when the business of the day is over, thou who art pent in city toils, and stroll through the newly shot corn, along the grassy and hay-scented fields. Linger beside the solitary woodland. The gale of evening is stirring its mighty and umbrageous branches. The wild rose, with its flowers of most delicate odor, and of every tint, from the deepest blush to the purest pearl; the wreathed and luscious honeysuckle, and the verdurous snowy-flowered elder, embellish every wayside, or light up the most shadowy region of the wood. Field peas and beans, in full flower, add their spicy aroma. The red clover is, at once, splendid and profuse of its honeyed breath. The awned heads of rye, wheat, and barley, and the nodding panicles of oat, shoot forth from their green and glaucous stems in broad, level, and waving expanses of present beauty and future promise. The very waters are garlanded with flowers.

The sun-sets of this month are commonly glorious. The mighty luminary goes down pavilioned amidst clouds of every hue,—the splendour of burnished gold, the deepest mazarine blue, fading away, in the higher heavens, to the palest azure; and an ocean of purple shadow flung over the twilight of woods, or the far stretching and lovely landscape. The heart of the spectator is touched; it is melted and rapt into dreams of past and present,—pure, elevated, and tinged with a poetic tenderness which can never awake amidst the crowd of mortals or of books.

SONNET.

The summer sun had set! the blue mist sailed
Along the twilight lake: no sounds arose,
Save such as hallow nature's sweet repose,
And charm the ear of peace! Young zephyr
hailed

In vain the slumbering echo. In the grove
The song of night's lone bard, sweet Philomel,
Broke not the holy calm; the soft notes fell
Like the low whispered smiles of timid love.
I paused in adoration; and such dreams
As haunt the pensive soul, intensely fraught
With silent incommunicable thought,
And sympathy profound, with fitful gleams
Caught from the memory of departed years,
Flashed on my mind, and woke luxurious tears!

The state of nature we have described is just that which might be imagined to co-exist with perpetual summer. There are sunshine, beauty, and abundance, without a symptom of decay. But this will not last. We soon perceive the floridity of nature merging into a verdant monotony; we find a silence stealing over the landscape so lately filled with the voice of every creature's exultation. Anon the scythe is heard ringing,—a sound happy in its immediate associations, but, in fact, a note of pre-

paration for winter—a knell of the passing year. It reminds us, in the midst of warmth and fertility, that we must prepare for nakedness and frost; and that stripping away of the earth's glorious robe which it begins, will never cease till it leaves us in the dreary tempestuous region of winter; so

That fair flower of beauty fades away,
As doth the lily fresh before the sunny ray.
Great enemy to it and all the rest
That in the garden of *fair nature* springs
Is wicked Time, who, with his scythe addrest,
Does mow the flowering herbs and goodly things,
And all their glory to the ground down flings,
Where they do wither, and are foully marred;
He flies about, and with his flaggy wings
Beats down both leaves and buds without
regard,
Nor ever pity may relent his malice hard.

Let us not, however, anticipate too sensitively the progress of time; let us rather enjoy the summer festivities which surround us. The green fruits of the orchard are becoming conspicuous, and the young nuts in the hedges and copses. *Grasses* are now in flower, and when the larger species are collected, and disposed tastefully, as we have seen them, by ladies, in vases, polished horns, and over pier-glasses, they retain their greenness through the whole year, and form, with their elegantly pensile panicles, bearded spikes, and silken plumes, exceedingly graceful ornaments.

Sheep-shearing, begun last month, is generally completed in this. The hay-harvest has commenced, and in some places, if the weather be favourable, completed; but next month may be considered the general season of *hay-making*.

SKETCHES OF CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS.

No. I.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THERE is no living name the sound of which calls up so brilliant and various an array of recollections, as that of Sir Walter Scott. It seems an unsatisfactory and cheerless labour to pry into the corners, and get be-

hind the scenes, of a mind which we only know as the means of delighting us, by the society of hundreds of breathing and active beings—champions and kings, peasants and minstrels, weird beldames, fantastic spirits,

and joyous and delicate damosels. Yet, why should he, who has turned mankind into rich and bright romance, be himself exempted from the fortune to which he has subjected all the world beside; or claim to lie hid in the shadows of Abbotsford, and pace unnoticed the highways of 'Auld Reekie,' while century after century is unrolled before us in his pages, and our eyes are dazzled by the pageant of highlanders and chevaliers, monarchs and pilgrims. We must deal with the spell-monger beyond the circle of his power, and cope with him on other ground than the bush-clad rocks of his lonely valleys, or the rugged circuit of shattered monasteries, the presence-chambers of palaces now desolate, or the throng of gallants whose very tombs are dust; and that mind, which has never shone upon us, but as the sun is seen through a pictured window, when lighting and animating crowds of saints, monarchs, and warriors,—must, we fear, be looked at through that colourless glass, which is needful for the critic of mind, no less than for the physical experimentalist.

Sir Walter Scott is the greatest of observers. He seems to be, like the spirits, all eye and ear; but, unlike them, he has scarcely arrived at reflection, much less at intuition. He has looked with a close and searching, and, above all, with a sympathetic eye, on every thing around him, living or inactive. He has watched through the whole of his now waning life, (and may its final close be far distant!) the looks, the tones, the lightest indications of passion among men. He cannot be conceived as sitting for even an hour in a stage-coach or a coffee-room, without having drawn out and measured the characters of all his companions. Every sensitive or irritable line about the lips, every hair of the eye-brow up-raised in the grimace and frankness of foolish admiration, or drawn together into the compressed strength of thought, every pugnacious or friendly trembling of the finger,—bring him but for five minutes within

view of them, and he has them noted,—each of them the germ of a picture, or the hint of a personage. He is one of the few men of our generation, whom we may imagine actually going forth like Shakspeare and Ben Jonson to 'take humours;' and it is a shrewd and curious art, in which he must, doubtless, be a thorough proficient: it is one in which a treasure of really kind and generous feeling is of more use than wealth, or rank, or even than those other prime requisites, caution and penetration. Seat him in the circle round the kitchen fire of a country ale-house, one of the blithest and most fertile scenes of study for an humble way-faring observer; and it is impossible to doubt that Scott would speedily win his way into the merry affections of the whole party, find out the secrets of a dozen rough-coated breasts, and know who are the rich ones, who the brave ones, who the beauty, and who the oracle, of the hamlet. The serving-maid would giggle while she filled his tumbler, the landlady smooth her apron with gracious attention while he spoke to her, the farmer open his mouth with astonishment at his knowledge of pigs and planting, the smith shake the rafters with a roar, when some good-humoured jest had hit the dusty miller; and the most widely celebrated mind of modern literature would become an intimate with ploughmen, and be held in honor by chimney-corner veterans. Or think of him benighted in some lonely cottage, how would he praise the ale, lay down a theory of peat-cutting, give grave advice on the roasting of potatoes, and teach some chubby-faced urchin to repeat a ballad, or bawl a Jacobite Pæan. We know no more of Sir Walter Scott than is known of him from the Vistula to the Ebro; but such things must have been done, such *were* done, by the author of Waverley. The field-preaching, the mart, the mess-room, the courts of law, and, meanest and most barren of them all, the tables of princes,—he *must* have looked at each with this same scrutinizing good-

nature, and hawk-eyed friendliness. He has not only gazed upon society, but been a part of it; he has dissected it in a spirit of joyousness, and pried into its secrets with a frank and free-hearted curiosity. It is in the same vein that he has been a spectator of the outward and material world. He has never either turned from it in weariness, or seen it through a theory; but has obviously always found in the visible universe things interesting and beautiful, not as developments of any internal law, or as a lower range of phenomena than the human, yet filled with analogies to our own nature, but as wide and lofty, many-coloured and various facts, inexhaustible subjects for the healthy keenness of the senses, and feeding the mind with an endless succession of primary, uncompounded enjoyments. The mountain and the lake, the pine-wood and the cataract, he has wandered among them neither with misanthropic moodiness nor quietest enthusiasm; but to make them in fancy the stage, not of vague demons or ministering angels, but of hundreds of busy men, clothed indeed in the dresses of all different times and countries, yet thinking and feeling, speaking and acting like ourselves. He has noted the hues of clouds and shapes of crags and precipices, the carvings of pinnacles and massiness of battlements, with the earnest and hearty simplicity of a child; and the fresh vividness of his paintings re-produces them similarly for us. If the description of outward objects were an end and not a means, Sir Walter Scott would be almost a perfect writer; for we view them in his pages through a medium nearly as pure and colourless as the water of his Scottish hills, or the air upon their summit; and herein he is honourably distinguished from many of his predecessors, and some of his contemporaries. He has used his own eyes, and written from his own perceptions; and his works exhibit a fidelity of detail, and a general truth, which are a delightful restorative after mere fancy pictures. The tendency

of mind, which has made him look in this way at the men and things around him, has also marked with its own peculiarities his mode of contemplating the past. For him, history is a pageant; and as the world is a finely painted scene, so are mankind a gay procession. He sees, in by-gone centuries, but heaps of brilliant facts. Every individual age and climate seems present to his thoughts, as made up of certain characteristics of appearance,—arms, clothes and horses, festivals and buildings, the diadem of its sovereign and the doublets of its peasants. All times and lands have thus in his memory a splendid and picturesque existence; and his mind is like the glass of the Italian Wizard, or the cave of Shakspeare's witches, across which the portraits of dynasties, and the symbols of nations and epochs, are perpetually shifting and gleaming. The iron times of chivalry, the glittering magnificence of the East, the barbarian wildness of the Highlands, the prison of Mary, the Court of Elizabeth, the revel of Villiers, all pass before his view with equal brilliancy and motion; while the prime personages are accompanied by a train of inferior attendants, made out with the same beautiful accuracy, and animated by the same spirit of life and reality, which stir and thrill their leaders. The dim expanse of ages is thus illumined by the various array of a gallant and triumphant throng, winding on from beneath the porch of Abbotsford, through palace and wilderness, ruined minster and merry hostel, and leaving behind them a thousand glad remembrances, even when gilded spur, and sparkling carcanet, have faded from before us into mist.

Yet there is, in all his writings, the evidence of this main defect; he knows what is, but not how or why it is so. He has seen the outward, but he has not connected it with that which is within. He has looked at the conduct, and listened to the speech, of men; but he has not understood from what kind of central

source their deeds and words are drawn. He seems to have no fondness for referring things to their origin; and instead of considering men's actions as worth observation, only in so much as they illustrate the essential character of the being from which they spring, he has treated them as if they had in themselves a definite and positive value, modified, in the hands of the poet and the novelist, by nothing but the necessity of exciting interest and giving pleasure. It is not that he has no systematic theory of human nature, for if he had, he would to an absolute certainty, be in error. But he does not appear to believe that there is any human nature at all, or that man is aught more than a means to certain external results, the which when he has described, he has done his task and fulfilled his ministry. There is incomparably more freedom and truth in his picture of our species, than in the books of any of the systematic speculators, Locke, for instance, or Helvetius; because he has seen the inexhaustible varieties of our doings, and has exhibited them fairly and sincerely, while such writers as those to whom we allude, have assumed some one small base, and attempted to rear upon it a fabric which, restricted and low as it is, is yet infinitely too wide and lofty for the narrowness of the foundation. But *his* idea of man is meagre and wretched, compared to that of the philosophers who have contemplated the mind, instead of measuring the footsteps; who have not sought to number the hairs upon our heads, but have dealt, as it were, with the very elements of our creation. This defect shows itself very strongly in every part of his works, where he attempts to cope alone with the thoughts of any of his personages. In his dialogues, he in some degree gets over the difficulty, by repartees, passion, and mimicry of the language of the time; but, in soliloquies, how barren and incomplete appears to be his psychology! and compare these, or even the best parts of the conver-

sations, with a scene of Shakspeare, and the difference may at once be perceived between writers, the one of whom knows nothing but phenomena, while the other, with to the full as much of individual observation, was also imbued with the largest abundance that any man ever had of universal truth. There is scarce a page of Shakspeare that does not present us with the deepest and finest moral meditations, and with a living image of those thoughts which occupy men's minds, when they reflect upon their own nature, and attempt to overleap the bounds of the present and the actual. There is rarely any thing in Scott that pretends to this, the highest of all merit; we doubt if there are a dozen attempts at reflection in his voluminous works; and the standard of good which he exhibits, in so far as it differs from the merest worldliness, is only raised above it by something more than usual of a certain shrewd good-humour.

Exactly similar observations hold good with regard to his treatment of things inanimate. He sees neither in the world, nor in human works, any thing more than so much positive existence, more beautiful or more uninteresting, larger or smaller, as the case may be, but always something to be looked at solely for itself. And herein he would be perfectly right, if men had no faculty except that which has beauty for its object. There is doubtless a pleasure and a good in the contemplation of those things which are in conformity with the original idea of the beautiful in our minds; but there is also a nobler good in viewing all things around us, not merely by this one faculty, but as manifestations of still higher principles, and in connection with moral and religious truth. Even as ends in themselves, almost all the objects around us have their beauty; but it is as forms and symptoms of superior and invisible powers, that it is most truly useful to regard them. Nor is it necessary to put forward broadly the intention of a writer on this

point; but if he has the feeling and the law within himself, their influence will be seen in every line he writes; just as in speaking of a picture, we need not explain the construction of the eye, or the science of optics, though it will be obvious that we could not have thought one word about the matter without possessing the faculty of sight. It is from the want of this habit of mind, that Sir Walter Scott's descriptions of scenery are in general so completely separate parts of his works; they stand out from the rest of the narrative, instead of being introduced casually, indicated by an occasional expression, or shown as the drapery of the thoughts.

Besides his mode of dealing with the results of his observations of men and nature, we mentioned, as connected with it, his way of regarding history; and this is certainly no less striking than the points we have just been treating of. If the narrative of past events exhibits them to us as naked facts, it does nothing; if it presents them with their immediate causes and consequences in the minds of the actors, it does much, and what few histories have done; if it displays them justly as exponents of principles, and results of the great scheme for the education of mankind, it does all that it can do. The knowledge of an occurrence is of no value whatsoever in itself. The most spirited description of it, which merely lets us know the dresses of the chief personages, how this man looked, and what that man ate, and tells us whether a sovereign died on a bed or a battle-field, gives us knowledge of nothing comparatively worth knowing. The points which deserve to be examined, are those which make manifest the feelings of the persons concerned, the spirit of the times, the great designs that were at work, and were spreading to embrace ages in their circuit, the peculiarities and progress of national character; in short, what the mind of the world was, and what means were operating to improve it. The events them-

selves are of interest only as exhibiting human motives, either in the individual or the mass, and thereby opening to us some new recesses of the soul, containing perhaps powers of which we were previously unconscious, like titles to wealth, or symbols of empire, discovered in some dark and long-forgotten chamber. Yet, in reading history, it is not upon such matters as these that Sir Walter Scott has turned his attention, but to the mere external changes and salient occurrences, to triumphs or tournaments, battles or hunting matches, to whatever can be converted into a picture, or emblazoned in a show. He has not read the annals of the earth as they ought to be studied; but he would probably not be nearly so popular a writer if he had. As it is, he has filled his mind with all that is most stirring and gorgeous in the chronicles of Europe, superstitious the more impressive because forgotten, brilliant assemblages of kings, and barons, hard-fought battles, and weary pilgrimages, characters the most desperately predominating, and events the most terrible or fantastic. Of these he has made a long phantasmagoria, the most exciting and beautiful spectacle of our day; and who can wonder or complain, if he, who delights mankind with so glorious a pageant, is held by almost general consent to be the greatest of modern authors.

The tendency, which we have now dwelt upon at some length, to look at humanity and nature in their outward manifestations, instead of seizing them in their inward being, has decided in what class Sir Walter Scott must be placed with reference to the moral influence he exercises. He would commonly be called one of the most moral of writers; for he always speaks of religion with respect, and never depraves his writings by indecency. But ethics and religion would be the least important of studies, and the human mind the simplest object in the creation, if nothing more than this were needful to constitute a moral writer. How-

ever, it is not so. He, and he alone, is a moral author, whose works have the effect of flinging men back upon themselves; of forcing them to look within for the higher principles of their existence; of teaching them that the only happiness, and the only virtue, are to be found by submitting themselves uniformly to the dictates of duty, and by aiming and struggling always towards a better state of being than that which ourselves, or those around us, have hitherto attained. Sir Walter Scott has observed men's conduct instead of his own mind. He has presented to us a fair average of that conduct: but he knows nothing of the hidden powers which, if strenuously and generally called forth, will leave his books a transcript of the world, as erroneous as they are now accurate and honest. He has, therefore, no influence whatever in making men aim at improvement. He shows us what is, and that, Heaven knows, is discouraging enough; but he does not show us what we have the means of being, or he would teach us a lesson of hope, comfort, and invigoration.

"It is our will

Which thus enchains us to permitted ill.

We might be otherwise; we might be all

We dream of—happy, high, majestic.

Where is the love, beauty, and truth we seek,

But in our minds? and if we were not weak,

Should we be less in deed than in desire?

* * * * *

Those who try may find

How strong the chains are which our spirit bind,

Brittle, perchance, as straw. We are assured

Much may be conquered, much may be endured,

Of what degrades and crushes us. We know

That we have power over ourselves to do

And suffer—*what*, we know not till we try;

But something nobler than to live and die:

So taught the kings of old philosophy.

* * * * *

And those who suffer with their suffering kind,
Yet feel this faith religion."

Though, therefore, it would be an insane malignity to call him individually an immoral writer, as he has always recognized the distinction between right and wrong, and never knowingly inculcated evil; yet it would be folly to pretend that he produces much moral effect upon the world, as his works do scarcely any

thing towards making men wiser or better.

The most obvious ground, on which to fix his claim of a strong and beneficial influence over men, is the general and good-humoured benevolence apparent in his writings. In an age of so much affected misanthropy and real selfishness, this is, doubtless, a high merit, and it is one which, in the works of Sir Walter Scott, does not carry with it the slightest symptom of pretence or even of exaggeration. We feel, at once, that we are in presence of a man of free and open heart, disposed to laugh at every man's jest, treat every man's foibles with gentleness, and spread over the path of life as much as possible of manly generosity. It would be difficult not to feel, after reading his books, that peevishness and envy are bad and foolish propensities, that earth yields better fruits than scorn and hatred, and above all, that there is nothing impressive in diseased melancholy—nothing sublime in assumed misery. His mind is evidently of the very healthiest and most genial sort that society will admit, without avenging itself, by calumny and oppression, for a superiority which reproaches its own viciousness. But it should be borne in recollection, that, excellent in themselves as are such qualities, and unalloyed, as they probably are, in Sir Walter Scott, a very considerable share of them is perfectly compatible with that kind of feeling which confines itself entirely within the boundaries of our personal connections; and, though it would give up the most delicate morsel to another at the same dinner-table, would not sacrifice a farthing to do good to a kingdom or a continent. A similar character to that displayed in the writings of Sir Walter Scott, is the result, in many cases, of mere temperament and circumstance; though we perfectly believe that it exists, in his own breast, in its purest and most meritorious *avatar*. The benevolence that spends itself upon whatever may be brought by

chance within its view, is an infinitely more agreeable quality than mere selfishness, but one that is very little likely to do any more good to mankind. We see it constantly around us, exerting itself towards every particular object it happens to stumble on; and yet perfectly indifferent and cold to the greater general designs, which would do good an hundred times as extensive, and a thousand times as certain.

We have spoken of the mode in which he looks at men, at nature, and at history; and attempted to show how one great defect accompanies him in each. We have also said something of his claims to be considered as a moral writer; but connected more or less with all these subjects, there is another on which we have not hitherto touched, the necessary influence, namely, of the whole class of composition for which Sir Walter Scott is distinguished: and in speaking of the great bulk of his writings, as forming a class, we include both verse and prose, for the character of his rhymed and of his unmetrical romances is essentially the same. The great classes into which fiction may be divided are made up of those that please chiefly by the exhibition of the human mind, and those that please chiefly by the display of incident and situation. The former are the domain of the mightier teachers of mankind; the kingdom of Homer, of Cervantes, of Shakspeare, of Milton, and of Schiller,—a realm allied, indeed, to this world, and open to the access of men, but pure from our infirmities, and far raised above the stir of our evil passions,—a sphere with which the earth is connected, and moves in accordance, but which, like to the sun itself, only shines upon the world to be its illumination and its law. Here is the true and serene empire of man's glory and greatness; and from this sanctuary issue the eternal oracles of consolation, which tell us to how free and sublime a destiny the human soul may lift itself. But the other class of writers, who find their

resources in every thing that can create an interest, however transitory and vulgar, who describe scenes merely for the purpose of describing them, and heap together circumstances that shall have a value in themselves, quite independently of the characters of those whom they act upon;—it is the doom of such men to compound melo-dramas, and the prize of their high calling to produce excitement without thought; and to relieve from listlessness, without rousing to exertion. To neither of these does Sir Walter Scott exclusively belong. That he is not one of the latter order of authors, witness much of 'Old Mortality,' of 'The Antiquary,' of 'The Bride of Lammermoor,' and 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian;' and yet, unhappily, the larger proportion of his works would seem to separate him entirely from the former; and, on the whole, he has ministered to the diseased craving for mere amusement, so strikingly characteristic of an age in which men read as a relaxation from the nobler and more serious employments of shooting wild-fowl or adding together figures.

These are some, and, we think, the chief of his errors as a writer of fiction. He has given us one work of graver pretension, the latest and the largest of his writings. But he seems to have so little idea of the essential difference between history and romance; not with regard to their comparative truth, but to their different purport, that it may well be pronounced the longest and most tedious of his novels. As to the question of mere fact accuracy, we believe he has not made quite so many mistakes as are commonly charged upon him. After the account of the Revolution, which is, in every way, contemptible, his narrative is tolerably fair and faithful. But it is not to this we look: the 'Life of Napoleon' is the history of Europe, in the most important era it has undergone since the Reformation. It is, in the first place, the biography of a man who, in the most extraordinary cir-

circumstances, established the most wonderful empire that ever existed upon earth; who, though himself no philosopher, outwitted all the speculators of his time; who, though utterly and uniformly selfish, was sometimes more beloved, and always more admired, than any of his contemporaries; who, born in Corsican obscurity, lived to enter in triumph, Milan, Madrid, Berlin, Vienna, and Moscow, to play the sovereign over France, Italy, and Germany, to reconquer Paris from its dynasty of ages, and die a captive, in the prime of existence, on a rocky islet in a distant ocean. Such was Napoleon Bonaparte in his merely personal character; but feeble as is Sir Walter Scott's portrait of the man, how wretchedly and despicably insufficient in his account of the times! The close of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century, was the period appointed for one of those sudden and violent overthrows of old institutions, which, whether the forms be re-established or not, must leave them tottering and inanimate, which so break the ancient supports of habit and authority, that the mere expansion of the human mind will suffice finally to destroy the superstructure. They formed one of the marked epochs of the world; a going forth of the destroyer to prepare the way for a ministry of good. The relics of other centuries were stumbling-blocks and contrasts in our path, like the antique lances and rusted hemlets which grate against the plough-share of the peasant, and, like him, we flung them forth from the furrows which were sown with no ignoble seed, and were to produce no scanty harvest. But what did Sir Walter Scott discover in these things? He saw nothing but an illustration of the evils of popular resistance, of the perfections of the British Constitution, of the propriety of again subdu-

ing the continent to aristocracies and despotisms; and above all, he seems never for a moment to imagine that the French Revolution was merely one of those shadows on the dial-plate of history which follow and measure, but cannot in themselves influence, the great onward movement of the human mind.

Sir Walter Scott must never again write history. He not merely knows nothing of the theory of historical composition, but he feels none of the majestic and far-seeing spirit to which alone is committed the power of unrolling the records of past centuries. He may enter into the sepulchres of buried generations, he may burst the coffins, he may breathe a new life into the bones; but he cannot decypher the hieroglyphics which would tell us how they thought; much less can he so withdraw himself from the petty influences of the present, as to transmit to future times a clear picture of that which it really contains of precious and permanent. But we trust that many years may pass before he himself becomes the property of the historian; before we shall be permitted to measure the influence of his works, and the stature of his intellect, without incurring suspicion and calumny; before men will be allowed to say what we have said, and escape the charge of envying greatness because we ourselves are little, and of underrating the genius with which we cannot sympathize. Till time and death have secured to all men this privilege, none can hope more sincerely than ourselves that he will continue to vary the dull track of ordinary existence with his gay and glittering creations; and that if he does not defy criticism by perfection, he will at least persevere, as he always has done, to disarm it of its sting, by the unaffected sincerity and genial kindness of his nature.

THE CALM SEA.

THE gentle breeze that curl'd the sea had slowly died away,
And stretch'd in glassy stillness now, the wide blue waters lay,
The sea-bird's cry was heard no more, and soft as infant's sleep
Was the holy calm that lay upon the bosom of the deep.

But yesterday the storm had raged, and shook the mighty ocean,
That dash'd aloft its foamy waves, and heaved in wild commotion ;
To-day you might have thought no storm had ever touch'd its breast,
As it lay a mighty emblem of mild majesty and rest.

Is there such calm for mortal breasts when storms have once been there,
When passion wild has swept along, and heart corroding care ?
When guilt has once disturb'd the soul, and mark'd it with its stain,
Can tranquil softness of the heart be ever ours again ?

Yes—but it is not of this world, the peace that must be sought,
And with the soul's repentant tears it can alone be bought ;
Then, as it meekly bows to kiss affliction's chastening rod,
The broken and the contrite heart shall feel the peace of God.

THE GLOW-WORM.

OH ! gaze on yon Glow-worm—though pale be its light,
Though faintly it shines through the darkness of night,
Its glimmering taper an emblem may be
Of the truth of my quiet affection for thee.

When Fortune and Fame brightly shone on thy way,
And crowds of gay flatterers bask'd in the ray,
I loved, but resolved in seclusion to hide
A love unbefitting the morn of thy pride.

But when Sorrow assail'd thee, when friends were unkind,
And the meteor-like blaze of thy fortunes declined,
My faith, like the Glow-worm, imparted its spark,
And smiled on a path-way deserted and dark.

Oh ! thousands have offer'd a flame at thy shrine,
More sparkling, more ardent, more burning than mine ;
But remember, it shone when thy sky was o'ercast,
And will shine on through sadness and gloom to the last.

"FORGET-ME-NOT."

FORGET thee?—then hath Beauty lost her charms
To captivate, and Tenderness grown cold,
As the perennial snows of mountains old ;
And Hope forsook her throne, and Love his arms.
At morn thou art mine earliest thought, at night
Sweet dreams of thee across my soul are driven.
Almost thou comest between my heart and heaven,
With thy rich voice, and floating eyes of light.—
Forget thee ? Hast thou then a doubt of me,
To whom thou art like sunshine to the spring ?
Forget thee?—Never ! Let the April tree
Forget to bud—Autumn ripe fruits to bring—
The clouds to fertilize—the birds to sing—
But never while it beats, this bosom thee !

A SLEEPLESS NIGHT.

"Every path has its flower, if we would but stoop to pull it."

TO most human beings, the title of this article suggests the ideas of pain and horror. These unpleasant associations are of two kinds—physical and mental; and they sometimes come singly, and sometimes together. Inability to sleep is so often occasioned by a diseased state of the body, by the racking of decided and defined pain, or that more dreadful affliction which is occasioned by a deranged state of the digestive organs—where all is wrong, and the unhappy sufferer can neither name nor alleviate that which tortures him—that these modifications of restlessness, or rather peculiar cases of it, being those which have the most powerful effect upon the mind, become the attributes upon which the definition of it is founded, and thus throw their gloom over the whole.

The circumstances, and also the sense which, by the oblivion of the others, then becomes painfully delicate, conduce not a little to this effect. The darkness, the desolation, the feeling of utter helplessness, to a human being laid in a recumbent posture, and uncertain who may come upon him, or for what purpose—the silence, and the intense acuteness of the ear, to which the booming of the wind through the trees is "as the sound of many waters," the rush of an overwhelming flood, the slap of a door or a shutter, are as the peal of thunder, and the slow and measured clicking of the clock, echoing through the stilly passages as the tread of an armed man, the foot-falling of a plunderer or assassin;—these, and many other circumstances which belong to the state itself, and which, though they belong not to, may be modified by, the constitution and present condition of the person who is in it, tend to produce a disquietude which it is difficult to resist.

Gloomy things too, both of simple and of superstitious fear, come across

one; and though we arm ourselves against the latter, with all the force of our philosophy, we cannot entirely prevent ourselves from thinking with Hamlet, that there are, shrouded up in the black mantle of the night, things of which that philosophy is afraid to dream.

Even the most simple kind of inability to sleep—that which springs from no disease of the body or disquietude of the mind, but is the listlessness of the idle—that resistance of repose which one feels when the bodily or the mental exercise that alone can render repose sweet has been neglected, is by no means pleasant. This listlessness can happen only to one whose mental powers are weak or uncultivated, or have been neglected for the time; and where the deeper powers, those with which listlessness cannot associate, are not roused, irritation is sure to be active—just as water, which is too shallow for the swell and majesty of a wave, vexes itself in ripple and spray. This irritation, like an unbred cur, drives away the game which it is directed to seize; and, finding it worse than useless, we have recourse to those expedients which are supposed to gag the attention, without awakening either the reason or the imagination.

We repeat the numbers or the letters of the alphabet to the slow and dropping cadence of a dead march; or, better still, if we have accustomed ourselves to the task, we make rhymes, or perform operations in arithmetic or algebra. Sometimes these succeed; but very often when we are just at the point of success, and that at which we had been fagging is sliding away from us, the raw material of a dream, that loosening of the fancy which often precedes sleep, creeps into the field of our observation, coming, we know not whence, and composed of we

know not what. As is so beautifully expressed by Eliphaz the Temanite—"a vision is before our face, but we cannot discern the form thereof;" we start, the effect of our labour is gone, and we are as much awake as ever. So struggle we out the weary hours, till the blue light and increasing cold of the dawn throw us into a broken and unsatisfactory slumber, full of dreams of mental terror and worldly disappointment, from which we at last awake, wearied rather than refreshed.

Even this is painful and perplexing enough; but it is nothing compared with the suffering of those who are under the infliction of that undefinable malady, which pains all the mind without piercing any part of the body. It is no mitigation of the anguish, though it should be a caveat against it, to say that it is generally the wages of dissipation, of sensual dissipation in many, of mental dissipation in more, and of the two combined in not a few. The anguish is not the less severe that the feeling of it may be dashed with the idea that it might have been avoided; and not the least vexatious part of the case is, that it falls heaviest upon those who have the most merit; is the affliction, not of the sot, but of the man of sensibility; and indeed, as it is a mental affliction, it cannot exist but where there is mind, and the depth and delicacy of that mind are the measures of its morbidity.

To such a one, the head is no sooner laid on the pillow, than the "spectre things" are around it. There is no need of slumber to make us dream, or of straining of the invention to find the terrific. The wildest conceits of those sons of the brush, who torture nature and their own imaginations, and combine the most incongruous productions of this world with the most grotesque conceptions of fancy in order to learn the likenesses of the beings of another—the most magic productions of phantasmagoria, and of those illusions of vision, which the science of Optics has at once disclos-

ed and explained—all that nature, in her "march of monstrosity," can produce, or that the most fervid and whimsical fancy can create, waking, and with the light of day,—are nothing to those marvellous things that come to the couch of the hypochondriac unbidden, and in the dark. Imagine the whole of the living things, on the earth, in the waters, or in the air, to be hewed into shreds, without being in the least deprived of their vitality, and that these shreds are reeling like leaves and dust in a whirlwind, and constantly changing their forms, their magnitudes, and their combinations, and you have some faint, but very faint, representation of the armies that invade the sleepless couch of this unhappy person. If he could contemplate them as a mere spectator, and with calmness, he might, odd and out of nature as they are, derive some pleasure from the contemplation; but they move *at* him and not *past* him. Sometimes they come rolling in heaps; and he starts and shudders at the idea of being buried under a spiritual avalanche; at other times, there opens a vista into the palpable gloom, at the end of which a moving thing makes its appearance. At first, it is small and distant; but it approaches and enlarges, and changes from deformity to deformity, every instant. Now it is a thing with horns and claws—anon it is a face of the most distorted features, and the most wild and irregular expression—then it passes into a single feature, as an eye which, with nothing but darkness for its socket, fills up half the horizon—and again it is that chaos, which gives the feeling of dissolution; and just as the forehead becomes moist with cold drops, and the horror of annihilation is begun, the tormentor changes to a new monster, or vanishes in thick darkness.

If the latter should be the alternative—and over that the victim has no controul—it is an escape, no doubt, but it is not an escape from misery. Reality comes in the room of fiction, and the fevered imagination runs

over all the events, and occurrences, and relations of life, consuming merit, rooting out pleasure, and extinguishing hope. The sufferer resembles a mariner, awakening to recollection on the top of a foam-surrounded rock, to which he has been tossed by the power of the billow ;—he is hemmed in, and all around is wreck and desolation ;—the present is nothing, and, to him, there are no bright points in the past or the future ; Conscience stands over the former with whips, and Despair over the latter with scorpions ; in the path which he has travelled, he sees his own foot-prints in all the dark and difficult by-ways, while, at every turning, the clear and broad and pleasant way opens for a little, glowing with beauty, and gay with gladness, to the land that he did not take. To all his friends, he feels that he has been an ingrate, and they appear to have been the same to him ; all that has been done seems wrong, and all that is projected useless ;—backward there is no consolation, and forward there is no hope ;—he feels that he had better not have been, and wishes—and resolves not to be.

If the strength of the constitution can so “wrestle with the fiend,” as that one hour or two of such sleep as one in this mood of mind is capable of, can be obtained, the phantoms may vanish, the facts may recover from their distortion, and the sufferer may wake again to a world worth the having ; but the exhaustion is great, and if the visitations be frequent, they consume the body and wear out the mind. But should that not be the case,—should the torment last out the night, and the spectres not quit the pillow till the patient gets out of bed, the agony continues ;—nor is there any doubt that many of those melancholy “leaps out of life,” which are generally supposed to come from an overflowing of passion, and which the Dracos of the dark ages construed into crimes, and made the subjects of punishment—to the poor cold clay ! are the results of the agony of that sleepless night which is

produced by indigestion, often recurring, and unannealed by slumber.

All that has been here described, and much more which no words can depict, has been felt, in countless instances, by those who were both *well* and *good* in the world,—who had no misfortunes to bar, and no “twitches of the worm” to embitter, their pleasures ;—but to whom the cup of enjoyment was full, and the moral appetite uncorrupted. When, however, the agony of real guilt mingles with the anguish of the disordered frame,—when “the arrow of the Almighty is within,” and “the poison thereof drinketh up the spirit,” the uttermost bourne of human woe is touched—there is a torment of which no man, even of ordinary immorality, can guess the depth ; and one moment of which is dearly purchased by all the fruits of the most extensive and successful villany that ever was perpetrated.

But this darkness and desolation, which annoy the restless, turn disease into gall, and crime into final retribution, may be, and often are, the sources of profit and pleasure. If there be no anxiety for sleep to irritate, no superstitious fear to alarm, no derangement of the system to agonize, and no guilt in the mind to torture, then the sleepless night may become a source of more exquisite intellectual enjoyment than the best selected library, or even the choicest pages in the volume of nature herself.

In those creations, elaborations, or workings, whether in the sciences, literature, the inventive part of the arts, or the arrangements of the business of life, in which the materials are all in the mind itself, and where there needs no reference to external things, the silence, the solitude, and the abstraction of the chamber, offer facilities and securities which cannot be obtained during the day ; and if recollection will but bring the materials, and remembrance preserve the work, a man may really do more for the furtherance of any purpose that requires thought, in a few quiet hours in bed, than in double the number of

bustling days. During the day, you cannot shut out the world; and though you could, you would not then be secure against the interruption of your own senses. Hearing, smell, the taste, and the touch, you may controul,—they are passive, as it were, and do not go out after their objects, but wait till these objects come to them. The eye, however, is an active and a wayward thing,—it will look in spite of you, and in spite of you it will sometimes make you abandon your own object, and attend to that which it has selected. It is true that a well-disciplined eye can never seduce us from the *action* which we are performing, and on the progress and completion of which we are bent; but as we have no material controul over our *thoughts*—cannot hold *them* with our fingers, or run after them with our feet—no training of the eye can give us so much command of it as to prevent it from at times stealing us from the current of our thoughts.

But the temptations of our senses—of the eye in a peculiar and pre-eminent manner and degree, are not the only enemies of continued thought to which we are exposed during the day,—they are found in every person or thing in which we have any interest or concern. One may have issued the usual and justifiable equivocal, by which the harshness of a blunt denial is taken off, “not at home to any body;” the jingle may have come to the bell, or the rat-tat-tat to the knocker, as it happened; and the voice, though second-hand through the medium of either of these instruments, may be that of “the dearest friend we have.” We half open the door, in order that we may certify ourself by the sound of his real voice. “Not at home, Sir.” “Not at home!” reiterates that mournful tone, which comes for pleasure but finds disappointment; and we cannot resist peeping out by the side of the window blind, to see how it is borne. The very first object we see is the face of “the dearest friend that we have,” looking full upon us, with that strange mix-

ture of supplication and pity, and reproof and laughter, which so few have the power of resisting. Cogitation is thrown to the dogs. “Life let us cherish;” and farewell to our plans for the day, and to the same train of thought for ever. Should the resolution be able to resist this, and we allow our friend to go, half the mind goes after him, and pulls the resisting half with a force so equal to the resistance, that we are unable to think, and, in all probability, go in quest of him to whom we have been denied.

Even if no friend should break in for the generous purpose of driving away the “blue devils”—to make room for “the black,” day may be still fraught with annoyance. The soft voice, or the other voice, of your wife—if you happen to have one—the prattle on the part of your children,—the horrible news or accidents,—the music of the knife-grinder or the hurdy-gurdy,—a hundred things which you know, and a hundred others that you dream not of, may, each singly, or in all their combinations, drive you from your purpose; and render it utterly impossible for you to say when you rise in the morning, and verify the saying when you retire to bed, “to day, I shall think or plan, thus, or thus.”

In the night, it is far otherwise; for, if you be safe from the music of cats and noses, the rattling of boards, and that hellish monster of the night—an uncoiled door turning at its leisure upon its hinges, and returning upon the same, at those slow intervals, whose very slowness makes you hope that each is the last, and thus keeps you in constant suspense between “rise and shut,” and “lie still,”—if you escape these, the total absence of bodily exertion, the embargo which darkness lays on the eye, the silence, the solitude, all combine to open largely the flood-gates of thought, and pours upon the memory a tide of invention, than the arrangement of which the mind can feel no higher, and taste no sweeter pleasure. Nor is it to be prized on-

ly for its positive good, but also for the evil that it prevents. Whether continuous thought can be an opiate to the pain of compunction, I will not take upon me to say; but I know, from my own experience, that where it is, restlessness will not come at all, and the blue devils of indigestion are very shy about entering. Therefore, every one should cultivate the powers of nocturnal thought and invention. It is a habit; like all habits, it may be acquired; when once acquired, we need never be idle either by night or by day, and those portions of the night which are pain to the idle, may be rendered the most valuable portions of life,—because never else have we the same constraint over our minds, and the same security against inroads from without.

If we sleep afterwards, it may be

that that which we have thought or invented may not be fresh in the memory, or may not, at the time of our awakening, be in the memory at all. That, however, is a matter of minor importance. When once a subject has been elaborated in thought, we never lose it. The storehouse of the mind is safe against both rot and robbers; and whatever we have trusted there is sure to be found when external circumstances render it necessary. Even when we have not the purpose and the connexion, that of which we thought in the silent hours before we slept, comes back to us through the mist of oblivion and dreams, with all the interest, and hallowed by all the charms of the history of that which ages ago had ceased to exist, and of which the pleasure is now wholly intellectual.

CROSSING THE LINE.

"**T**HERE it is at last," said the midshipman of the watch to a young Irish cadet, who was standing near him on the poop of an outward-bound East Indiaman: "there it is at last."—"What is it?" asked the young soldier. "The line, to be sure—the equinoctial line, which we have all been so anxiously looking out for." "Ah, now—sure you don't *mane* to persuade me that you can see it?" "Take my glass then, and look out yonder, about a point on the lee-bow, and persuade *yourself* whether you can see it or not." The young Irishman had no sooner put his eye to the tube, than he exclaimed, "Sure and there *is* a line yonder; I do not see it without the glass, but it cannot be very far off." "No, it is not very far off," said the Mid, laughing heartily; "it is all in your eye, Pat. Do you remember the story of the fly on the clergyman's spectacles? Look at the glass."—On examination Pat found a *hair* sticking horizontal-

ly across the lower lens of the telescope which had been fixed there by the mischievous Mid.

The sun was just setting—the clouds were tinged with all the gorgeous hues of a tropical sky, assuming every variety of strange and grotesque appearances, and the water reflected back the image of the heavens, if possible, with increased splendour. As far as the eye could reach, nothing was visible but the glassy, undulating surface of the sea, tremulously rippled here and there under the partial influence of the *cat's paws*,* which played over it. The ship was gliding slowly over the smooth expanse of water—her large sails flapping heavily against the masts as the sea rose and fell, and her smaller canvass just swelling with the breeze, and lending its feeble aid to urge her onwards. Groups of passengers were lounging up and down the quarter-deck and poop, or leaning over the hammock nettings,

* Light and fitful airs.

admiring the beauties of the evening, while the ship's musicians were doing all in their power to murder time and harmony for their amusement. The seamen were in high glee, for the quarter-master had heard the officer of the forenoon watch report the latitude at noon to the Captain 20' N.; and they knew that Neptune would soon make his appearance. Just as the increasing dusk of evening began to render objects indistinct and obscure, the *look-out* on the fore-castle called out, "A light right ahead, Sir!" "Very well, my boy; keep your eye upon it, and let me know if we near it," said the officer of the deck. In a short time the man exclaimed, "The light is close aboard of us, Sir;" and immediately a loud confused roaring noise was heard, and a Stentorian voice bawled out, "Ho! the ship ahoy!" "Hollo!" said the officer. "What ship is that?" "The Heavitree." "What! my old friend Captain Blowhard? He is welcome back again. Tell him his old friend Neptune means to pay him a visit to-morrow at 10 o'clock, and hopes he will warn his children to have their chins in readiness for his razor. Good night." "Good night."—"Won't you go *forward* and see Neptune's car," said the young Mid, to our friend Pat; it is worth your while to look at the old boy whisking along at the tail of half a score of dolphins, with a poop-light, as big as the full moon, blazing over his stern: you can see him quite plain from the fore-castle." "Sure, I'll go see the fun whatever it is," said Pat, and off they ran, followed by about a dozen of the poop loungers,—the reefer suddenly disappearing under the galley-deck, while the cads rushed upon the fore-castle, where they had hardly effected a safe landing, when splash—splash—splash—bucket after bucket of water came thundering down upon their heads from the foretop; and loud shouts of laughter from all parts of the ship indicated the general joy at witnessing the astonishment and discomfiture of the *gulpins*. In the meantime, Neptune's

car, in the shape of a lighted tar-barrel, went slowly astern, casting an unsteady flickering light on the sails and rigging as it passed and was seen floating in the ship's *wake*, till its dwindling flame disappeared in the distance, like a star sinking beneath the horizon.

The *character* of the scene was completely altered since the final disappearance of the sun below the horizon. A brilliant moon shone clearly in a bright and cloudless sky, her bright beams riding on a path of liquid silver over the sea, while the gigantic shadow of the ship seemed to be skimming its way through the myriads of glittering stars, reflected from the thickly-studded heaven.

No sooner were the decks washed in the morning, than the "active note of preparation" was heard among the eager sailors, who had been for weeks anticipating the pleasures of that day. The jolly-boat was taken down from the *booms*, and placed at the gangway; all the pumps in the ship were set in motion, the *scuppers* choked to prevent the escape of the water, and in a very short time the whole deck was afloat; while the jolly-boat, full to the gun-wale, was ready to answer the purpose of a comfortable bathing-tub, and a party-coloured pole erected over it, with a sign purporting that this was Neptune's easy shaving-shop. A screen was drawn across the fore-part of the *waist*, to conceal the operations of the actors in the approaching ceremony. All was bustle and animation: the carpenter's gang converting an old gun-carriage into a triumphal car; the gunner preparing flags for its decoration; his mate busy with his paint-brush bedaubing the tars who were to act as sea-horses; and the charioteer preparing and putting on Neptune's livery. At length all was ready for the reception of the king of the sea.

"On deck there!" cried the man at the mast-head. "Hollo," replied the officer of the watch. "A strange sail in sight, right ahead, Sir." "Very well, my boy, can you make

out what she is?" "She looks like a boat, Sir." The officer made his report to the Captain, who desired to be informed when the boat was near the ship. Among the apparently joyous group on the poop, many a white cheek was now seen to belie the loud laughter of its owner. "We are nearing the boat fast, Sir!"—and the Captain made his appearance on deck to reconnoitre the approaching stranger. "Ho! the ship ahoy!" cried a loud voice ahead: "lay your maintopsail to the mast, and give us a rope for the boat." "Fore-castle there! A rope for the boat. Let go the main-top-bowline! After-guard! square away the mainyard!" bawled the officer of the deck, repeating the Captain's orders.

A bugle note was now heard, and Neptune made his appearance over the ship's bows. He was dressed in sheep-skins, with a flaxen beard descending to his waist, and a trident in his hand, with a fine fish sticking on the prongs. After he had descended into the *waist*, the screen we have before mentioned was withdrawn, and the procession moved on. First came the ship's band, fantastically dressed for the occasion, and playing "Rule Britannia," with might and main; next followed the triumphal car, decorated with various coloured flags, in which were seated Neptune, Amphitrite, and Triton; and immediately in the rear followed the *suite*, consisting of the barber, doctor, scribe, and about a dozen party-coloured demi-gods acting as water bailiffs. Previous to the outset of the procession, all those unfortunates who had never crossed the line, were driven below; the *gratings* were laid on fore and aft, and sentries stationed at the hatch-ways to prevent an escape. On came the pageant: Neptune looked as majestic as his trident and sheep-skins could make him; Amphitrite, with the assistance of a little red paint, and *oakum* locks, and arrayed in the cast-off robes of some of the lady passengers, was a passable representation of a *she-monster*;—the barber

brandished his razors,—the scribe displayed his *list*, and looked vastly knowing, with his three-cornered hat, *floured* wig, pen behind his ear, and ink-horn dangling at his button-hole; the horses pranced as uncouthly, and looked as unlike sea-horses, as possible; and the coachman, proud of his livery and shoulder-knots, cracked his whip, and contrived, by dint of *singing out* "hard a-port" to his horses, to *weather* the after hatch-way, and then *bear up* round the *capstan*, where, with a graceful "pull up" of the reins, very much like "a strong pull at the mainbrace," and an "avast there" to his obedient cattle, he stopped the car.

The Captain was waiting under the poop awning to receive Mr. Neptune, and an interesting conversation commenced, too long to be inserted here, but which ended in his Majesty's giving the Captain to understand that his long morning ride over the waves had given himself and his lady a vile cold in the stomach; a hint which the Captain's steward perfectly understood, and administered to his wants accordingly. The whole of his suite were immediately seized with the same complaint, and all required the application of the same remedy. Neptune then thrust out his trident to the Captain's steward with a graceful air, as if he meant to impale him, but it was merely for the purpose of presenting the fish on its prongs, as an addition to "his honour, the Captain's dinner." During this interview, the men were all standing near the gang-way armed with buckets of water, wet swabs, &c. and impatient for the commencement of the *fun*. At length the band struck up "Off she goes." "Carry on, you lubbers," said the coachman; crack went the whip, off pranced the horses, and away whirled the car, which no sooner approached the gang-way than the procession was greeted with torrents of water, and his godship was half smothered with his own element. After the first *effusions* of greeting were over, Neptune left his car, and mounted up on

the *booms*, where he sat in regal state to superintend the operations of the day. Beside him was seated the fair Amphitrite; her *dripping white* robes glued to her elephant-like limbs, and her wet *oakum* locks clinging to her cheek, like sea-weed to a weather-beaten rock. The clerk handed to his Majesty a list of his *children*, who were recommended to kind and particular attention. "Saunders McQuake is the first on the list," said Neptune: "bring him up." Away scampered the tritons (or constables,) who were naked to the waist, the upper part of their bodies hideously painted, fantastic-looking caps on their heads, and short painted staves in their hands. The *main hatch grating* was lifted, and up came poor Saunders, with a face as white as the handkerchief which covered his eyes, and shivering with anticipation, shouldered by two tritons. His tormentors seated him on the edge of the jolly-boat at the gangway, and the barber, turning towards Neptune, said "Please your honour, which shall I use?" holding up at the same time three razors, two of which might well have been mistaken for saws of different magnitudes, and the third made of a smooth iron hoop, without any teeth. "Let us hear what he has to say for himself first," said Neptune: "Where do you come from, Saunders?" "From Scot—oh! oh!" cried the poor fellow, as the barber thrust a well-filled tar-brush into his mouth. "How long is it since you left it?—but Saunders had gained experience: he set his teeth, pressed his lips together, and sat a ludicrous picture of fear mixed with desperate resolution. "A close Scot, I see," said Neptune; "give him soap to soften his *phizzog*, and teach him to open his mouth." The barber lathered his patient's cheeks with tar, brandished his

smoothest razor with most becoming grace, and completed the operation without scraping much skin off. The doctor, with his vial of tar-water, and his box of *indescribable* pills, stood by, ready to take advantage of every involuntary gasp of the poor Scotchman. At a given signal, the bandage was taken from his eyes, and he was thrown suddenly backwards, and left floundering in the water till some charitable hand dragged him out. Half drowned, and blind with salt water, he rushed onwards, he knew not where, like a hare before its pursuers, and stumbled over a rope stretched purposely across the deck as a trap for the unwary, and while he lay prostrate he received the contents of all the buckets in the ship on his head. Again he rose—again he ran—and again he fell; but at last, having run the gauntlet through the whole length of the *waist*, he gained the fore-castle, seized a bucket, and hastened to console himself for his fright and suffering by inflicting upon another all that he had endured himself.

All the *uninitiated* danced to the same tune as Saunders, with the *barber's variations* of—smooth, rougher, roughest; and it would be tedious, as well as unnecessary, to describe the *course of treatment* pursued by the *doctor* towards each individual patient. When the whole list of the condemned had been gone through, Neptune (now a *watery* god no longer) dived below to take his share of the extra *grog* allowed to the ship's company; the small sails (which had been previously furled) were set by the watch, and a light breeze springing up, as if in honour of Neptune's departure, the Heavitree, with all her canvass spread, began to move slowly and steadily through the water beneath its influence.

SCENE IN A DALECARLIAN MINE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

“Oh ! fondly, fervently, those two had loved ;
 Had mingled minds in Love’s own perfect trust ;
 Had watched bright sunsets, dreamt of blissful years :
 ———And thus they met !”

“HASTE, with your torches, haste ! make firelight round !”
 —They speed, they press—what hath the miners found ?
 Relic or treasure, giant sword of old ?
 Gems buried deep, rich veins of burning gold ?
 —Not so—the dead, the dead ! An awe-struck band,
 In silence gathering round the silent stand,
 Chained by one feeling, hushing e’en their breath,
 Before the thing that, in the night of death,
 Fearful, yet beautiful, amidst them lay—
 A sleeper, dreaming not !—a youth, with hair
 Making a sunny gleam (how sadly fair !)
 O’er his cold brow : no shadow of decay
 Had touched those pale bright features—yet he wore
 A mien of other days, a garb of yore.
 Who could unfold that mystery ? From the throng
 A woman wildly broke ; her eye was dim,
 As if through many tears, through vigils long,
 Through weary strainings :—all had been for him !
 Those two had loved ! And there he lay, the dead,
 In his youth’s flower—and she, the living, stood
 With her grey hair, whence hue and gloss had fled—
 And wasted form, and cheek, whose flushing blood
 Had long since ebb’d :—a meeting sad and strange !
 —Oh ! are not meetings in this world of change
 Sadder than partings oft ? She stood there, still,
 And mute, and gazing, all her soul to fill
 With the loved face once more—the young, fair face,
 ’Midst that rude cavern touched with sculpture’s grace,
 By torchlight and by death :—until, at last,
 From her deep heart the spirit of the past
 Gush’d in low broken tones :—“ And there thou art !
 And thus we meet, that loved, and did but part
 As for a few brief hours !—My friend, my friend !
 First-love, and only one ! Is this the end
 Of hope deferred, youth blighted ? Yet thy brow
 Still wears its own proud beauty, and thy cheek
 Smiles—how unchanged !—while I, the worn, and weak,
 And faded—oh ! thou wouldst but scorn me now,
 If thou couldst look on me !—a withered leaf,
 Seared—though for thy sake—by the blast of grief !
 —Better to see thee thus !—for thou didst go,
 Bearing my image on thy heart, I know,
 Unto the dead. My Ulrie ! through the night
 How have I called thee !—with the morning light
 How have I watched for thee !—wept, wandered, prayed,
 Met the fierce mountain-tempest, undismayed,
 In search of thee !—bound my worn life to one,
 One torturing hope !—Now let me die !—’tis gone !
 Take thy betrothed !”—And on his breast she fell.
 —Oh ! since their youth’s last passionate farewell,
 How changed in all but love !—the true, the strong—
 Joining in death whom life had parted long !
 —They had one grave—one lonely bridal bed—
 No friend, no kinsman there a tear to shed !
 His name had ceased—her heart outlived each tie,
 Once more to look on that dead face—and die !

TRAVELLING BY NIGHT.—THE YOUNG SOLDIER'S FURLOUGH.

TRAVELLING by night affords a pleasure, which in some degree compensates for the interruption occasioned to observation by darkness and obscurity. The outside of a mail-coach is the best of all situations for the enjoyment of this pleasure; and while journeying rapidly in such a manner through the heart of the midland counties, he must be a strangely insensible creature who is incapable of feeling the changes, which, from the first fresh hour of morning, to the deepest repose of night, are continually occurring. The revelry of noontide, rich and joyous, as if the elements had agreed to club their sweetest influence to heighten it; the tempered warmth, the soberer gladness and beauty of the afternoon hours; and then the eventide, sparkling with something of the morning's brilliancy, and only contrasted with it by the sighing of the night breezes that are heard murmuring among the distant hills; there are few who have not enjoyed watching these progresses of the day, but rare it is that we find any one equally alive to the solemn pomp and language of the night as it passes on from one silent watch to another. Nothing, however, can be finer than the calm and silent manifestations of nature working under its deep shadows, and carrying on the great mystery of being independently of man's intervention or control. As the evening dies away into a cold clear twilight, the huge world seems gathering up itself and settling into repose; then the broad heavy shadows, that lay like a folded up curtain in the valleys, are spread out over hill and plain; the hush of the wide universe becomes deeper and deeper, and the midnight comes in the fulness of its hours, brooding over the earth, like a mighty spirit of embodied time. As this watch of the night wanes away, hour after hour produces some

change in the face of nature, in the floating sounds of the air, the hues of the overhanging clouds, or the forms of the shadows; and we feel that nature is finishing her work of renovation and preparing again to unveil herself. There is a mystery of beauty in these changes of night, that awakens many a sweet and solemn thought; and when aided by any circumstances of individual feeling, produces sensations of the most exquisite kind. In travelling, also, as we have said, the chances of the road are sure to present some object to heighten the feelings thus awakened, and to give the heart a vent for the deepened and hallowed stream of its humanity.

I was once travelling by the mail, through a part of the country, which being only famous as an agricultural district, afforded little to amuse one unacquainted with any of the signs that foretell whether crops will be good or bad. There was, however, among the objects of rural life that it presented, a sufficient degree of simple picturesque beauty to console me for the absence of other and less familiar sights; and as we passed rapidly through little slumbering villages, or by the door of some lonely cottage on the road-side, a variety of pleasing images presented themselves, that my heart seized on as the types of human happiness in its least variable forms. Deep and unbroken was the repose of these quiet spots; not a foot was stirring near them, nor a waking sound to be heard; peace had smoothed the pillow of the peasant, and was now keeping her watch round his habitation.

I had been for some time enjoying such reflections as these, as the changes of the night progressively took place. It was now a little past one in the morning, and I had arrived near the place at which it was necessary for me to leave the mail, and wait for a conveyance to pursue

my route on a different road. The country about here happened to be more thinly inhabited than any of the surrounding districts, and it was only here and there that a cottage was to be seen, and that far off among the fields. I looked forward as well as the dim light of the atmosphere would let me, on each side of the road, but I saw nothing that indicated the presence of a single waking thing. The little quiet hovels that I every now and then saw, were all hushed, and sharing in the same repose as those we had before passed; and I left the vehicle to pursue my path in perfect loneliness.

I had walked for about half a mile down one of those narrow country roads which lead from one village to another, when, at the distance of a field or two, I caught the glimpse of a light glimmering through the unshuttered window of a cottage. I was not displeased at first at finding I had not the whole world to myself, but as I contrasted the appearance of the little dwelling I was looking at, with the deep slumbering peace of the others I had seen, there was something almost unnatural in its look, and a hundred conjectures arose in my mind to account for the watchfulness of its inhabitants. The idea, however, which took strongest hold of me was, that sickness, or perhaps death, had invaded the humble family; and, as I had not been altogether unaccustomed to the cottage fire-side in such seasons as this, and had an hour or two on my hands, I jumped over a stile hard by, and walked up the narrow path-way to the dwelling. As I tapped at the door, I heard the sound of two or three voices speaking in a tone different to that we are used to hear in a sick-room; and when I entered, in answer to the salutation of "come in," I found myself in a snug little kitchen, as light as the day, with the blaze of a fine wood fire, and presenting every appearance of having been the scene of an evening's merrymaking.

The cause of my intrusion was

soon told, and some inquiries as to my nearest way, and the time at which the coach passed the place I was walking to, as quickly answered by an invitation to stay at the cottage during the intervening hour or two. I was not backward in accepting the civil and kind offer thus given, and I drew a chair into the rustic circle with no misgivings as to the sincerity of my welcome. I now looked round at the little party of which I had so unexpectedly become a companion. It consisted of the master and mistress of the cottage, two hale ruddy-looking people, whose free and contented hearts had evidently made the toils of life easy; a man and his wife from a neighbouring village, near whom sat a pretty girl, their daughter, whose bright blue eyes, and innocent countenance, fitted her to be the heroine of any rural romance; next to her was a young man in a soldier's dress, the son of my good hosts, and his sister; who, with two or three children that lay sleeping in the chimney corner, made up the entire party.

It was some little time before my new friends felt sufficiently at home with me to resume their discourse, and I therefore addressed myself to the young soldier, from whom I learned the occasion of the present meeting of friends and neighbours, and the reason of the late hour to which they prolonged their stay. It was the last day of his furlough, and as he was about to set off before the first peep of morning, his parents had determined on keeping up the merriment of their cottage till the very moment of his leaving them.

As the kind-hearted friends of the young man began to forget my being a stranger, I had an opportunity of observing the different manner in which their feelings were occupied. The father was as glad at heart as a man could be, at seeing his neighbours looking contented with their cheer, and spoke of his son's departure with such a happy hope of seeing him come back to them safe and well, that he must have been

sadly disposed to melancholy who could have doubted it would certainly be so. The mother and her female neighbour turned themselves to me to inquire about the country to which the young man's regiment was going, and listened to every thing I could remember about it, as if life and death were in my words. The object of all this solicitude was, in the mean time, closely engaged with the fair girl whose pretty form I had observed on entering, and who was obviously his sweetheart; and the sister was silently and busily employing herself in tying up in a handkerchief a variety of little articles which her affection for her brother had induced her to ransack together. As the time, however, for taking leave approached, every individual in the party seemed less inclined to talk, and I even felt myself partaking of the disinclination. Youth and age were before me, sharing in the same common hopes and common dread; suffering from the same sadness of heart that springs from a separation of either lover and mistress, or parent and child, and internally calculating how much of life would be taken up with these blanks in affection and happiness. I knew that the labours of the next day would brush

away the clouds that I saw gathering on the hearts of my rustic friends, and that the healthy breeze and cheering voices of nature, meeting with no contradiction in their free unburdened consciences, would make them happy as before. But I had oftener calculated the chances of human existence than they were ever likely to do, and I knew better what such a parting was.

The young soldier now rose and prepared to set out. His father took his hand, and "God blessed" him, with a low and subdued voice, while the mother and sister hung on his neck, sobbing out their prayers that he might soon come back to them. Their neighbours looked as if their farewells would be out of place at such a time, and waited patiently by; and the young girl, whose gushing tears showed how fondly her heart was longing to pour itself out, hung her head in silence. At length the door opened, and the lovers took farewell of each other, with as much true-hearted affection, I am persuaded, as lovers ever felt.

I now found it was time for me to pursue my own journey, and I left the cottage with many a wish that every hope of its simple inhabitants might be realized.

BILLY BUTTERWORTH, THE OLDHAM HERMIT.

NEAR the summit of a hill, called Glodwick Loes, situated on the borders of Lancashire, near the populous town of Oldham, commanding a very extensive prospect, stands the solitary, yet celebrated hut of "Billy Butterworth." The eccentric being who bears this name, from the manner of his dressing, an immense beard reaching to his girdle, and many other singularities, has obtained the name of "the hermit;" though, from the great numbers that daily and hourly visit him from all parts, he has no real claim to the title.

Billy Butterworth's hut is a rude

building of his own construction, a piece of ground having been given him for the purpose. In the erection of this hut, the rude hand of uncultivated nature laughed to scorn the improvements of modern times, for neither saw, nor plane, nor trowel, assisted to make it appear gracious in the eye of taste: a rude heap of stones, sods of earth, moss, &c. without nails or mortar, are piled together in an inelegant, but perfectly convenient manner, and form a number of apartments. The whole has the appearance of a heap of rocks thrown together, with trees and plants growing amongst them; and

its parts are so firmly united, that its tenant fears not "the pelting of the pitiless storm;" but, snug beneath his lowly roof, he appears equally content with the smiles or frowns of fortune.

To give a proper description of the hermit's hut, would be very difficult, but a brief sketch will communicate a pretty good idea of the object. The lodge is made of rude branches of trees, where the visitor has to bend, as he enters into the pleasure ground. It is surrounded by a fancy and kitchen garden, curiously decorated with rude seats, arches, grottos, &c.; a few plaster of paris casts are here and there placed, so as to have a pleasing effect.—On the outer part of the hut formerly stood the hermit's chapel, in which was a half-length figure of himself; to this chapel he used to retire at certain hours, in devotion to his Maker; but as he makes little pretensions to religion, he has pulled it down: besides, where stood the chapel is an observatory; and here the hermit amuses his numerous visitors by exhibiting a small camera obscura of his own construction, by which he is enabled to explain the surrounding country for four or five miles. Near the camera obscura is a raised platform, almost on a level with the roof of the hermitage; this he calls "the terrace." From the terrace there is a beautiful view of the country. The towns of Ashton-under-lyne, Stockport, Manchester, lie in the distance, with the adjacent villages, and the line of Yorkshire hills, from among which "*Wila Bank*" rises majestically above its neighbours. The hermit makes use of this situation, to give signals to the village at the foot of the hill, when he wishes to be supplied with any article of provision for the entertainment of his visitors, such as liquors, cream, sallads, bread, &c.: of confectionary, ginger beer, and peppermint, he has generally a good stock.

We next come to his summer abours, which are numerous in his garden, and furnished with tables

and seats for parties to enjoy themselves separately, without interfering with others. He formerly had a dove-house in his garden, where he kept a few pairs of doves; but some unlawful wretch, in the absence of the owner, stole the doves,—which so offended the hermit that he took down the dove-house. Of the out-buildings, the last we shall describe, is the carriage-house. The reader may smile at the word "carriage" in such a situation, and would be more apt to believe me if I had said a wheel-barrow. But no! grave reader, "*Billy Butterworth*" runs his carriage, which is of the low gig kind, drawn by an ass, and on extra occasions by two asses. A little boy, called Adam, is the postilion, as there is only seating for one in the carriage. The boy acts as a waiter in busy times. In his carriage, "*Billy Butterworth*" drives to his wealthy neighbours, and meets with a gracious reception. He frequently visits the Earl of Stamford, Earl de Wilton, &c. &c. and, from his grotesque dress and equipage, excites mirth to a great degree.

The inner part of this hermit's hut consists of many different apartments, all of which are named in great style: the east front enters into the saloon, in which are two half-length portraits of the hermit, painted by himself, and a great many other paintings, organ, jars, table, half-circle chairs, sofas, &c. From the saloon we enter the repository, where natural curiosities, such as mosses, shells, stones, coins, woodshoes, landscapes, &c. are so placed as to excite the admiration of the gazing multitudes. Next is the library, in which a few books are so placed as to correspond with the other parts of the hut. We next pass through the servants' hall, (in which is a turn-up bed, ancient chest, shelf, cupboards, sofas, a small oven, made of an iron pot turned on its side,) into the dining-room, through a narrow lobby, and painted door. From the dining-room we enter the drawing-room, which is covered with

a palm leaf, the gift of John Blackburn, Esq. M. P. The walls are lined with drapery, tastefully hung, and the furniture exhibits numerous specimens of ancient carved wood-work. Pictures of all sorts, from the genuine oil painting, and prints of good line engraving, down to the common caricature daubs, are numerously hung in every part of the hut.

"Billy Butterworth" is himself a tall man, of rather a commanding figure, with dark hair, and dark sparkling eyes. His countenance is of a pleasing but rather of a melancholy appearance, which is increased by an immensely long black beard.

On the whole, although he is now in the evening of life, the remains of a once handsome man are evident. His dress is varied according to the seasons; in winter he wears black cloth, in spring green, in summer red, in autumn yellow. He travels in black velvet, always resembling the costume of Elizabeth and Charles's days; a black cap, black ostrich feathers, and buckle, long waistcoat, jacket with silk let into the sleeves, small-clothes of the same, and over the whole a short mantle.

Billy Butterworth has lived in this solitary abode for twenty-six years. His reasons for adopting this mode of life appear to be, in consequence of his residing in his younger days with a family of ladies, with whose retired habits he was so much captivated, that when he returned to live in his father's house, (his father is still living,) with his brothers and sisters, though he had been brought up with them, their manners so disgusted him, that, into the chamber in which he lodged, he made a way through the roof, and ascended and descended by a ladder; and it is called to this day, "Billy's chamber." But the general opinion is, that a disappointment in love has been the cause; and which, in some degree, he acknowledges, as he says, the world will have it so. However, let that rest as it will, it is said he has accumulated, by these eccentric means, a handsome property; but he is so independent, that he will not receive a present from his friends. He is communicative to strangers; is polite, and well-informed on general topics, and has evidently read much. He was in his younger days a member of a corps dramatique.

TYRANNICAL TREATMENT OF THE LAST QUEEN OF GEORGIA.

THE subjugation of Georgia, to the Russian sceptre, was attended with many interesting circumstances, which are as yet, either entirely unknown, or at least, known but very imperfectly in Europe. We have, however, met with an account in a German journal, of the removal from Tiflis, of the last individual of the Royal family, who attempted to recover the sovereignty which Russia had extinguished. An abstract of this story, which though romantic, is, we believe, substantially true, may be interesting at the present moment, when the powerful Autocrat of the North, is understood to have recommenced war with Persia, on the one hand, and on the other, to threaten

a formidable attack on the Ottoman Porte.

It is well known, that, about the end of the last century, some of the principal tribes of Georgia, unable to repel the repeated attacks of the Turks and Persians, eagerly sought the assistance and protection of Russia. The appeal was not made in vain. The Russian troops marched into the country, and supported the Kings of Georgia, Imerthia, (called in the maps and gazeteers, Immeretia and Imiretta,) and the other chief Princes of the country. But it was soon found, that these independent Sovereigns quarrelled among themselves, and Russia was not slow in taking advantage of the dissensions,

which, it is alleged, she provoked. Like the Greeks, the Georgians wished to be independent; but that wish did not coincide with the policy of the Cabinet of St. Petersburg. It was there determined, that the several native Princes should be removed to a distance from their territories, and allowed pensions for their subsistence. Most of them submitted quietly to the arrangement imposed on them. Only one, Salomon II., King of Imerthia, rejected the Russian offer. He fled, placed himself under the protection of the Porte, and died at Trebisonde, in 1815.

The Princess, whose last unsuccessful attempt to throw off the Russian yoke we shall briefly relate, was Maria, the daughter of Prince George Tsitanoff, and the widow of George XIII., son of the celebrated Heraclius, King of Georgia. This last of the Georgian Kings died in December, 1800. His eldest son, David, ought then to have ascended the throne, but, in consequence of stipulations made by Russia in the Treaty of Tiflis, concluded in November, 1795, he was merely declared Regent, and was, finally, removed to Russia in the year 1803. The whole country was immediately converted into a Russian province. This change was chiefly brought about by Prince Paul Dimetrewitch Tsitanoff, who, though nearly related to the royal family, was completely devoted to the interests of Russia. He had risen to the rank of general in the Russian army, and, for his services on this occasion, was appointed Governor-General of Georgia.

Prince Tsitanoff appeared to have now put an end to all idea of further resistance on the part of the country, and as no danger was apprehended from Queen Maria, she, without much difficulty, obtained permission from the Russian Government to remain in Georgia with her infant children, of whom she had seven, five male and two female. The Queen, however, did not feel much gratitude

for this favour, as she suspected that her sons, on approaching manhood, would be taken from her and removed to Russia. She, therefore, resolved to escape into her father's territory, where she expected to find the means of making head against the Russians. In the mean time General Tsitanoff, who was aware of the bold and decided character of the Queen, kept a strict eye upon her. All her movements were carefully watched, and at last the General thought it necessary to advise the Russian Government to withdraw the permission for her residence in Georgia. But this was not sufficient; the Queen might take some important step before the decision of the Russian Government could arrive; and to guard against every accident, he gained* over, by promises and bribes, Kalatusoff, a Georgian of noble family, who was in the Queen's household, and honoured with her entire confidence. This wretch, seduced by the offer of a brilliant reward, disclosed all the plans of the Queen.

Maria relied much on the Pshavi and Tushini, two Caucasian tribes, who inhabit the banks of the Yora to the north-west of Tiflis, and whose character and customs render them formidable to their enemies. Their laws incite to the most daring hardihood in the field, and they are taught to regard revenge as a duty. He who returns from battle wounded in the back is punished with death, and the beard must remain unshaved until the death of a relation be avenged. These mountaineers had from time immemorial, formed the body guard of the Georgian kings, and they had always been strongly attached to the Royal family. Maria determined in the first instance to take refuge among the Pshavi; but the plan of her escape was betrayed by Kalatusoff, at the moment when every thing was prepared for its execution.

One of the chiefs of the Pshavi, named Hadilla, remarkable for his courage and gigantic stature, was deputed by his tribe to conduct the

plan of escape. He had several conferences with the Queen on the subject, which were immediately disclosed by Kalatusoff. General Tsitianooff wished to verify the information he had received, and for that purpose ordered Hadilla to be summoned before him. There was with the General, only his interpreter, whom he thought proper to have present at this interview, though he knew the language of the Pshavi perfectly well. Kalatusoff was concealed behind a sofa. On Hadilla's entrance, he saluted the General in the manner of his country, and the following dialogue followed between them :

"What has brought you to Tiflis?"

"I have come here to purchase salt."

"Do not attempt to deceive me, you have other reasons for being here."

"I have come to purchase salt."

"Your life is forfeited if you do not speak the truth. If you persist in concealment, I have power to order your head to be struck off instantly."

"What, order me to be beheaded immediately! By whom then? By that Armenian interpreter there, perhaps, (putting his hand in his bosom) but I have still a dagger ***."

The General perceived that he could not succeed by threats, and endeavoured to extract something by milder language. But his alteration of tone produced no effect. Hadilla's unvarying answer was, that he came to buy salt. The General then called Kalatusoff from his concealment, and confronted him with the Pshavi, who indignantly refused to answer any farther questions. Six Russian grenadiers were then introduced, who disarmed Hadilla, and conveyed him to the fortress.

The General was now satisfied that the removal of the Queen was indispensable to the peace and tranquillity of the country. He, therefore, resolved to accomplish that object on the following day, the 12th of April, 1803. It was his wish, however, that nothing should seem to be done privately, but that it should appear that the Queen was proceeding of her own accord on a journey.

Every thing was, therefore, to be conducted with pomp and ceremony. Accordingly, at an hour of the morning rather too early for waiting on a Princess, Major-General Lazareff, in full uniform, accompanied by an interpreter, named Sorokin, having the rank of Captain, and followed by two companies of infantry, with military music, proceeded to the Palace. Lazareff went directly to the Queen's apartment, where he found her sitting, in the oriental manner, with her legs crossed under her, on an elevated cushion. She was surrounded by her seven children, the eldest of whom was barely seven years of age, and who were sleeping on adjoining cushions. Lazareff intimated that she must immediately prepare to leave Tiflis. The Queen had for some days apprehended that a measure of this kind would be adopted before she could effect her escape. But, though she was not altogether taken by surprise, she did not fail to remonstrate against so precipitate an order. She pointed to her children, and said, that if she waked them rashly "it would turn their blood." This is a prevailing prejudice in Georgia. When Lazareff stated that he acted under the orders of General Tsitianooff, she merely said "Tsitsiano too-fiani," *i. e.*, "Tsitianooff is the disgrace of his family." Beside the cushion on which the Queen sat, and which covered a kind of state bed or throne, there was a pillow on which she used occasionally to recline her head, and which she now drew towards her knee, apparently resting her arm upon it. In this pillow she had, for some time, kept concealed the sword of her deceased husband. Lazareff perceiving no disposition to prepare for the journey, approached the cushion on the left, and stooped down with the intention of raising the Queen. Maria, who had by this time laid the pillow quite across her knee, suddenly drew the sword and plunged it into his side, exclaiming, "So perish all the agents of tyranny and dishonour." The wound was mortal, and the Russian, with a con-

vulsive cry, instantly expired. So-rokin, the interpreter drew his sword to oppose the Queen, and wounded her severely on the shoulder; Helena, the mother of Maria, being alarmed by the noise, rushed at this moment into the apartment, and seeing the blood streaming from her daughter's wound, clasped her in her arms, with the eager action of a parent protecting her child. Four officers also immediately entered, and in a moment the house was full of Russian soldiers. The Queen was dragged from the arms of her mother, and hurried with her children into a carriage, which had been prepared to receive her. A strong military escort accompanied the carriage. Every where on the road the Georgians gave proofs of their attachment to the Queen, but

the soldiers permitted very few persons to come near her. It was wished to know what the Queen might say to any of the people, or what conversation might pass between her and her children. For this purpose, a Russian, who understood Georgian, was selected to conduct the carriage. This man, on his return to Tiflis, related many affecting anecdotes of the journey. Among the rest the following:—The young prince Gabriel, only six years old, said, "Mother, why did you kill that officer?" "For your honour, my dear," answered the Queen; to which, the child replied, "Mother, say that I did it, and then the Russians will not harm you."

On arriving in Russia, the Queen was shut up in a cloister, and thus ended the kingdom of Georgia.

ANCIENT FLUTES AND FLUTE PLAYERS, &c.

THE ancient flutes were made of reeds, wood, and metal: they were of great importance in antiquity, and of different sorts, some of which were used in times of mirth, and others in times of mourning. The invention has been given, by poets, to Apollo, Mercury, and Pan. Among the ancients they were called *fistulae*, and sometimes *tibia*-pipes. Borel says the word *flute* is derived from *fluta*, the Latin for a lamprey or small eel, taken in the Sicilian seas, having seven holes immediately below the gills on each side, the precise number of those in the front of the flute. Aristotle tells us, that the flute, after its first invention, was used by mean people and thought an ignoble instrument, unworthy of a freeman, till after the invasion and defeat of the Persians, whose ease, affluence, and luxury, soon rendered its use so common that it was a disgrace to a person of birth not to know how to play upon it. Epaminondas was an able performer on the flute. The Thebans were great performers on this instrument. It ap-

pears that Alcibiades setting up for a fine gentleman, and taking the utmost care of his person, was soon disgusted with the flute, as Minerva herself had been before; for happening to see himself in a mirror while he was playing, he was so shocked at the distortion of his sweet countenance, that he broke his flute in a transport of passion, and threw it away, which brought the instrument into great disgrace among the young people of rank at Athens; however, this disgust did not extend to the sound of the flute itself, since we find by Plutarch, that the great performers upon it continued long after to be much followed and admired. Horace speaks of bands of female flute-players, some of whom existed in his time; they became so common in all private entertainments as well as at public feasts, obtruding their company, &c. unasked, that their profession was regarded as infamous, and utterly abolished. The most celebrated female flute-player of antiquity was Lamia. Her beauty, wit, and abilities in her profession, made her regarded as

a prodigy. As she was a great traveller, her reputation soon became very extensive ; her first journey from Athens, the place of her birth, was into Egypt, whither she was drawn by the fame of the flute-players of that country. Her person and performance were not long unnoticed, at the court of Alexandria ; however, in the conflicts between Ptolemy, Soter, and Demetrius, for the island of Cyprus, about 312 B. C., Ptolemy, being defeated in a sea engagement, his wives, domestics, and military stores fell into the hands of Demetrius. Plutarch says, the celebrated Lamia was among the female captives taken in this victory. She had been universally admired at first on account of her talents, for she was a wonderful performer on the flute ; but afterwards her fortune became more splendid, by the charms of her person which procured her many admirers of great rank. The prince, whose captive she became, and who, though a successful warrior, was said to have vanquished as many hearts as cities, conceived so violent a passion for Lamia, that from a sovereign and a conqueror he was instantly transformed into a slave, though her beauty was more on the decline, and Demetrius, the handsomest prince of his time, was much younger than herself. At her instigation he conferred such extraordinary benefits upon the Athenians, that they rendered him divine honours, and as an acknowledgment of the influence which she had exercised in their favour, they dedicated a temple to her under the name of "*Venus Lamia*." Ismenias, the Theban, was one of the most celebrated performers on the flute of antiquity. Having been taken prisoner by Athas, king of the Scythians, he performed on the flute before that rude monarch ; but though his attendants were charmed so much that they applauded him with rapture, the king laughed

at their folly, and said that he preferred the neighing of his horse to the flute of this fine musician. He was sent ambassador into Persia, and Lucian says, that he gave three talents, or £581 5s. for a flute at Corinth. Dorian, the celebrated flute-player, was a great wit and a great glutton, and was often invited by Philip of Macedon, in order to enliven his parties of pleasure. Having lost a large shoe at a banquet, which he wore on account of his foot being swelled by the gout, "*the only harm I wish the thief, (said he,) is, that my shoe may fit him.*" How great a demand there was for flutes in Athens, may be conceived from a circumstance mentioned by Plutarch, in his life of Isocrates. This orator, says he, was the son of Theodorus, a flute-maker, who acquired wealth sufficient by his employment, not only to educate his children in a liberal manner, but also to bear one of the heaviest public burdens to which an Athenian citizen was liable, that of furnishing a choir or chorus for his tribe or ward, at festivals and religious ceremonies. Each tribe furnished their distinct chorus ; which consisted of a band of vocal and instrumental performers, and dancers, who were to be hired, maintained, and dressed during the festival : an expense considerable in itself, but much increased by emulation among the richer citizens, and the disgrace consequent to inferior exhibition. The fluctuations of trade and public favour have rendered the business of boring flutes far less profitable at present than it was in the time of Theodorus. But then (says a modern writer on this subject) we have had an harpsichord maker in our own country (Kirkman) who died worth £100,000, and who was as able to maintain a choir as Theodorus, or any dean or chapter of a cathedral.

ANATOMY OF DRUNKENNESS.*

THIS little book is evidently the production of a man of genius. The style is singularly neat, terse, concise and vigorous, far beyond the reach of an ordinary mind; the strain of sentiment is such as does honour to the author's heart; and the observation of human life, by which every page is characterized, speaks a bold, active, and philosophical intellect. As a medical treatise it is excellent—but its merit is as a moral dissertation on the nature, causes and effects of one of the most deplorable and pernicious vices that can degrade and afflict all the workings of social life.

It was not likely, that a work of so much spirit and originality should not very soon attract notice; and accordingly, we are pleased, but not at all surprised, to see that it has already reached a second, and a greatly extended and improved edition. It is perfectly free from all quackery and pretension; the writer does not belong to the solemn and stupid Gold-headed-cane School; he writes with much of the animation and *vidua vis animi* of the late incomparable John Bell; but the character of his style, of his sentiments, and of his opinions, is his own, and his little most entertaining, interesting, and instructive Treatise is stamped from beginning to end with the best of all qualities—originality—of itself enough to hide a multitude of defects, but which is here found allied with uniform sound sense, sagacity and discretion.

"Drunkenness," Dr. Macnish observes, "is not like some other vices, peculiar to modern times. It is handed down to us from 'hoar antiquity;' and if the records of the antediluvian era were more complete, we should probably find that it was not unknown to the father of the human race."

Let observation with extensive view survey mankind from China to Peru, and what one single small district of the habitable globe will be found, even on the Sabbath-day, perfectly sober? The possession of unclouded reason to the victims of sin and sorrow would seem to be felt as a curse. Therefore, they extract insanity from flowers and blossoms, bright with the blooms and fresh with the dews of heaven, and drink down their misery into dreamless sleep. True, as Mr. Macnish says, "that drunkenness has varied greatly at different times and among different nations;" but, perhaps, take one country with another, though the spirit of the age has varied, the quantum of the vice has been pretty much the same, drunkard has balanced drunkard, and earth herself continued to reel and stagger on her axis.

Drunkenness prevails, we agree with the author, more in a rude than in a civilized state of society. It seems, too, to prevail to a much greater extent in northern than in southern latitudes.

Mr. Macnish has a chapter on the causes of drunkenness,—and it is an excellent one—every sentence in it being concise and vigorous.

He then touches on another topic—and a melancholy one it is—yet true.

"Drunkenness," he observes, "appears to be in some measure hereditary. We frequently see it descending from parents to their children. This may undoubtedly often arise from bad example and imitation, but there can be little question that, in many instances at least, it exists as a family predisposition."

We regret that our limits will not allow us to copy Mr. Macnish's description of the agreeable sensations of incipient drunkenness, and of the

* The Anatomy of Drunkenness, by Robert Macnish, Member of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow. Glasgow, 1828.

opposite ones which accompany the succeeding stages of the fit. We know not any where a more vivid and breathing picture. Justice is done to the subject, both on its fairer and darker side, and Truth has guided the pen or pencil at every touch. No moral is drawn,—but a moral is there, nevertheless,—and amidst all the airy mirth so well described, it sounds like a small, chiming, melancholy knell, foreboding woe and destruction.

We once saw a man under sentence of death, (he was to be, and was, executed next morning) under the influence of an enormous quantity of ardent spirits. He had got it smuggled into prison by his wife. He had swallowed about two bottles of rum that day,—but though dismal, he was not drunk. Fear and horror kept him sober. His senses were in some measure *dazed*, but his soul was alive in its agony, and his groans were the ghastliest ever heard out of or in a condemned cell. Among all the confusion of the thoughts within him, one thought was ever uppermost; and he knew in all the dreadful distinctness of reality, always so different from a dream, that he was to be hanged next morning at eight o'clock, and his body given to dissection. He staggered up and down in his chains, and then, ever and anon, sat down on the edge of his iron bed, and stared on vacancy with blood-shot eyes, as if he saw the hangman or Satan. The liquor had lost its power over the “heart of the man oppressed with care,” and all that it did seemed to be, to bring the gallows nearer to him in the gloom,—to dangle the rope nearer to his throat and eyes,—and to show him, like a reality on the stone-floor, his own shell or coffin. His prayers were muttered angrily, like curses; no deluding hope of reprieve or respite rose from the rum fumes sickening his stomach and clouding his brain,—no minister of religion, much needed as he was, would then have been welcome. There was an obscure and dim mistaking in his tortured spirit, of his sentence as the

mere judgment of men, instead of the doom of the Eternal, whose great law he had violated,—he denied, demon-like, the righteousness of the fiat, “blood for blood;” and in the blackness of his face you read wrath against wrath, that of a wicked worm against that of the Holy of Holies, wickedness struggling with conscience, and crime, fear-stricken and appalled, yet loath to give way to penitence, though preyed on by remorse, while all his body trembled and shook as at the noise of a devouring fire.

The shame, horror, penitence, and dreadful remorse, that men have felt for words said and deeds done in drink, prove that drink can inspire thoughts into men’s hearts most alien from their nature, and drive them to the commission of acts, of which, as long as they were in their sober senses, no trial, no temptation, could ever have made them guilty, or even form to themselves a thought fleeting as a shadow. But they had put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains, and thence sometimes rape, robbery and murder, followed by swift retribution and lamentable doom.

Drunkard, stand forward, that we may have a look at you, and draw your picture. There he stands! The mouth of the drunkard, you may observe, contracts a singularly sensitive appearance—seemingly red and rawish; and he is perpetually licking or smacking his lips, as if his palate were dry and adust. His is a thirst that water will not quench. He might as well drink air. His whole being burns for a dram. The whole world is contracted into a calker. He would sell his soul, in such extremity, were the black bottle denied him, for a gulp of Glenlivet. Not to save his soul from eternal fire, would he, or rather could he, if left alone with it, refrain from pulling out the plug, and sucking away at destruction. What a snout he turns up to the morning air, inflamed, pimpled, snubby, and snorty, and with a nob at the end on’t, like one carved out

of a stick by the knife of a school-boy—rough and hot to the very eye,—a nose which, rather than pull, you would submit even to be in some degree insulted. A perpetual cough harasses and exhausts him, and a perpetual expectoration. How his hand trembles! It is an effort even to sign his name; one of his sides is certainly not by any means as sound as the other; there has been a touch of palsy there; and the next hint will draw down his chin to his collar bone, and convert him, a month before dissolution, into a slaving idiot. There is no occupation, small or great, insignificant or important, to which he can turn, for any length of time, his hand, his heart, or his head. He cannot angle—for his fingers refuse to tie a knot, much more to busk a fly. The glimmer and the glow of the stream would make his brain dizzy—to wet his feet now would, he fears, be death. Yet he thinks that he will go out—during that sunny blink of a showery day—and try the well-known pool in which he used to bathe in boyhood, with the long, matted, green, trailing water-plants depending on the slippery rocks, and the water-ouzel gliding from beneath the arch that hides her “procreant cradle,” and then sinking like a stone suddenly in the limpid stream. He sits down on the bank, and fumbling in his pouch for his pocket-hook, brings out, instead, a pocket-pistol. Turning his fiery face towards the mild, blue, vernal sky, he pours the gurgling brandy down his throat—first one dose, and then another—till, in an hour, stupefied and dazed, he sees not the silvery crimson-spotted trouts, shooting, and leaping, and tumbling, and plunging in deep and shallow. Or, if it be autumn or winter, he calls, perhaps, with a voice at once gruff and feeble, on old Ponto, and will take a pluff at the partridges. In former days, down they used to go, right and left, in potatoe or turnip-field, broomy brae or stubble—but now his sight is dim and wavering, and his touch trembles on the trigger. The

covey whirrs off, unharmed in a single feather—and poor Ponto, remembering better days, cannot conceal his melancholy, falls in at his master’s heel, and will hunt no more. Out, as usual, comes the brandy bottle—he is still a good shot when his mouth is the mark—and having emptied the fatal flask, he staggers homewards, with the muzzle of his double-barrel frequently pointed to his ear, both being on full cock, and his brains not blown out only by a miracle. He tries to read the newspaper—just arrived—but cannot find his spectacles. Then, by way of variety, he attempts a tune on the fiddle—but the bridge is broken, and her side cracked, and the bass-string snapped—and she is restored to her peg among the cobwebs. To conclude the day worthily and consistently, he squelches himself down among the reprobate crew, takes his turn at smutty jest and smuttier song,—falls back insensible, exposed to gross and indecent practical jokes from the vilest of the unchanged—and finally is carried to bed on a hand-barrow, with hanging head and heels, and, with glazed eyes and lolling tongue, is tumbled upon the quilt—if ever to awake it is extremely doubtful;—but if awake he do, it is to the same wretched round of brutal degradation—a career, of which the inevitable close is an unfriended deathbed and a pauper’s grave. O hero! six feet high, and with a brawn once like Hercules—in the prime of life, too—well born and well bred—once bearing with honour the king’s commission; and on that glorious morn, now forgotten, or bitterly remembered, undaunted leader of the forlorn-hope that mounted the breach at Badajos—is that a death worthy of a man—a soldier—and a Christian? A dram-drinker! Faugh! faugh! Look over—lean over that stile, where a pig lies wallowing in mire—and a voice, faint, and feeble, and far off, as if it came from some dim and remote world within your lost soul, will cry, that of the two beasts, that bristly one,

agrun't in sensual sleep, with its snout snoring across the husk-trough, is, as a physical, moral, and intellectual being, superior to you, late Major in his Majesty's — regiment of foot, now dram-drinker, drunkard, and dotard, and self-doomed to a disgraceful and disgusting death ere you shall have completed your thirtieth year. What a changed thing since that day when you carried the colors, and were found, the bravest of the brave, and the most beautiful of the beautiful, with the glorious tatters wrapped round your body all drenched in blood, your hand grasping the broken sabre, and two grim Frenchmen lying hacked and hewed at your feet ! Your father and your mother saw your name in the "Great Lord's" Despatch ; and it was as much as he could do to keep her from falling on the floor, for "her joy was like a deep affright !" Both are dead now ; and better so, for the sight of that blotched face and those glazed eyes, now and then glittering in fitful frenzy, would have killed them both, nor, after such a spectacle, could their old bones have rested in the grave.

Let any one who has had much experience of life, look back upon the ranks of his friends, companions, acquaintances, and persons whom he knew but by name—or not even by name—although he had become informed of something of their habits and history. How many drunkards among them have drunk themselves to death, and, before their natural term, disappeared—first into disgraceful retirement in some far-off hut, and then into some church-yard apart from the bones of kindred !

But these are not, bad as they are, by any means the worst cases. Scotland—ay, well-educated, moral, religious Scotland, can show, in the bosom of her bonny banks and braes, cases worse than these ; at which, if there be tears in heaven, "the angels weep." Look at that grey-headed man, of threescore and upwards, sitting by the way-side ! He was once an Elder of the Kirk, and a pious man he was, if ever piety adorned

the temples,—“the lyart haffets, wearing thin and bare,” of a Scottish peasant. What eye beheld the many hundred steps, that, one by one, with imperceptible gradation, led him down—down—down to the lowest depths of shame, suffering, and ruin ? For years before it was bruided abroad through the parish, that Gabriel Mason was addicted to drink, his wife used to sit weeping alone in the spence, when her sons and daughters were out at their work in the fields, and the infatuated man, fierce in the excitement of raw ardent spirits, kept causelessly raging and storming through every nook of that once so peaceful tenement, which for many happy years had never been disturbed by the loud voice of anger or reproach. His eyes were seldom turned on his unhappy wife, except with a sullen scowl, or fiery wrath ; but when they did look on her with kindness, there was also a rueful self-upbraiding in the expression of his eyes, on account of his cruelty ; and at sight of such transitory tenderness, her heart overflowed with forgiving affection, and her sunk eyes with unendurable tears. But neither domestic sin nor domestic sorrow will conceal from the eyes and the ears of men ; and at last Gabriel Mason's name was a byword in the mouth of the scoffer. One Sabbath he entered the kirk, in a state of miserable abandonment, and from that day he was no longer an elder. To regain his character seemed to him, in his desperation, beyond the power of man, and against the decree of God. So, he delivered himself up, like a slave, to that one appetite, and in a few years his whole household had gone to destruction. His wife was a matron, almost in the prime of life, when she died ; but as she kept wearing away to the other world, her face told that she felt her years had been too many in this. Her eldest son, unable, in pride and shame, to lift up his eyes at kirk or market, went away to the city, and enlisted into a regiment about to embark on foreign service. His two

sisters went to take farewell of him, but never returned; one, it is said, having died of a fever in the Infirmary, just as if she had been a pauper; and the other—for the sight of sin, and sorrow, and shame, and suffering, is ruinous—gave herself up, in her beauty, an easy prey to a destroyer, and doubtless has run her course of agonies, and is now no more. The rest of the family dropped down, one by one, out of sight, into inferior situations in far-off places; but there was a curse, it was thought, hanging over the family, and of none of them did ever a favourable report come to their native parish; while he, the infatuated sinner, whose vice seemed to have worked all the woe, remained in the chains of his tyrannical passion, nor seemed ever, for more than the short term of a day, to cease hugging them to his heart. Semblance of all that is most venerable in the character of Scotland's peasantry! Image of a perfect patriarch, walking out to meditate at even-tide! What a noble forehead! Features how high, dignified, and composed! There, sitting in the shade of that old way-side tree, he seems some religious missionary, travelling to and fro over the face of the earth, seeking out sin and sorrow, that he may tame them under the word of God, and change their very being into piety and peace. Call him not a hoary hypocrite, for he cannot help that noble—that venerable—that apostolic aspect—that dignified figure, as if bent gently by Time loath to touch it with too heavy a hand—that holy sprinkling over his furrowed temples, of the silver-soft, and the snow-white hair—these are the gifts

of gracious Nature all—and Nature will not reclaim them, but in the tomb. That is Gabriel Mason—the Drunkard! And in an hour you may, if your eyes can bear the sight, see and hear him staggering up and down the village, cursing, swearing, preaching, praying,—stoned by blackguard boys and girls, who hound all the dogs and curs at his heels, till, taking refuge in the smithy or the pot-house, he becomes the sport of grown clowns, and after much idiot laughter, ruefully mingled with sighs, and groans, and tears, he is suffered to mount upon a table, and urged, perhaps, by reckless folly, to give out a text from the Bible, which is nearly all engraven on his memory,—so much and so many other things effaced for ever—and there, like a wild Itinerant, he stammers forth unintentional blasphemy, till the liquor he has been allowed or instigated to swallow, smites him suddenly senseless, and, falling down, he is huddled off into a corner of some lumber-room, and left to sleep,—better far, for one so pitifully miserable, were it to everlasting death!

From such imperfect pictures we return with satisfaction to the Treatise. The chapter "On the Pathology of Drunkenness" is one of the most striking in this singularly able work. Among the consequences of drunkenness which the author has here given, are many of the most painful diseases which flesh is heir to.

We have room only to add, that to those who stand in need of advice and warning, Mr. M.'s Treatise is worth a hundred sermons. As a literary composition, its merits are very high.

ORIGIN OF DEAN SWIFT'S MEDITATIONS UPON A BROOMSTICK.

SWIFT was in the habit of going to visit Lady Berkeley, his patron's consort. She was a great admirer of "Boyle's Pious Meditations," and used often to request the Dean to read aloud some portion

from them. Such occupation, however, was too little congenial with the Dean's humour, and soon he resolved to revenge himself upon Boyle for the irksome task thus imposed upon him. In short, he wrote a pa-

rody upon him, which he got printed, and entitled "Meditations upon a Broomstick." This he sewed into the copy of Boyle from which her Ladyship was accustomed to read. It was exactly the same paper, type, and so ingeniously inserted, that no one was likely to conjecture the deceit. So, the next time, he opened the book at the "Meditations upon a Broomstick," which, with a very grave countenance, he read aloud.

Lady.—"No jesting, if you please, Mr. Dean, upon so grave a subject."

Swift.—"Jesting! I vow, my Lady, I read it as I find it,—here it is 'Meditations upon a Broomstick.'"

Lady.—"So it is—upon my word, it is a 'Meditation upon a Broomstick.' What a singular subject! But let us see; Boyle is so full of ideas, that I am persuaded he will make it extremely edifying, though it looks so odd."

With great gravity, Swift proceeded to read a very original comparison between a broomstick and a man, and contrasting the destiny of mankind with that of the broomstick: "This stick," he continued, in a solemn tone, "this stick, that you see thrown thus ignominiously into a corner, was once flourishing in the woods," &c. &c. "Oh, excellent Boyle!" exclaimed her Ladyship, "how admirably he has drawn the moral from so trifling a subject. But

whatever he touches he turns to gold." The Dean, preserving his gravity, made signs of assent, as if he quite agreed with her Ladyship, and then took his leave. In the evening her Ladyship had a party, and one of the first topics started was Boyle's excellent "Meditations upon a Broomstick." Some of the company began to laugh.

"You may laugh," exclaimed her Ladyship, "but I am astonished you should not have heard of it; it is quite worthy the pen of this great moralist." Others, however, ventured to question its existence; when her Ladyship, in triumph, points out the part, which they saw sure enough. "Have I convinced you, gentlemen; I see you are quite confounded: but to tell you the truth, so was I at first. Indeed, I should still have been ignorant of the fact, but for Mr. Dean Swift, who was so good as to point it out to me, only to-day."

"What!" cried some of the party, "was it Swift! this is one of his tricks then, let us have another copy of Boyle. They went and looked, and looked, but no "Meditation upon a Broomstick" was to be found: it was plain that the whole had been interpolated. The lady concealed her chagrin: but, henceforth, she never imposed upon the author of "Gulliver" the reading of these edifying lectures. And this was what he wanted.

POLICE OF FRANCE.

A RICH merchant of Lyons was very lately robbed in that city, to a very large amount: and, after using every exertion in his power, was led to believe that the thief had fled to, and was resident in Paris, whither he directed his course, without the least delay. On his arrival in the metropolis, he communicated to one of his friends, a literary character, and whose political writings had assured him some months' detention in prison, and an acquaint-

ance with the police,) the history of his loss, and his suspicions regarding its author. "If he be in Paris," replied his friend, "I engage he shall be forthcoming. Follow me." They were soon in the presence of an officer of the *gendarmerie*, who, having listened composedly to the merchant's narration, ordered him to return on the morrow. The next day, the merchant having presented himself, the officer informed him that he had discovered the thief; that

he was in Paris, and his residence known. "Let us lose no time, Sir," exclaimed the eager and expectant merchant, in the fear he should escape. "Do not alarm yourself," said the other; "he is strictly watched, and is even *associated* with the Police." "I shall instantly hasten for an order of arrest from the Procureur du Roi," continued the merchant, in preparing to depart. "Not quite so hasty, if you please," replied the apathetic officer; "that you will obtain the order you propose, I pretend not to deny; or that it will be imperative on me to show it obedience; but you will decidedly defeat your object; and the man you seek will be unattainable." "I do not understand you, Sir." "Listen for a moment, and I shall explain the matter. My responsibility as a police-officer is great, and extends to the interests of the community in general. I require many hands, and the means accorded me of satisfying them are trifling; yet if I do not pay well I shall want assistance; and if they whom I employ can gain more on their own account than in executing my orders, it would be impossible for me to act. I therefore, of necessity, conform to the long established usages of my department. A criminal, you may be aware, is ever upon the alarm; but so long as he is not directly and publicly charged with a particular offence, I accept a compromise with him; and he pays me in return a monthly sum, which goes to the remuneration of my subalterns. The very man in question relies at this

moment upon the faith of our treaty, assured of not being molested until I have special orders regarding him. In that event, I am bound in honour to advise him that our agreement is at an end, and that he must look to his own safety. He will then use his best attempts to escape, and I to entrap him. The person you inquire for is in the situation I have mentioned; and, if you will follow my counsel, before you proceed judicially, you had better try conciliatory measures. I shall direct him to be to-morrow, at a certain hour, in the *Rue Monconseil*, and you will meet him there. Two of my men shall be near you for your protection. You will enter into an explanation with the robber; and I shall be greatly surprised if, after the hints I shall convey to him, you do not come to a satisfactory arrangement in respect to the stolen property."

The interview took place as proposed, and an amicable agreement was entered into. The merchant, when well assured of restitution, presented the officer with a sum far inferior to what the expense of prosecution on his part would have amounted to; while, even in the latter case, justice might have been probably better satisfied by the result than the merchant himself.

This circumstance, which but recently occurred, and on the truth of which implicit reliance may be placed, tends to prove that the Police (of Paris at least) is less devoid of information respecting the authors of crimes, than it is deficient in zeal, activity, and disinterestedness.

VARIETIES.

THE IRISH BAR.

LORD Avonmore was subject to perpetual fits of absence, and was frequently insensible to the conversation that was going on. He was once wrapped in one of his wonted reveries; and, not hearing one syllable of what was passing, (it was at a

large professional dinner given by Mr. Bushe,) Curran, who was sitting next to his lordship, having been called on for a toast, gave "All our absent friends," patting, at the same time, Lord Avonmore on the shoulder, and telling him that they had just drunk his health. Quite uncon-

scious of anything that had been said for the last hour, and taking the intimation as a serious one, Avonmore rose, and apologizing for his inattention, returned thanks to the company for the honour they had done him by drinking his health.

There was a curious character, a Sergeant Kelly, at the Irish bar. He was, in his day, a man of celebrity. Curran gave us some odd sketches of him. The most whimsical peculiarity, however, of this gentleman, and which, as Curran described it, excited a general grin, was an inveterate habit of drawing conclusions directly at variance with his premises. He had acquired the name of Counsellor Therefore. Curran said that he was a perfect human personification of a *non sequitur*. For instance, meeting Curran one Sunday near St. Patrick's, he said to him, "The Archbishop gave us an excellent discourse this morning. It was well written and well delivered; *therefore*, I shall make a point of being at the Four Courts to-morrow at ten." At another time, observing to a person whom he met in the street, "What a delightful morning this is for walking!" he finished his remark on the weather, by saying, "*therefore*, I will go home as soon as I can, and stir out no more the whole day."

His speeches in Court were interminable, and his *therefores* kept him going on, though every one thought that he had done. The whole Court was in a titter when the Sergeant came out with them, whilst he himself was quite unconscious of the cause of it.

"This is so clear a point, gentlemen," he would tell the jury, "that I am convinced you felt it to be so the very moment I stated it. I should pay your understandings but a poor compliment to dwell on it for a minute; *therefore*, I shall now proceed to explain it to you as minutely as possible." Into such absurdities did his favourite "*therefore*" betray him.

THE ARTS.

"Study, therefore, the great works of the great masters for ever. Study

as nearly as you can in the order, in the manner, and on the principles on which they studied. Study nature attentively, but always with those masters in your company; consider them as models which you are to imitate, and at the same time as rivals with whom you are to contend."

This precept should be the motto to every work and every criticism on art. It should be inscribed in letters of gold in every academy, gallery, exhibition-room, and painters' study throughout the world. As a proof that it is not a string of unmeaning words founded on blind adoration of antiquity, there should be placed nigh to the inscription, works of Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Titian, as criterions to be reverted to for the guidance of the artist, and as a preservative from the effects of modern exhibitions, and from the "seduction" deprecated by Sir Joshua Reynolds "of the ambition of pleasing indiscriminately the mixed multitude of people who resort to them."

RUSSIAN SOCIETY OF AGRICULTURE.

At the last sitting of the Imperial Society of Agriculture of Moscow, M. Skiadan, proprietor of some fine flocks of Merinos in the Government of Voronige, exhibited an instrument of his invention for ascertaining the thickness or fineness of the wool, with the greatest exactness. This instrument, which is called an *Eriometre*, excels all others of a similar description, not excepting those of the celebrated Dollond, or of M. Koehler, of Zwicken, in Saxony.

BOTANICAL CURIOSITY.

The Number of "Edwards's Botanical Register" for March, contains a figure of the fine new Air Plant of China, long known to Europeans by the drawings of the Chinese, and celebrated for the splendour of its flowers and the fragrance of its perfume. It has for some years been cultivated in the stoves of this country, but no means could be discovered for making it flower, till a new method was pursued by the gardener of his Royal Highness the Prince Leopold at

Claremont, which finally proved successful. Under this mode of treatment a branch of blossoms was produced, between two and three feet long, and composed of some hundreds of large flowers, resplendent with scarlet and yellow. The plant has the remarkable property of living wholly upon air. It is suspended by the Chinese from the ceilings of their rooms, which are thus adorned by its beauty and perfumed by its fragrance.

EDUCATION IN THE NETHERLANDS.

At Mons, in the Netherlands, a monthly journal is published, devoted to the purposes of primary and higher instruction. The last number contains a dialogue between the pastor of a parish and his parishioner, who is alarmed at the very name of learning. The worthy curate, in language appropriate to the prejudices of his hearer, at last succeeds in making him comprehend, that in less time than was formerly spent in learning to read, many elementary notions might now be acquired in writing, arithmetic, drawing, history, and geography. The peasant, however, is not convinced at first that any thing more is necessary for young people beyond some knowledge of arithmetic, but in a subsequent dialogue, yields to the overwhelming arguments of his instructor. In general, we cannot bestow too much praise on the government of the Netherlands for the pains it takes to diffuse the blessings of education among the very poorest of the people, well convinced that education is the grand safeguard of public morals and happiness.

NAVARINO.

The site of the late engagement is an example of the loveliness of Grecian scenery. The spacious bay, whose waters are of that deep blue peculiar to southern climes, where the heavens they reflect are pure and cloudless, is enclosed by a picturesque range of majestic mountains, whose flanks, broken into ridges warined and brightened by the sun,

and into valleys, whose deep recesses collect in their flight the dissipated shadows, present those sublime effects of light and shade, which the hand of nature, and of nature only, can produce. These mountains, as they rise above the mass formed by their intermingled bases, divide into peaks, often bold and rugged; and where opposed to the meridian sun, their divers hues heightened by its rays, form a delightful contrast of colour with the deep azure of the sky on which the summits trace their outline. The shores are varied by promontories, whitened by the foam of the waves breaking incessantly at their feet, and by receding creeks, on whose shelving beach the surfluous waters advance and retire without obstruction. On one side, the modern Navarino, with its walls and citadel and bastion, rises on the steep declivity of the cone-topped Mount Temathia; and on the other, the ruins of old Navarino, the Pylos of the ancients, the city of the venerable son of Neleus, crown the heights. Off the point, in which the land here terminates, the Coryphaion of the Lacedæmonians, lies the rocky island of Sphacteria, so celebrated in the annals of Greece, closing and defending the entrance to the bay.

Two-and-twenty centuries have elapsed since the Athenian and Spartan triremes struggled for mastery in the bay of Pylos, and again the beautiful haven has become the theatre of strife for hostile navies. Yet, how different the scene! In the place of contest between flotillas of galleys, manœuvring to sink their antagonists by the simple blow of a rostrum; instead of combats hand to hand, with sword and buckler; the vast three deckers of modern nations make the shores of Navarin echo with their artillery. The clamour of the combatants is drowned in the roar of the cannon, and in the explosion of floating fortresses. Rival nations no longer contending, but now inspired by mutual emulation, seem animated by the more generous sentiments of our nature—

by feelings such as those which Napoleon knew how to touch with effect, as incentives to glorious deeds, when within sight of the pyramids of Egypt, he reminded his troops that twenty ages looked down upon their actions.

STEAM COACHES.

People are, just now, talking a quantity of most superlative nonsense against the steam-coaches. They will blow up, forsooth, and they will destroy the breed of draught-horses. As for their blowing up, accidents, doubtless, at first will occasionally happen; but, pray, was not the Manchester mail upset a few months ago, the Leeds coach a few weeks ago, and the Chester mail a few days ago? And were there not lives lost in each of these instances? With respect to the breed of horses, when we want them no longer, why, in folly's name, should we continue to breed them? But, then, the farmers will be obliged to give up growing oats. Yes; and so, thirty years ago, were the Birmingham people obliged to discontinue making shoe-buckles. "Oh!" says some worthy country-gentleman, who receives three letters in the month, and writes one,— "I'm sure we get our post quite soon enough; what do a few hours more or less signify?" "Why, a letter, arriving a few hours sooner or later, may signify to a merchant half his fortune, or to any one of us the happiness of a life-time, nay, that life itself. Moreover you drive horses to death for the same purpose which steam will answer without any inhumanity at all." "But these steam-engines are *innovations*." "There you have me; I cannot answer that; but I may observe, so were, in their day, coats, waistcoats, and breeches; houses, beds, sea-coal fires, and roast-beef.

PROVIDENCE OF THE PARISIAN PRINTERS.

Of the total amount of members of the provident societies of Paris, the number of individuals connected with the press, forms a fourth part. Paris gives employment to 6000 per-

sons of the male sex, in the different professions immediately connected with printing and engraving: and more than half that number are united in provident societies, which guarantee them from the need of relief from an hospital: but of the 300,000 individuals of other callings which Paris contains, only 10,330, a little more than a thirtieth part, belong to any friendly societies; it is thence fairly inferred, there is fifteen times more sense and care among the journeyman printers, than among the members of all the other callings followed in the French capital.

LITERARY MEETINGS.

The monthly dinners given by the Editor of the "*Revue Encyclopedique*," during the last nine years, have an interest and a peculiarity of character which no other re-union of this nature possesses. Celebrated individuals of every nation then meet for the purposes of literary or social intercourse, and for destroying those baneful prejudices which formerly set nations in array against each other, and perpetuated enmities which a more frank and cordial intercourse might have altogether prevented. At a recent meeting of this nature, we observed natives of Britain, Russia, Poland, Denmark, Germany, Switzerland, Dalmatia, Moldavia, Italy, Corfu, Greece, Spain, the Netherlands, &c., together with many Frenchmen. Learned men, in short, of every nation, then meet to communicate those ideas which may afterwards become the fruitful germ of civilization over far distant countries.

MODE OF KEEPING APPLES.

It seems not to be generally known, that apples may be kept the whole year round by being immersed in corn, which receives no injury from their contact. If the American apples were packed among grain, they would arrive here in much finer condition. In Portugal, it is customary to have a small ledge in every apartment, (immediately under the cornice,) barely wide enough to hold

an apple : in this way the ceilings are fringed with fruit, which are not easily got at without a ladder ; while one glance of the eye serves to show if any depredations have been committed.

BELL RINGING.

A poor Swiss, who was in the mad-house of Zurich, was rather afflicted by imbecility than madness, and was allowed his occasional liberty, which he never abused. All his happiness consisted in ringing the bells of the parish church ; of this he was somehow deprived, and it plunged him into despair. At length he sought the governor, and said to him, " I come, sir, to ask a favour of you. I used to ring the bells ; it was the only thing in the world in which I could make myself useful, but they will not let me do it any longer. Do me the pleasure then of cutting off my head ; I cannot do it myself, or I would save you the trouble." Such an appeal produced his re-establishment in his former honours, and he died ringing the bells.

NICE DISTINCTION.

A few evenings since, a French gentleman in the pit at Drury-Lane theatre perceiving some dirt on the coat of the gentleman seated on his left, said, " I perceive, sir, you have had a *rencontre* with a cart." " No, sir," replied the other, peevishly, " it was a *coach*."

PARAPHRASE OF THE 19TH PSALM.

That beautiful paraphrase of the 19th Psalm, beginning with " The spacious firmament on high," generally attributed to Addison, was really written by the patriot, Andrew Marvel. This was one night referred to at the Literary Club, where Dr. Johnson was present : when he, taking off his hat, went through the whole hymn with a solemnity so impressive, as deeply to affect his attentive auditors. The general appearance of the doctor was harsh and repulsive, but on this occasion, his features were brightened into an almost celestial mildness and serenity.

DILATORY INCLINATIONS.

Mr. Peel, Secretary for the Home Department, when speaking in the House of Commons of the Lord Chancellor, (Eldon,) said, that to apply the words of the poet to that noble Lord, " even his failings leaned to virtue's side." A gentleman present remarked that in that case his lordship's failings resembled the leaning tower of Pisa, which, in spite of its long inclination, had never yet *gone over* !

EFFEMINACY OF THE ROMANS.

The Romans, said Nigrinus to Lucian, dare to speak truth once in their lives—when they make their wills ; and what use do they make of this liberty ? why, to command some favourite robe to be burnt with them, some particular slave to keep watch by the sepulchre, some particular garland to be hung about the urn ! And this is the end of a life spent in being carried on soft litters to luxurious baths, slaves strutting before, and crying to the bearers to beware of the puddles, and gorging at banquets, and being visited at noon-day by physicians, and all the bustle and tumult of the hippodrome, all the noise about statues to charioteers, and the naming of horses.

These are the gentry whose fingers are so overburthened with rings, whose hair is so fantastically curled out, who answer one's humblest salute by proxy, and who are accustomed, nevertheless, to see beggars become viceroys, and viceroys beggars, as at the shifting of a scene.

VACCINATION.

Before the introduction of vaccination into the new world, one hundred thousand Indians were destroyed by the smallpox in one year in the single province of Quito. The late Duke of York said, that " in the Military Asylum not one unsuccessful case in vaccination had happened in the course of twenty years."

SPIRIT

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SKETCHES OF CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS.

NO. II.—MR. WORDSWORTH.

WITH what different feelings do we write this name, from those with which it will be seen by (we fear) a large proportion of our readers! A few have read the works of Wordsworth, and disapprove; many have not read them, and therefore condemn; the rest, among whom are we, think of him as of one greater, and purer from vulgar meannesses, than to belong exclusively to our generation, and yet connected with it by deep sympathies, by a thousand gentle and strong associations, and by the noblest moral influence.—Wherefore this variety of conviction? Partly because the public taste has been in a large degree formed by very different models from that presented by this great poet; partly because it has been much misled by evil guidance; but chiefly because his poems require in their readers a far more majestic state of feeling, and more active exercise of reason, than are to be found among ordinary men. Of our own belief we shall now offer some explanation.

At the period of the change of dynasty, in 1688, however necessary it may have been to take strong measures for the purpose of saving our bishops from martyrdom, and our venerable ancestors from a Popish explosion; there was at least as much need of a revolution in poetry as in Government. Indeed, from the time of the death of Milton until our own generation, there was scarcely a

mind in England, and not one of the highest order, whereof a trace remains, that dreamed of acting upon the feelings through the imagination, by the aid of any more powerful engines than the passions and modes of reasoning which display themselves on the surface of human intercourse, and, as they spring from nothing essential in man's nature, are perpetually shifting and passing away. The muse was dressed like a lady on a birth-night, with a toupee and patches, a stomacher and a hoop-petticoat. Her offspring were mere vague shadows, with a certain conventional inanity of feature; and the heroes of poetry were only more interesting than the mutes who clear the stage between the acts of a play, by being more sillily irritable, more ludicrously fierce, and fonder of words of six syllables, than are real and living men;—while the way to bring a description or event home to the feelings of every reader, and to impress it vividly on his imagination, was by comparing it to something in the scandalous chronicle of Greek or Roman mythology; by arraying it in a patched garment of classical allusion; by calling a breeze "a zephyr," and a rivulet "the Naiad of the crystal flood."

The dynasty of this gentle dulness was destined, however, to be shaken and overthrown, in the midst of its most triumphant imbecility. Three-fourths of the eighteenth century

passed away without producing in Europe a single really important political event, or one great predominating mind. But these things were all destined to be changed in the changes of the great moral cycle, acting apparently through the proximate causes of various political convulsions. The obstinate tyranny of England forced the colonies in North America into a most just and holy rebellion. A contest of principles arose; it was imitated in Ireland, in the conflict which triumphed in the year 1782; and reproduced under a more formidable and astounding shape in the French Revolution. Wars became struggles of the intellects and passions of nations,—not merely of musquets and bills of exchange. Politics were changed into the opposition of great moral principles, instead of the frivolous frenzies of pamphleteers and secretaries of state, for the possession of a village or the inviolability of a sinecure. Men learned, in short, to think and to feel for themselves, instead of being talking or acting mechanism. The breath of universal existence seemed to become a subtle and mighty power, an impulse, and an inspiration. The hearts of men were enlarged by the reception of a vast hope; and their faculties impregnated by the glorious influences of the time. The great visible changes were, the awakening of nations, the overthrow of the mighty, the destruction of armies and empires, the reform of France into a republic, and of Italy into a people. But there were also the stranger, more fruitful, and more permanent changes, the regeneration of the German mind, and the second miraculous descent upon English literature of the purifying and kindling fire from heaven.

Of this imbreathed spirit, Wordsworth has in our country received more largely than any one now living; or rather bringing with him into manhood rarer faculties than the rest of his generation, he has also laboured more unceasingly and earnestly to make them instruments of

ideal art and moral truth, creators of the beautiful, and ministers to the good. For these objects he has ceased to draw from the shallow and muddy fountains of so much preceding and contemporary literature. He has sequestered himself from the customary interests and busy competitions of the society around him; and has endeavoured to see, in his own breast, and in the less artificial classes of mankind, the being of his species as it is, and as it might be, and in the outward world a treasury of symbols, in which we may find reflections of ourselves, and intimations of the purport of all existence. He has attempted to build up in this way his own nature; and to impress it upon his kind, by embodying his serene benevolence and universal sympathies in the forms supplied by a peculiarly faithful and fertile imagination. He has not aimed at all at momentary applause, nor even made renown, either present, or to be, the object of his exertions; but he has written from the love for man, the reverence for truth, and the devotion to art, which, though totally unconnected with the business of book-making, are the only foundations of literary excellence. Therefore it is, that, amid all the ridicule with which he who belongs not to the age has been attacked by its minions, his influence has been gradually but uniformly extending; and those who judge every thing by the commercial standard of the day, will be surprised to find that the booksellers have lately thought it for their advantage to publish a complete and beautiful edition of the works of this "drivelling ballad-monger."

The main strength of the clamour against Wordsworth has been directed upon his fondness for the use of plain and ordinary phraseology. Now for this there are various reasons. In the first place, the constant employment by metrical writers of certain set forms of phrase, many of them never used by any one to express real feelings, and the rest by the very fact of becoming the cant language

of poetry, disused among living men,—this custom had by repetition so deadened their effect, that they had ceased to be symbols recalling any thing whatsoever, but the precedents for their use in some other writer. Wordsworth attempted to remedy this by seeking for fresh reservoirs of expression in the real language of mankind, as springing from their genuine feelings: and he found his best materials among those classes whom the habits of society have not compelled to dilute into weakness the mode of communicating their sensations; though in drawing his language in a great degree from the less instructed ranks, he of course omitted every thing that by its rarity would have been unintelligible, or which was not in conformity either with human nature in general, or with the necessary principles of human discourse. But it is a mistake to suppose that he never employs a dialect which might not have been collected from the lips of ploughmen; on the contrary, using simple phrases for simple things, and giving unpedantic expressions to uninstructed men; he also wields, and far more powerfully than any one, between Milton and himself, a language sufficient to the heights and depths of all philosophy, and more subtle and powerful in expressing the most delicate and complex shades of feeling, than any English writer whatsoever, Shakspeare alone excepted. At the same time the habitual use of an uninflated phraseology gives extraordinary vigour to all that homely illustration, and fresh, natural imagery, which are so conspicuous in Wordsworth's poems. But in general his sonnets, the larger number of his minor poems, the "White Doe of Rylstone," and the "Excursion," are by no means marked with the lowliness of diction which it is so common to dwell upon and to ridicule. We find still vigorous in these poems, and in none but them, and the works of Coleridge and of Shelley, the full harmony and profusion, the swell and force, of our English tongue, the green old age of

that majestic speech, in which Spenser wrote the "Fairie Queen," and Milton discoursed the "Areopagitica" to angels, to men, and to eternity.

Connected with this charge is that of Mr. Wordsworth's propensity to represent as his heroes, obscure, and therefore uninteresting, personages. But is there, or is there not, in the hearts of men, that true catholic faith in our nature, from which we learn that what interests and engages all our better, and therefore all our stronger feelings, is not the accidental peculiarity of circumstance, but the immoveable foundations of human being, and its incorporeal, indivisible essence? Place these where you will, so that they show themselves through the accidental accompaniments, and are not stifled by them, there is in them that which draws us to itself, and makes us feel the stirrings of kindred pulses. But how generally, among the instructed classes, is every free emotion checked or masked! Sympathy is called affectation; earnestness, enthusiasm; religion, fanaticism; and the whole of society beaten down and shrunk into flat barrenness. But among the ranks of men which are less subjected to fashion, there are still to be seen yearnings and ebullitions of natural feeling, and among them mankind may be studied with more accuracy, and examples of deeper and truer interest discovered, than in the portion to which we belong. Acting upon this belief, Wordsworth has done more than any one who has written in our language for two centuries, to realize and bring home to our minds the character of the larger portion of our species. At a time when the favourite personages of even our best poets were Celadons and Musidoras, when poetry confined itself either to Gentlemen and Ladies, or to the shadowy indiscriminate mockeries of humanity, the swains of pastoral absurdity—it was doing a mighty service to society to represent the artisan and the peasant even with the external minuteness of

Crabbe. We all feel, nevertheless, that he has looked upon the poor, the uninstructed, and the despised, with an eye rather to the peculiarities of the individual and the class ; and that he has often neglected those things which belong not to classes or to individuals, but to mankind—the original and still undiminished inheritance of glorious hopes and divine faculties. But it is Wordsworth almost alone who has shown us how precious are the associations connected with the foot-print of the clouded shoe. He who paints to us the differences of manners and habits between ourselves and the mass of men, who brings into the strongest light the contrast between stars, lawn-sleeves, and epaulettes, on the one hand, and smock-frocks, and checked shirts on the other, does much towards making us conceive of weavers and ploughmen, as living and busy beings ; instead of leaving us to think of stage figurants in pink-hats and lemon-coloured breeches, with gilded crooks and jingling tambourines. But how infinitely more is done to compel our best sympathies, when herdsmen and pedlars are presented to us not only breathing the breath of the same existence, and treading the same green earth as we, but, in their different degrees, thinking similar thoughts, agitated by like passions and misgivings, thrilled by kindred impulses of love, joying in the universal presence of one essential beauty, and feeling within them, and pouring abroad over the world for their own contemplation, the power and tenderness of that spirit who lives as strongly in the châlît of the mountaineer, and in the sod-built hut, as among primates, and kaisers, and the conclaves of emblazoned aristocracies.

This has been done by Wordsworth ; and the immortal writings which have been the instruments and fruits of his labour, afford an admirable illustration of the mode in which it is really useful and wise to combat the evil cause of privileged monopolies and unchristian secta-

rianism. It is the effect of almost all his works to make men look within for those things in which they agree, instead of looking without for those in which they differ, and to turn to that one source of universal harmony which consists, not in the adoption of the same dogmas or the establishment of the same forms, but in the powers and the tendencies that belong alike to all, that are in communion with the divine nature, and constitute the humanity that distinguishes us from meaner animals. It is this propensity to look at man as an object of affectionate interest independently of any lowliness of station, except in so far as the external circumstances may have influenced the general developement of the character, which would commonly be referred to as the greatest and worst peculiarity of Wordsworth. But it is in truth so intimately connected with the general tendencies of his mind and spirit of his philosophy, that it is impossible to refer to it without advocating or opposing all those principles which guide his mode of treating other matters. His general intention obviously is to view all existence as actuated by a single purport, and parts of one great harmony. But in the present state of society, whatever men may say, the points to which almost every body attaches a feeling of importance, are those which derive an interest from being mixed up with our own individual selfishness. We do not trouble ourselves about the poor, for thanks to the vagrant act and the standing army they are kept pretty much out of our way. We laugh at the law against cruelty to animals, because it would not be consistent in fox-hunters, and lovers of luxurious eating, to care for a little superfluous suffering among oxen and cart-horses. We make speeches in praise of steam engines and commercial competition, for without these sources of happiness and virtue, where should we get our comforts and our splendors ? But we shut our ears to the gasping of decrepit children in the stifling

atmosphere of cotton-mills, and turn away with carelessness from the flood of debasement and misery which rolls along our streets, and overflows into our prisons; while we talk with veneration, the deeper as being indicated rather than expressed, of great capitalists and monied interests. Luther is a fanatic, and Milton a visionary, because the recollection of unselfish zeal is oppressive to the barren littleness, and troublesome to the fat indolence of the age: and to sacrifice any worldly advantage from love either to God or our neighbour is extravagant folly; for it is not required either by the laws or by public opinion. Thus it is, that the vulgar uniformly condemn as absurd any attempt to act from higher motives, or with wider views than they do; and therefore are the hearts of most men as hard as the nether mill-stone to the perception of the vast and glorious unity of design and feeling, at once the object and the fruit of that divine presence in which the universe lives and moves and has its being.

Wordsworth has done immensely more than any English writer of modern times to correct this narrowness and meagreness of feeling. He has seen, that even though the men and women of instructed society, or the rude warriors of the middle ages, the heroes of ancient Greece, or the ruffians of modern Turkey, are in themselves, perhaps, as good materials for poetry as the peasant poor of Cumberland; yet we are prone enough to sympathise with the former classes, and when their thoughts and actions are covered by writers with a varnish of refinement, to deify misanthropy, and fall in love with pollution; but that our affections are cold and dead towards the lowly and the despised, the men who compose the mass of every nation, not arrayed in the renown of splendid crimes; not carried on through a long and uniform career by one absorbing passion; not beings of exaggerated impulses and gigantic efforts; but frail and erring, misguided by vulgar

hopes, and grasping eagerly at momentary objects. We are ready enough to allow that wisdom is treasured up in books; that the thoughts and deeds of the wise and powerful are fit subjects of contemplation; to pour forth our souls in delight at the aspect of armed and towered cities; and to give out the inmost heart of admiration, when we see the thronging armadas of an empire spring forward like the eagle of the deity, to sail before the tempest, and bear the thunder round the globe. We rejoice in the goodness of our own imaginations, and boast ourselves in the might of our own hands. But it is Wordsworth, and such as Wordsworth, who withdraw us from these exultations, to feel the beauty of a pebble or a leaf; to listen to the still small voice which whispers along the twilight streamlet, and murmurs in the sea-side shell; and to lift among the stars a hymn of humble thanksgiving from the crags of lonely mountains. The exuberant sympathies of the poet gush out on every grain of sand; they find a germ of love in every wild-flower of the solitude; they go forth conquering and to conquer, to meet with matter and support even in the dim corners and far wildernesses of creation; but they have their most congenial objects wherever there is a human heart, which the poet may speak to in the tone of a kinsman, and find in it a home for his affections.

These peculiarities of Mr. Wordsworth's mind, as displayed in his writings, spring partly from the essential individuality of his nature, and partly from those tendencies of the time, which he has wisely thought himself called on to oppose. The succession of men of pure and lofty genius is, indeed, a kind of compensation-balance to society; counter-acting alike the opposite extremes of its moral temperature. To the demands of this the appointed office of great men, we may in some degree refer one of the especial points of interest in Mr. Wordsworth's disposition and powers. He seems to have

scarcely any propensity to increase his knowledge or sharpen his apprehension of the every-day doings of worldly men. He loves to repose upon meditation, or only to send forth the mind for the purpose of contemplating the beauty of the material world, or of studying man in the individual; instead of mingling actively with the busy life of society. He pours into his personages the strong life and moving breath of genius, but they have little of the air of the mart or the farm-yard. They have, indeed, all that which is so completely wanting in the heroes of Lord Byron, the absolute truth of being, the nature which is so uniform under so many varieties; they are made up of the elements of universal, but want the accidents of social, humanity. Wordsworth appears to take no pleasure in watching the entangled threads of passion which bind together crowds with such many-coloured, yet scarcely distinguishable feelings. He retires from the conflict of mingled and heterogeneous interests. He loves to muse by winding rivers; but the tumultuous current of men's ordinary motives has little for his contemplation. He delights to gaze upon cities; but it is when "all that mighty heart is lying still." He cares not to trace through all the eagerness of men's selfish pursuits, a subtle vein of better feeling; or to look with keen and searching eye upon the follies and fluctuations of society. He has, therefore, no dramatic power whatsoever, and would probably fail completely in the simplest form of tragedy; while comedy is entirely out of the question. In all this he is directly the opposite of his greatest contemporary poet, Goëthe, who seems to take almost equal pleasure in the study of every class of human character, and to delight in tracing the involutions of cunning or the rush of crime; at least, as much as in observing and sympathizing with pure and lofty excellence. Goëthe, moreover, is peculiarly shrewd and philosophical in detecting the action and

re-action of social circumstances on individual character, the intertwining of good and evil motive, and the most delicate and apparently causeless shades of capricious selfishness. The difference of the two minds is, perhaps, wisely ordained. For the practical and working Englishman will be benefited and improved by those aspirations to invisible good, and inward perfection, towards which the Germans are already far more generally inclined. Whether the German is or is not too abstracted a being, may admit of dispute; but there can be little doubt that the Englishman is vastly too much engrossed with the casual business of the hour. His thinking is far too completely guided by the multiplication-table and the foot-rule.

This fondness for the actual and the outward, this tendency to wrap ourselves up in the petty interest of the moment, is opposed by the whole strain of Wordsworth's poetry. He diffuses his affections over every thing around him; and lets them be restricted by no arbitrary limits, and confined within no sectarian enclosures. He looks round upon the world and upon man with eyes of serene rejoicing; and traces all the workings of that spirit of good, of whose influence he is conscious in his own heart. But from his want of that mastery over forms which was never possessed so perfectly by any one as by Shakspeare, he cannot make so intelligible to all men, as he otherwise might, the depth and value of his own feelings. This has prevented his works from becoming more powerful instruments than they can for ages be, in diffusing the free philosophy and catholic religion so conspicuous throughout his writings. For those, however, who really wish to understand the mind, and sympathise with the affections, of this glorious poet, there is nothing in his works of rugged or ungrateful. The language is the most translucent of atmospheres for the thought. The illustrations are furnished by a sensibility of perception

which has made his memory a store-house of substantial riches. The images are moreover the types of none but the truest and most healthy feelings; and the ethics of this most philosophical Christian may all be summed up in the one principle of love to God and to his creatures.

Like those angels who are made a flame of fire, he burns with a calm and holy light, and the radiance which shows so strange amid the contrasted glare and blackness of the present, will blend with the dawning of a better time as with its native substance.

JOHN ROSE, THE GAUGER.

THE rapid change which has, since the alteration of the feudal system, taken place in the Highlands of Scotland, has swept into oblivion the peculiarities of a whole people; and thus the history of the world has lost many singular touches of character, of which there is now nothing to recal the remembrance.

Had the Highlanders been fortunate enough to possess a Walter Scott, who could have caught enough hold of the varied colours of their evening sky, just as the sober grey of forgetfulness was beginning to come over them, a good deal would have been added to the library of intellectual pleasure. There has been none such, however. Sir Walter's Highlanders are, with the single exception of Evan Dhu Maccombish, Borderers; and now the character has vanished altogether; and the Highlander does not differ much from the Lowlander, excepting that his dwelling is more humble, and his fare more homely. A double emigration has visited that once singular land: the strong have gone from the country, and the country has gone from the weak; and, whether in the glens of Lochaber, or the wilds of Canada, the Highlander lays down his bones in a land of strangers. Whenever a touch of Highland history, or of Highland character, can be given, it may therefore, always be considered as something saved from absolute forgetfulness.

In those lonely wilds, the gauger, or exciseman, was, some thirty years ago, a man of many woes. The sending him thither could not be with

any view to augmenting the revenue of the country; for, in many of the "divisions," and those too, in which there was no want of "dew upon the heather," the whole of the levies and seizures did not bring half the gauger's salary. The real causes were, to enable the great distillers in the south to continue their monopoly, and to add to the patronage of that party, to which Scotland happened for the time being, to be farmed by the minister. The people of the mountains, who though a plain, were a very shrewd people, saw this well; and therefore they considered playing tricks upon the gauger, as being a virtue rather than a vice. When, too, the gauger was a man of sense and feeling, he could not help seeing the total uselessness of his labours for any public purpose, either political or moral; and thus the gauger became, in many places, the protector of illicit distillation, by keeping more prying persons out of the district.

All, however, were not of this forbearing character; and of these, one was John Rose, the gauger, who was, as the story goes, for a considerable time, the execration of all the whiskey-loving inhabitants of the remote and romantic valley of Strathglass; or rather of that still more remote and romantic dell which lies above that most picturesque of all cascades, the *Ess nan Phidaich*, or the "Raven's Linn," upon, I forget what brawling mountain stream.

I do not mean to say that the "dew distillers" of this singular place were much disturbed by John

in their fastnesses above the cascade; for there nature had defended them in her strongest manner. As one ascended the torrent, there was on the left a forest thick with pines, and interrupted by lakes and marshes; and, on the right, a succession of crag rising over crag, in such a manner that no human being, or indeed wing-less thing of any sort, could attempt to descend, without the certainty of being dashed to pieces. In those crags, the ravens, from which the cascade takes its appropriate cognomen, build their eyries, and rear their ravenous brood, despite the muttered vengeance of the neighbouring shepherds, whose flocks are made to pay tithes to those dark-nested gentry, and in contempt of the efforts of the most daring hunters.

Nor is the place more accessible from the source of the torrent that lies distant in the summit of a mountain, which can be passed with difficulty by the most adventurous traveller; and even though the road that way were easy, it is long,—full thirty miles to go, and twenty to return; and though John Rose might have continued to make the former part of the journey upon his poney, in about two days, it would have taken him at least an equal time to perform the latter on foot, in a place where peat and heather would have been both his bed and his board. Besides, though John had undertaken this long and perilous journey, and though there had been no chance of his meeting “the braw M’Craws,” bringing tea and tobacco from the west coast to barter for that dew, of which he wished to prevent the circulation and influence; and against whom, if he had happened to meet them, the insurance of his safe return would have been full cent per cent upon his value; the alarm would have been given, and John would have been drubbed and driven back, long before he had reached the place of his desires.

In the fourth quarter, or from the Strath, the approach is more terrific, because all the terrors of it are

huddled into a small compass and seen at once. The waterfall shot from a height of about seventy feet, and the precipitous rock on each side, had an elevation of at least twice as much more; so that to have gained the top, John must have climbed like the mountain cat, or soared like the raven. There was, indeed, one little path, (if path it could be called,) in which one had to creep in the dark below fallen fragments of the rock, for some ten feet at a time, and through a crevice of about two feet in diameter, in which there was no knowing what might be concealed; and in which the gripe of a mountain-cat, or a mountaineer, would have been alternatives equally fearful and fatal to John Rose. Nor was this all; for, just as one approached the falling sheet of water, and was drenched by the spray, and made dizzy by the motion and the din, one stood upon scanty and slippery footing, and looked down upon a tremendous cauldron of black and tumbling water, full fifty feet below, of which no one could see the entrance or the outlet for the overhanging and frightful crags, and of which no man knew, or felt disposed to fathom, the depth.

Into this abyss would John Rose have been compelled to look, after he had overcome the perils of the passage formerly mentioned; and not only would he have had to cast upon it, what would have been fatal to most men under such circumstances, a passing look; but he would have had to hang suspended over it for some time, to ruminate upon the still greater peril which then presented itself. At the point where one comes so near to the fall, that the spray makes sight difficult, and footing and grasp impossible to any thing but naked feet, and hard hands which have long been inured to cling to the rock, as a fly does to the window, or a boy’s “sucker” to a pebble—being pressed down at the sides, and drawn up in the middle by that peculiar action of the muscles which the hands and feet of climbers of rocks acquire,

without the owner being able to tell how,—just at that point, a plate of schistus, of much harder texture than the rest, projects about two feet forward, and overhangs from an elevation, to the top of which one dares not look up.

It is true that, upon the edge of this curtain of rock, there is a little step, or indenture, of the depth of about three inches; and it is also true, that one who knows the other side of the rock can grasp it with perfect security, and, by dexterously “changing step” and making a spring, land upon a stony platform on the other side, where all is safe, and where there is a natural parapet, to protect one equally from the gulf and the cataract. At the same time it is equally true, that no one who has seen only one side of the rock, could easily prevail on himself to pass it either way, though those on the other side were making their every effort to encourage and aid him. Much less could John Rose, the gauger, against whom every vengeance was vowed, and every hostility carried on, dare to make the attempt, where one child of ten years old might have stood in safety and silence, and plunged ten thousand gaugers, *seriatim*, into the abyss, whence they would have been carried, the Lord knows where.

In consequence of these formidable barriers in the way, John Rose, the gauger, could not interfere with the distillation of the dew; and thus his operations were confined to intercepting the malt, and seizing the spirits when made, and in the act of being conveyed to other parts of the district; operations in which, from the numbers and determination of the escorts, John had usually more broil than profit. He used to watch in the neighbourhood, however; and when the wind set down the dell, he has often been seen snuffing up the scent of that which he could not reach; or eyeing the operations, as a cat eyes a sparrow on an inaccessible twig.

Often did John Rose linger about

the place; but that which, if he could have reached it, would have given him a little profit to console him for the banterings and bangs to which he was forced to submit, and, what was his grand object, have recommended him to a more lucrative and less perilous district, was quite inaccessible; and though John Rose could see the blue smoke curling through the crevices, and though the breeze came perfumed with the fragrance of the dew, yet not on one thimbleful of it could he set the broad arrow of the king.

So totally unproductive was John's district, that his superiors began to hint that he was in league with the illicit distillers, and cognizant of the spoliation of that revenue; upon which he was, at the same time, a dead weight to the full amount of his salary. To John Rose, the most zealous of gaugers, to him whose days were spent in watching and his nights in dreaming of that prey, which, had he been ten John Roses, he could not have reached, this was a most bitter accusation; and the bitterness was deepened by the reflection that it would lead to his dismissal; and John Rose, the gentleman gauger, would have to sink down into the laborious ditcher, which was his calling before he was united in holy wedlock with the handmaid of parson Rory; and soon thereafter made to taste the sweets of patriarchal blessedness.

Out of this unpleasant predicament, John Rose was determined to work himself, or perish in the attempt. But how to do the former, and avoid the latter, was the rub. The fatal rock and the yawning gulf, the dreary forest, the stupendous height of Mam Snail, the everlasting ice of Loch na' Nuin; with the crags, the wild cats, and worse than all, the cudgels and dirks of the Chisholms, beset the place in formidable array. He thumped and scratched the outside of his cranium, to stimulate his organ of investigation; and he kept cannonading the same with snuff, pinch after pinch, till resolution came

upon him to thread the mazes of the forest.

Arming himself with pistols and provend, he began his journey at midnight, and ere grey dawn he was on the outskirts of the forest, and had the satisfaction of being secured against the heat of the sun, by that close and cooling investure, a Scotch mist; which, at the same time that it watered him copiously for his journey, so circumscribed his vision, that it did not extend beyond the next pine. If you take a kitchen-poker, which has stood for some time by the fire (if leaning southward all the better,) give it two or three smart taps on the floor, to shake out any disturbed polarizations that may be in it; and then holding it as nearly as you can in the direction and dip of the magnetic needle, bring the south or upper end of it near the north of a compass, it would attract the said north very powerfully. But if you then, holding the south where it was, reverse the poker by turning it over, and making that which was the south the north, the north point of the compass will fly, and the whole will be reversed. Those who have been in the habit of travelling in a trackless country, get a compass in their heads. How it comes there one cannot very well tell: but it does come, and clear or cloudy, day or night, it points out the direction with wonderful accuracy. Nature sometimes reverses this compass, without any application of a poker; and so powerful is the impression, that when under its influence, one can hardly persuade one's-self that the midday sun is not due north. What influence the whiskey that John Rose took with him and in him, in order that it might instinctively go to that of which he was in quest, might have had in the matter, there is no knowing; but certain it is that the compass in John's head got sadly out of sorts; and through the live-long day he could not get out of the forest, unless at the point where he entered, to which he came unintentionally more than twenty times; so that, when evening

came, there was nothing for John Rose but to make the best of his way home.

The best of a disappointed man's way is not very good, even in the best kept thoroughfare in the world; and those who have had the fortune to be alone in the dark upon the hills of Strathglass, need not be told that the best of John Rose's way, was nothing to be desired or boasted of.

The physical perils in his way were not small; pits, precipices, pools, cataracts, and quagmires; besides the unpleasant yelling of the wild cats, on all sides of him, the sharp bark of the fox upon the hill, and the ear-piercing boom of the bittern from the mire. There were metaphysical alarms too. John was deeply imbued with the superstitious of his country: he heard the mocking neigh of the "water kelpie" through the mournful wail of the falling stream; and that fellest of imps the *ignis fatuus*, was ever and anon holding up his lantern, to lure John Rose into all sorts of dangerous places.

Still John tottered and trembled on, mingling prayers and curses, till he came to a place more tangled and wild than any he had yet encountered. Here a real light glared upon him for a moment, and as its last flicker stole from him, the little glimmer that the stars cast through the fog, there glided past, plain to his vision, that horrible apparition, the *Bhodaich Ghlais*, the certain harbinger of death. John yelled out; forward he sprang, and the next instant he was many fathoms under the earth, not much stunned by the fall, but so hurt with heat and smoke and sulphur, that he verily believed that he had passed the doom of which the *Bhodaich* had warned him, and entered upon his final retribution in the place of woe.

A gripe like that of a tiger was upon his throat; a dagger gleamed over him; and a voice which made the earth rock again, exclaimed, "Are you Shohn Rose, ta gaäger?"

"A-ay." "Tid ony poty saw you come in?" "No-a." "Then," flourishing the dagger, and dashing John on the floor, "tam ta one shall saw you go out!" The heart of John sank within him, and his recollection did not return till he found himself at the door of his own house, with a whole skin, but bound hand and foot; and so heartily tired of Strathglass, and of those dens of distillation which he had been unable to reach with his will, but had reached against it, that he applied to Rory, his patron, and soon took his departure for another district, amid the jeers and hootings of the people.

John Rose next set up his staff upon the west coast of the Highlands. It seems, however, that he was destined to give additional force to the proverb, "If you flee from fate it will follow;" for the rumour of John's zeal outran him, and the story of the subterranean distillery, the *Bhodaich Ghlais* and the dirk, met him on his arrival. He was now, however, in a more open country; there was a company of volunteers, whom he could call upon on any emergency; and, backed by them, John Rose had still hopes that his zeal would be crowned with success, and lead to that promotion which was the operating principle in all his exertions.

In those days, the people on the west coast of the Scotch Highlands were annually supplied with brandy, tea, claret, and various other excisable commodities, by a smuggling cutter, which came nominally from Guernsey, but which, in reality, was the property of Highlanders, and navigated by a Highlander who knew every creek and bay on the coast. This vessel had carried on her contraband trade for many years, without once having been encountered by the custom-house yacht, which generally contrived to stand off in the direction of the Orkney and Shetland Isles, until the cargo was landed, and the cutter gone.

John Rose resolved to make this same cutter the lever which was to hoist him up to the desired elevation;

and from the day of his taking up his abode in his new district, his whole wishes and wits were at work, devising means by which he should seize the cutter. Upon the high seas he had no means of getting, and therefore he had to wait till the prize should come to him; and as his district was the last at which the cutter touched, the capture was delayed, and the value diminished. There is nothing that spins time to such an unbearable length as expectation; but even expectation does not spin it out for ever.

Many a long and weary day did John Rose nestle upon the highest summit of the peninsula—looking wistfully toward the whole sea part of the horizon; and many a fishing-boat from Barra to the Clyde, and kelp-sloop from the Long Island for Liverpool, cheated his expectation ere there was any news of the cutter. The cutter did come, however, at last, and had been snugly laid up in a little creek for several days before John Rose was apprized of the fact. When that came to his ears, he called the assistance of his reluctant soldier-craft, the volunteers, and, ensconcing them behind a knoll which was covered with coppice, he directed them to rush forward when he should give the signal. They, or some one else, had, however, given the signal before him; and so, though he went in the costume of a mendicant, the better to conceal his purpose till the proper time came, those on board had notice of his quality and intentions.

John Rose was received with a frankness which, if it had not been for the value of the prize, would have unmanned him for his project; and his spirits were somewhat damped by the array of pikes, pistols, and cutlasses which he saw. No pike was brought to the charge, however, no pistol was cocked, and no cutlass was grasped; the people on board were swinging almost the last tub of brandy overboard; and the weapons of death lay by as harmless as if John Rose had the power of charming

them into wreaths of myrtles, roses, and the olive. "They do not know me now, but they shall know me by and by," whispered John Rose to himself: John was a true prophet, but he did not know it.

Upon the deck of the vessel, there was a small cask of the choicest cogniac, in which there was a crane, and to which a small silver jug was attached. It caught John's attention; and forthwith, as if by magic, he was seated on a camp stool, and the fascinating chalice was at his lips. It was nectar and ambrosia. John Rose quaffed and quaffed again; and at the seventh age of the draught, he essayed to rise for the purpose of

making his signal; but the heels of John only rose; the head fell; the cutter sheered out, and sailed with the tide; and when the senses of John Rose came back to him, he was in the wide Atlantic with not even a distant peak in sight. Drowning or something worse was his anticipation; but John Rose was not destined to have his exit in that element. They stood across the Bay of Biscay, and landing him at Corunna, gave him dollars to the value of five pounds. With no language, save Gaelic and Scotch, he plodded his way to Oporto; and from thence he returned to England, where he ceases to be matter of history.

THE MURDER.

DURING the middle of last summer, I was travelling through the delightful provinces in the east of France. Thus agreeably engaged, I frequently availed myself of the delicious fragrance which pervaded the mild evenings of the month of August, and wandered alone amidst the splendid scenery on the banks of the Rhine. On one occasion, I strayed mechanically towards the village of Houssen, situated near Colmar. The sun had already set, though a glowing streak of red still marked its departure in the west; while, from the opposite horizon, the moon, like a timid, blushing nymph, rose from out the silvery clouds. The Queen of Night gradually rose, and pursued her course uninterrupted through the azure vault of heaven, or occasionally rested on an accumulated mass of clouds, whose broken shapes and shades likened them to the lofty summits of snow-topped mountains. Her mild and dawning light rapidly assumed a vivid brilliancy, which glittered through the foliage of the trees, and illumined the deepest recesses of the wood, or played upon the waters of the noble stream which flowed through the plain. I contemplated with delight

this enchanting scene. The sky was clear, the air calm and serene, and the rays of the moon broke through the darkness with their pale light; the freshness of the night fell upon the earth and cooled its burning heat; the husbandman had long left his labour, and retired to his peaceful dwelling; all was tranquillity and repose, and no sound was heard, save the mournful cry of birds of prey, the distant step of some lonely traveller, or the hollow roar of the impetuous waters, as they dashed upon the rocks in their course.

I sat at the foot of a tree, and looked with wonder and delight upon the sublime scene that lay before me, and my thoughts were of the hidden Being who had created such works of grandeur; I was absorbed with these reflections, when the hour of one struck from the church of Houssen and warned me to retire.

I rose and walked slowly away; as I came near a bridge at a short distance from Colmar, I saw something like a human figure stretched in the road, and, on approaching the spot, found it really was a man lying senseless. At this moment I heard the noise of an approaching carriage; it was the Strasburg mail, and was

driving exactly in the direction of the body. I called to the postillion, but either he heard me not or the horses ran away; for the carriage proceeded with redoubled speed, and, soon after, I heard the crush of the wheels passing over the head of the unfortunate being in the road. I hastened towards him to give every assistance in my power, but, alas, he had ceased to exist.

It was now between two and three o'clock, I removed the corpse to the road-side, and proceeded with all haste towards Colmar. I informed the officer on guard at the gate of the city, of the event which I had just witnessed; and we were preparing to return to the spot, where the disaster had taken place, when a person, covered with rags and tatters, entered the guard-house, and surrendered himself a prisoner, declaring, at the same time, that he had just assassinated a man. I looked at this unhappy being; he was in the prime of life, about the middle size, but much emaciated. The extreme paleness of his face was still more conspicuous, from the jet black hair which nearly covered his forehead. His look was stedfast, and his countenance bore the character of profound melancholy, and fixed resignation. There was something in his whole appearance so unusual and so unlike guilt, that he inspired me with compassion, rather than with horror. I was present when he was brought before the authorities to be examined: he said his name was Joseph Ignatius Platz, a native of Switzerland; that he was on his return from Russia, where he had lived for several years in a situation little removed from slavery. Forsaken by the whole world, and reduced to the necessity of begging his bread, he had become weary of the wretched existence to which he was doomed, and had formed the resolution of committing some crime which should induce the laws of his country to relieve him from the burthen of life, which he was no longer able to sup-

port. He said, that he had, on the preceding evening, on the road to Strasburg, near Colmar, between the hours of eleven and twelve, met a man uttering dreadful imprecations, that he had seized the stranger's stick and beat him over the head until he fell down dead, and that he was now come to deliver himself up to justice, to punish his atrocity and rid him of a weary existence.

The spot this unhappy man described as the scene of his guilt, was precisely that on which I had found the lifeless body of the man who had been crushed by the Strasburg mail. I was also present at an inspection of the corpse of the murdered man, who was a Jew, named Heyman, well known in Colmar, where he had spent the day on the second of August; the murder was committed on the third. The surgeon who examined the body observed, that, according to my report, the head had been crushed by the wheel of a carriage, but whether his death was occasioned by that circumstance, or whether Heyman had ceased to live previous to that accident, it was almost impossible to decide. He was, however, of opinion, that, had he been dead any length of time, at the period of the wheel passing over his head, the effusion of blood would have been less abundant; that some would have flowed through the apertures of the fractured bones; but that the large wound in the face would probably have been less liable to such copious bleeding.

This declaration enlightened immediately my mind; I hastened to the prison in which the wretched Platz was confined, and, by dint of persuasions and entreaties, I prevailed on the unfortunate man to acknowledge that he had not committed the murder of which he had accused himself. "You have extorted my secret from me," said he, looking stedfastly at me, "do not divulge it; do not take from me the hope of being soon in presence of my Judge, my Creator, my God;" and he took

up a small prayer-book that he had laid down on a seat, on my entering, knelt down before an image of Christ, which he had fixed to the wall, and shedding a flood of tears, and striking his head against the walls of his cell, he began to read aloud the psalms of the dead.

I hastened to inform the magistrates of the confession which the unfortunate Platz had made; one of my friends was entrusted with his defence, and we succeeded, by our entreaties, in making him promise to tell the whole truth before the Court. "Then I am again to be condemned to live," said he bitterly; "why will you restore me to an existence that I abhor?" We tried to reconcile him to life. "You have not only exchanged the inhospitable climate of Russia," said his generous defender, "for the soft sky of France, but you have passed from the station of a slave, to that of a man. Will not this give you a claim to the assistance and sympathy of your fellow-men? Many will succour you without your knowing the hand that supports you; many a generous heart will seek to bind you to existence by the tie of gratitude; and you will then bless the day that gave you for judges humane and noble-minded men." Platz shook his head doubtfully, and we left him to prepare his defence.

The trial was fixed for the seventh of December. As a witness, I was obliged to be present; the Court was crowded, and, in the countenances of those present, there was more of pity than of that feeling of horror which crime generally inspires. Platz was brought to the bar of the accused; he bowed his head before the image of Christ placed over the President's chair; and, after making several times the sign of the cross, he sat down, and it was evident from the motion of his lips that he was praying.

"Platz," said the President, addressing the accused, "you stand charged with having committed a murder."

Platz, (inclining his head,) replied, "God's will be done!"

The President continued—"You have several times declared that you were guilty of the crime."

Platz rejoined—"I have said so, it is true, but I am not guilty; my declaration was contrary to truth; I am indeed a sinner, a wicked man, but I have not committed this murder."

"Then," asked the President, "why did you accuse yourself?"

Never, perhaps, was man placed in so singular, nay, unprecedented, a situation, as that in which the counsel for the unfortunate Platz now found himself. "Can it," said he, addressing himself to the Jury with enthusiastic warmth, "can it, gentlemen, be for a moment asserted, that the accusation preferred against this unhappy man, is supported by any forcible testimony? Is there a strong mass of presumptive evidence, to bewilder your judgment and excite suspicions in your mind which it becomes me to remove? Who are the accusers at this awful tribunal? One, and one only, and that is the wretched Platz himself. His evidence alone supports the impeachment; he alone endeavours to baffle every effort of his defenders, and to devote himself to an ignominious, though welcome death. What witnesses appear against him?—None—the only testimony of his guilt is his own acknowledgment, and that is made under the influence of a morbid and melancholy state of mind. Numerous circumstances are in positive contradiction to this avowal, and contribute to render it in the highest degree improbable. When I reflect, (continued the counsel, in a tone of voice calculated to excite the most sympathetic emotion,) on a condemnation passed upon such proof or rather want of proof, I am naturally inclined to revert to those days, when a Judge pronounced sentence of death on the wretched criminal whose confession of guilt had been extorted by the application of torture: yet even these unfortunate beings had

an advantage over my unhappy client; *they* could, by summoning all their energies to their aid, for a short period, resist the agonies of the wheel. But where is the mind endowed with sufficient fortitude to endure torture for a series of years? when each successive day brings with it a renewal of hopeless grief, with no diminution of suffering, no consolatory redaction to mitigate the pang. We are all aware, how the strongest mind must sink under such baneful influence; how enviable the repose of the tomb must then appear, and with what eagerness it would be sought. And are not the means pursued by this unhappy man the most likely to effect his purpose? I shudder when I call to your attention, that, if prisoners are condemned on their own confession alone, the hand of Justice must frequently become the instrument of suicide."

This discourse of my learned friend excited strong emotion in his auditors, many of whom were bathed in tears. Platz alone remained unshaken, and seemed to regret that he should still be compelled to endure life. When the President, however, re-commenced the examination, he threw himself on his knees, and began to pray. "What a lesson," said the eloquent magistrate, "would the present scene afford to those whose illiberal and selfish minds would deprive the lower classes of society of the benefits arising from the diffusion of knowledge: what a striking example of the evils of their doctrine! Ignorance perverts the most valuable precepts of morality, as well as the most sacred laws of religion, which forbid us to quit the post in which the Almighty has placed us, until it shall please him to relieve us; and, if any wretched being presumes to relinquish his life and his fate, however miserable, and rush unbidden into the presence of his Creator, he becomes liable to the just anger of his offended God. The unhappy pri-

soner is not ignorant of this sacred law; his memory acknowledges it, but his reason is no guide in the fulfilment of it; deprived of the light of education, he is led astray by the errors of superstition. Thus, he acts in direct opposition to the very law that he considers most sacred; although armed with the most ferocious resolution against his own life, he dares not sacrifice it himself, lest he should provoke the anger of his heavenly Judge; he has, however, recourse to the dreadful expedient of compelling his fellow-creatures to inflict death upon him. To effect this, he has rendered himself guilty, either of an actual crime, or a wilful falsehood, and, should he appear in the presence of the Almighty, stained with the blood of his fellow-man, the judicial sentence will still leave some space between the commission of the deed and the hour of atonement; wherein he may endeavour by prayers and repentance to obtain the divine mercy. If, on the other hand, he has proclaimed himself guilty of an imaginary crime, he deceives himself even still more palpably. He thinks he has escaped perdition, because, by not being his own executioner, he has cast the guilt upon the judge, who, by means of his artifice, will have passed an unjust sentence upon him, which to you, gentlemen, as well as myself, would be a source of endless regret. With you, however, it rests, he continued, addressing the jury, to decide to which of these expedients the prisoner has had recourse."

After a short deliberation, the unfortunate prisoner Platz was acquitted unanimously by the jury, and a subscription was immediately made for him among the members of the Bar. I watched him closely when the acquittal was pronounced; he clasped his hands, and raised his eyes to heaven; then he leaned his head upon the crucifix, and his gesture was that of perfect resignation.

THE COMING OF SPRING.

THE voice of Spring—the voice of Spring !
I hear it from afar !

He comes with sunlight on his wing,
And ray of morning's star :—
His impulse thrills through rill and flood,
It throbs along the main ;
'Tis stirring in the waking wood,
And trembling o'er the plain !

The cuckoo's call, from hill to hill,
Announces he is nigh :—
The nightingale has found the rill
She loved to warble by :
The thrush to sing is all athirst,
But will not, till he see
Some sign of him—then out will burst
The treasured melody !

He comes—he comes !—Behold, behold
That glory in the east
Of burning beams of glowing gold,
And light by light increased !
Already Earth unto her heart
Inhales the genial heat—
Already, see the flowers start
To beautify his feet !

The violet is sweetening now
The air of hill and dell :
The snow-drops, that from Winter's brow,
As he retreated, fell,
Have turned to flowers, and gem the bowers
Where late the wild storm whirled ;
And warmer rays, with lengthening days,
Give verdure to the world.

The work is done ;—but there is ONE,
Who has the task assigned,—
Who guides the serviceable sun,
And gathers up the wind ;
Who showers down the needful rain
He measures in his hand ;
And rears the tender-springing grain,
That joy may fill the land.

The youthful Spring—the pleasant Spring !
His course is forward now :—
He comes with sunlight on his wing,
And beauty on his brow :
His impulse thrills through rill and flood,
And throbs along the main—
'Tis stirring in the waking wood,
And trembling o'er the plain !

I'D BE A POETESS.

IMITATED FROM BAYLEY'S "I'D BE A BUTTERFLY."

I'd be a poetess gifted with song,
Ranging the valley, the hill, and the grove ;
And, as I wandered the woodlands among,
Waking the echoes to music and love.
Beauty and honours to some may belong,
Some the bright sunshine of glory may prove ;
I'd be a poetess gifted with song,
Waking the echoes to music and love.

I'd have a dear little isle of my own,
Free from the blights and the tempests of
life ;
Love in the midst should establish his throne,
Splendent with hope and with happiness rife.

I would leave beauty and honours alone,
Beauty and honours but lead us to strife ;—
I'd be a poetess placed on a throne,
Splendent with hope and with happiness rife.

Far from the world, from its joys and its fears,
Thus would I live in my own little isle ;
And if the summer-rose woke amid tears,
Zephyr should kiss them away, with a smile.
Wealth her proud palaces vainly uprears,
Splendour and wealth seldom come without
guile ;—

I'd be a poetess deeming such tears
Life's richest dowry, so Love wept the while.

SUMMER MOON.

'Tis a bright Summer moon ; along the shore
Float the white seamews rapturously ; the grove,
Responsive to the small birds' song of love,
Is murmurous with sweet sound. But ah ! no more
Come bright skies to me, as they came of yore,
When youth's Elysian cestus girdled all
The visible world, and every object bore

The trace of what Earth was before Man's fall.
Yet pleasant is the green-sward ; bright the day ;
And musical hoar Ocean, as he raves
With a majestic voice among his caves.
But Memory heedeth not : and far away
Turns to calm sunshine sleeping on the graves
Of Joys that perish'd in life's morning ray.

RURAL SCENERY.

RECEDED hills afar of soften'd blue,
Tall bowing trees, through which the sun-
beams shoot
Down to the waveless lake, birds never mute ;
And wild-flowers all around of every hue.
Sure 'tis a lovely scene : 'There, knee-deep,
stand,
Safe from the fierce sun, the o'ershadow'd kine,

And, to the left, where cultured fields expand,
Mid tufts of scented thorn, the sheep recline :—
Lone quiet farmsteads, haunts that ever please,
Oh, how inviting to the wanderer's eye
Ye rise on yonder uplands, mid your trees
Of shade and shelter ! Every sound from these
Is eloquent of peace, of earth, and sky,
And pastoral beauty, and Arcadian ease.

PRINCE YPSILANTI.

ON leaving the baths of Carlsbad, in Bohemia, which are constantly thronged by visitors from all parts of Europe in quest of pleasure or health, I stopped for a short time at Egra and at Wunsiedel. I then proceeded to Alexandrebad, in the circle of the Upper Maine, in Bavaria, a place celebrated for its picturesque situation, and the recollections which the King and Queen of Prussia left behind them, when they visited the town during the first year of their marriage.

I entered Alexandrebad one fine spring evening, and without thinking about the mineral spring, which owes its reputation to the Margrave Alexander, or the castle, in which nothing either useful or agreeable has been forgotten, I procured a guide, and repaired immediately to the mountain of Louisaburg, which was the object of my journey, and I soon had an opportunity of admiring one of the most surprising and picturesque scenes which, perhaps, the face of nature presents.

There is no reason for supposing that Louisaburg has, at any former period, been convulsed by volcanic eruptions, and the most plausible conjecture respecting these huge masses of rock, which seem to be rolling down in one uniform direction, is that they have been produced by those torrents which descended from the heavens at the general flood, recorded in the traditions of all nations.

These masses of rock having become consolidated by time, trees and shrubs have taken root in their interstices. Mosses of various species, and creeping and parasite plants, fill up the clefts of the rock, and line these natural grottos. This wild vegetation produces the most beautiful effects, and creates changes which rise with magical rapidity before the eye of the observer at every step he advances.

Pursuing my ascent up the moun-

tain, beside a range of white birch trees elegantly cut, I reached a wall of rock, which appeared to be an insurmountable barrier to further advancement, for it bore the inscription *nec plus ultra*, dated 1794. It was not till the year 1805, that there was discovered beneath this huge block of granite, the entrance to a cavern which served the Knights of Luxemburg to mark their place of concealment.

Above the ruins of this proud tower, now rises a modest hermitage, roofed with thatch and surmounted by an expiatory cross. On this spot, which was once the scene of crime and boisterous mirth, nothing is now heard but those expressions of admiration and pleasure excited by the interesting scenes which crowd upon the eye of the spectator. The remains of the ancient walls of the castle are overspread with vegetation. The wild strawberry presents its scarlet fruit to the thirsty traveller, while a variety of sweet-smelling herbs and plants diffuse their fragrance over those banks of turf, which perhaps were once bedewed with the tears of misfortune.

On the left a path, edged with shrubs, leads, by the ascent of a few steps, to a garden which is so closely surrounded on every side with masses of granite, that neither its entrance nor its outlet is perceptible: the elder tree with its brilliant berries, which forms so picturesque an object in other parts of the mountains, flourishes here in remarkable luxuriance; while the lofty pine mingles its foliage with that of the service-tree and the birch. From between the fissures of the natural walls surrounding the garden, the light filaments of a few creeping plants here and there shoot out and cling to the granite. Banks planted with birch trees and bordered with exotics with which the mosses of these mountains seem fondly to commingle, afford an agreea-

ble repose to the eye as well as to the mind, which in these charming solitudes seems to be concentrated within itself. This unlooked-for paradise, situated in a region so wild and so difficult of access, calls to mind those tales of enchantment which amused our childhood. There wants only a genius, and the genius of retirement and recollection is here.

On quitting the garden, the mind, expanded by the contemplation of so many beautiful objects, communicates additional energy to the body, and the summit of Louisaburg is speedily reached. It is surmounted by a large cross, which sheds a cheering influence over the desolate region below, like religion consoling the heart of the afflicted. The cross, being seen from a distance, serves as a guide in the rocky wilderness, and on its lofty site forms an intervening link between the sufferings of earth and the hopes of futurity.

A man wrapped in a cloak was sitting at the foot of the cross, holding in his hand some papers, on which he seemed to have been writing, but which he laid aside at my approach.

At the sound of my footsteps he turned his head towards me, and I recognised Prince Alexander Ypsilanti, the friend of my youth, whom I had not seen since the Congress of Vienna. He rose from his seat and eagerly advanced to meet me. "Dear Ypsilanti," said I, embracing him, "by what chance do I find you here? The fatigue of my pilgrimage is compensated by this unexpected meeting! How happens it that you are in Bavaria, when I thought you were still at St. Petersburg?" "I have been induced," replied the Prince, "from the general state of my health, but more particularly on account of my wounds, to undertake a journey to Carlsbad; besides, I expected to meet here some friends, whom I wish particularly to see. However, as they have not yet arrived, I have

taken advantage of their absence, and made a visit to Louisaburg, which had been justly described to me by the King of Prussia, as one of the most picturesque places in Europe."

"And what do you intend to do on quitting Carlsbad?" I inquired. "I know not," replied he, "my plans are not yet determined upon."

"Prince Ypsilanti," I said, "I had reason to expect that you would have reposed greater confidence in me. It is but a few days since I left the Princess Helena S****. She was acquainted with all your views, and knowing the friendship which has existed between us for so many years, she did not hesitate to disclose them to me; and your sudden departure from St. Petersburg was caused, no doubt, by the approach of the period fixed for their execution."—"Pardon my reserve," he said, "for so many and such high interests are connected with my own, that I should not be justified in disclosing secrets which were not entirely personal. But what did the Princess tell you?" "That your object is to deliver your country from the yoke which oppresses it, and to restore Greece in the rank of nations. This is a noble part, a sublime enterprise; but have you well considered the means of putting your plan into execution, and securing its success? Do you think Greece sufficiently prepared for the happy regeneration?" "I entertain no doubts on that point," said Ypsilanti, earnestly clasping my hand. "The dream of my youth," added he, "on the forebodings of which we used to dwell so fondly at St. Petersburg, when Dolgoroski Wielhorski,* you, and I, formed schemes for the future independence of Greece, weighing every possible chance of the consummation of our hopes—that dream, I say, will shortly be realized. Every thing combines to favour the execution of the grand design. I have faithful friends, who, like myself, are

* Michael Wielhorski is the son of the Count of the same name, to whom Rousseau dedicated his "*Considerations Politiques, sur le Gouvernement de Pologne.*"

ready to devote their lives and fortunes to the furtherance of the object; and I may venture to say, that I can count upon the assistance of a powerful Sovereign, in addition to the support naturally to be expected from the Greeks. From all the provinces of that oppressed country, the voice of Liberty is heard; the hands of her people, though laden with chains, are raised towards us. We can no longer turn a deaf ear to this summons, in a cause worthy the support of man, and the protection of heaven; and, if we perish in the attempt, our example, at least, will be followed, and our death avenged."

"Dear Prince," said I, "you are endowed by all that ardent enthusiasm requisite for the success of the enterprise you contemplate; you have lost none of that martial feeling, and that thirst for danger, for which you were distinguished when at Petersburg; but, Ypsilanti, pardon my sincerity, if, while I admire as much now as ever your patriotic devotedness, I venture to point out the danger of your enterprise, and even the improbability of its success." "How!" exclaimed he, "can danger and improbability be weighed against the result which I anticipate? Perhaps, my presence alone may cast the die. Hear me," continued Ypsilanti, "and then judge. From early childhood, I have proudly cherished the hope of setting my country free, and avenging the wrongs of my family, who were basely sacrificed to political suspicion. This hope supported me through a weary apprenticeship to the military profession in Russia, when I filled the rank of ensign in the Guards. It enabled me even to endure the overbearing inso-

lence of men, who were my superiors in rank, though I was far from considering them as even my equals in the world. The hope of living to see the fulfilment of the objects nearest my heart, made me willingly submit to the tyrannical discipline of the emperor's brother, of whose rigid punctilio, the anecdote of the court ball is a sufficient evidence.* The sentiments which took root in my heart at so early an age, were developed and strengthened as I advanced in life, and have never forsaken me, either in the camp or in the court. My mind is incessantly haunted with recollections of my father, basely betrayed by courtiers, who, measuring their ingratitude by the extent of the favours he had conferred on them, solicited and obtained from the Divan his deposition and the sacrifice of his life, which was preserved only by the faithful Arnauts of his guards, who escorted him across the Carpathian mountains to the hospitable court of Alexander. I still see my mother on her death-bed, making me swear eternal hatred to the followers of Islamism, and vengeance on the monsters who went to Constantinople to deliver up her father, the last of the Comeni, into the hands of the executioners. The standard of independence is already unfurled in the principalities of Moldavia and Walachia. Confidential agents are issuing proclamations, to which the inhabitants reply by flying to arms. The Boyards are heading their vassals, and in three days I shall join them. Can you believe that the people will remain deaf to the cry of liberty raised by the son of their Hospodar?" "I know, my friend," I replied, "the reputation and the recollections which your

* While Prince Ypsilanti was dancing a polonaise with Princess Jeanetta Czernestinska, his regimental hat got turned a little to one side. "Ypsilanti, that is not etiquette," said the Grand Duke Constantine as he passed him. The Prince drew his hat over his forehead; but in the second round the hat again got displaced. "Ypsilanti," repeated the Grand Duke in a tone of violent displeasure, "I have already told you that that is not right." In the third round, the unfortunate hat again transgressed the military regulation. The Prince was immediately ordered to leave the ball room, and was sent to prison for three days. "There you may learn," said Constantine, "to wear your hat as you should do."

father has left behind him in the country which he ruled so wisely.* I have myself witnessed the veneration in which his name is held, and the esteem that is entertained for you, since you have, by your own merit, risen to the rank of General in the Russian army. Besides, the Princess Helena has assured me that you will depart, followed by the good wishes of Russia, and even of all Europe. But, Prince, while your generous soul cherishes these flattering hopes, have you weighed the consequences that may attend your project. Success alone will justify the step you meditate; and should a single reverse chill the ardour of your partisans, your enterprise which is now considered as sublime, will be pronounced wild and fanatical, and you will fall a victim to your noble devotedness. For the last thirty years, the French revolution has convulsed the whole of Europe. We have seen a good cause on one day become a criminal cause on the next, and even posterity will judge only from results. But far be it from me to dissuade you from your determination, though I conceive it to be the duty of friendship to warn you against the dangers in which your noble enthusiasm may involve you. Consider how many unsuccessful attempts have already been made for the liberation of Greece. The Empress Catharine, you know, sent Alexis Orloff to the Mediterranean, to attack the Mussulman force. What were the consequences of the expedition to the Peloponnesus? The Greeks, who had been excited to rise by the promises of Russia, were soon cruelly forsaken, and delivered up to the implacable revenge of their irritated masters." "But times are changed," said Ypsilanti; "the cause of Greece is now the cause of Europe. It is the cause of

religion as well as of humanity." "Certainly," resumed I, "the most revolting pictures have been drawn of the excesses committed by the barbarians in the subjugated provinces. A universal cry of indignation has been raised against them, strong representations have been made to them on the subject of their tyranny; but, notwithstanding all their stupid ignorance, they are persuaded that their political existence is indispensable to the balance of Europe, and it is, in fact, on this account that they have for many years been tolerated in their station on the Bosphorus. Were they driven back into Asia, to whom would the Dardanelles be ceded? Philosophy grieves to be obliged to yield to this political consideration." "What apprehensions do you now disclose!" said the Prince with emotion. "I no longer recognise in you those sentiments which once so perfectly sympathised with mine, and which formed the first links of our affection." "They are not changed, my dear Alexander," I replied, "but a few years such as those which have last passed away, may have matured them sooner than might otherwise have been expected. In this age, life advances rapidly, and I have too often seen cases in which reflection only arrived with the last misfortune. Having been the spectator of many dramatic scenes, I can form some judgment of actors, plots, and denouements; and what I have learned most to distrust, is the appearance of violent enthusiasm, under whatever denomination it may display itself." "Enthusiasm is, however, the parent of great actions. It is like sail to a ship; with too much, a vessel may be foundered; but without, she would never reach her Port."

"Look here, my dear friend," said I, "is not that the town of Wun-

* The Hospodar is perhaps the only Sovereign whose government is regretted after an existence of six years. The following is a trait honourable to a legislator. Having the lives of his subjects at his arbitrary disposal, against which there was no possibility of appeal, and knowing the cruelties which despotism is liable to commit, Ypsilanti decreed, that before the execution of a criminal, the governor of prisons should appear three times in his presence, solemnly repeating the words—"Dost thou persist in shedding human blood?"

siedel?" "Yes, certainly, to the left." "Well, look, do you see that white house surrounded with poplars?" "Well, what of it?" "What of it! That is the birth-place of Sand, whom political fanaticism armed with a poignard to assassinate a defenceless old man, and the blood of Kotzebue—" "What has the shedding of the blood of Kotzebue, or any such useless crime, to do with the deliverance of Greece?" "Unquestionably there is no direct connection between them; but all innovations of this kind commence almost always with massacres; and when Barère said that revolutions are not to be made with luke-warm water, he spoke the plain truth. Besides, all these rings, fastened one into another, are to form an extended chain, of which you are to be the most conspicuous link. Are you able to resist the efforts which will be made to ruin or at least to injure you?" "I hope, supported as I am, by friends zealously devoted to the cause which I embrace, and for which every Greek is ready to shed his blood." "Alas! my dear friend, do you recollect how often, at Petersburg, I have blamed you for judging of others by yourself, when, with all the enthusiasm of an exaggerated recollection, you used to draw such flattering portraits of some of your countrymen. I had not been long at Constantinople, before I was convinced, that, in consequence of the early age at which you left Greece, you had had no opportunity of forming an opinion of its people, except by what you saw in your own family or read in books. It is impossible, indeed, to imagine any thing more degraded than the character of the leading men of the Fanure,* whose silly vanity prompts them to crawl at the feet of beings whom they despise. I saw enough there to convince me how dangerous it must be to place confidence in corrupt hearts. Finally, in consequence of the state of slavery, in which they have long

existed, I consider them so degenerate, that, like the Israelites of old, they will murmur at their deliverance." "The picture is unfavourable, I will even say, unjust," replied Ypsilanti, with some warmth, "but facts always speak more clearly than arguments, and time is still a better instructor. You will take it for granted, I hope, that I have not acted altogether without reflection: moreover, to settle your friendly doubts, I wish you to return with me to Carlsbad. I will there prove to you, that the plan which I follow is as wisely framed as the cause it will render triumphant is sacred." "Excuse me, Prince, I must leave Alexandrebath this evening, and sleep in Beiruth to-night; but if the affair which calls me thither, should terminate as promptly as I wish it, I promise you to set out for Bohemia before to-morrow night. But be that as it may, in whatever spot I may be, you may rely upon it, that there you have a friend." "Of that I am certain," said Ypsilanti.

We began to descend the mountain, contemplating the astonishing effects of nature which surrounded us. I pressed his arm close to my side, and we walked down without speaking a word. I feared to break the silence, for I was so interested by what I had heard, that any thing I could have said, would have been cold compared to my feelings. When we reached the bottom of the mountain, the sun had set. The flowers exhaled their perfumes, returning the incense of evening to the fine day which had given them life. The bleating of the flocks, and the song of the reapers, gladdened their way to the fold and the hamlet. The shepherd of the valley made the echoes of Louisaburgh resound with his rustic pipe.

"We must now part," said Ypsilanti, and we accordingly took leave of each other; but we soon turned again towards those imposing masses which we were, doubtless, about to

* The quarter of Constantinople inhabited by the Greeks.

abandon forever. "You perceive," said he, "how the most sublime harmony, may arise out of the greatest disorder. Thousands of ages have rolled away since nature, in a prolonged convulsion, threw from her bosom those children of creation; but, in the midst of the frightful crisis, do we not seem to see the hand of the Creator stretched out to stop this incipient germ of general destruction, and commanding the furious elements to be still." "How many profound reflections are awakened by these awful phenomena," said I; "and how well do the convulsions of nature remind us of the dangerous moral convulsions produced by the passions of men! At a former period, Europe, transformed into one vast field of carnage, was visited, from west to east, by all the scourges which ambition drags in her train. Countries were laid waste, towns deserted, industry and trade paralyzed, and the very springs of life and happiness assailed; while Providence seemed to turn a deaf ear to the prayers of supplicating nations. Alas! my dear Prince, do you not tremble to think that a single spark may yet rekindle the volcano, and that the brand of destruction is in your hands?"—"Great crises," said Ypsilanti, "are necessary to temper men's minds, as revolutions are requisite to enlighten them. The moment has arrived for the regeneration of Greece. Ages of glory will yet arise upon my unhappy country; and if I help to raise her from the state of degradation into which misfortune has plunged her, I shall not at least die unremembered. However," continued he, fervently pressing my hand, after a short pause, "I thank you for what you have said. Men's actions are often judged of so unfairly, and the poison of calumny is so unsparingly diffused, that it is not improbable my motives may be falsely interpreted. But you, my friend, you will defend me. You, who know my heart, will not suffer me to be accused of any thing base

and ungenerous. Here is a manuscript, which I entrust to your care. It contains a detail of the principal events of my life, and that of my father, together with the causes by which existing circumstances have been brought about. Among the papers are some official documents. Take them all; and, if I should perish in my enterprise, you will publish them. They will bear evidence of the pure sentiments by which I have been actuated." I received the papers, promising to publish them whenever he might authorize me to do so.

We had now reached the gates of the castle, where my carriage was waiting. I embraced my friend, and my looks, doubtless, informed him how deeply I felt the painful adieu. Alas! I was doomed never to see him more. He was chosen by the Hetaria to direct the enterprise which had for its object the independence of Greece. In January, 1821, he proceeded to Bessarabia, where, conjointly with his friends, he concerted the measures to be adopted. The secret was communicated to Michael Sontzo, the Hospodar of Moldavia, who promised to co-operate in the enterprise to the utmost of his power. Wladimiresko, Boyard of Crayova, joined the cause, at the head of a band of adventurers, of all nations, with whom he ravaged and pillaged Walachia. As the number of his adherents was rapidly augmenting, Ypsilanti thought it time to hasten the execution of his schemes, in concert with Wladimiresko. The Prince next arrived at Jassy, at the head of two hundred Greeks, who had been armed in Bessarabia, and he there published the proclamation, in which he styled himself the agent of Russia, and the leader of the Russian forces. All the Greek adventurers, together with great numbers of Moldavians and Walachians joined him, and he soon formed a corps of four thousand men. Moldavia immediately leagued with him, and Walachia soon after,

and thus supported, he marched to Bucharest, of which he took possession.

The Pashas of the Danube having hastily combined all their disposable troops, sent 20,000 men against Ypsilanti. The Prince, avoiding a general action, retreated slowly to the mountains, which were inaccessible to the Turkish cavalry; but notwithstanding his obstinate resistance, and the military talents he displayed, he was unsuccessful. Betrayed by Wladimiresko, the Prince soon found himself entirely abandoned by his troops. After making a last effort, he perceived the inutility of farther resistance, and in the month of June, 1821, resolved to join his brother Demetrius, who had preceded him in the Peloponnesus. He then crossed the Carpathian mountains, and took the road to Transylvania; but he was arrested by the Austrians, and confined two years in the fortress of Montgatz,* in Hungary, and four years and a half in Theresienstadt, in Bohemia.

"Treason ne'er succeeds, and what's the reason?"

When it succeeds, it is no longer treason."

All the efforts of his friends, to procure his liberty, were exerted in vain. A deaf ear was turned to all their prayers, and they soon found it necessary to discontinue farther applications, lest their interference should render his treatment worse. The Emperor Alexander disavowed the enterprise of Ypsilanti, and ordered his name to be struck off the Russian army list. This Prince was then convinced, that in politics to fail is to be criminal. The Admirals who recently beat the Turkish fleet have been loaded with honours,

while he who made a fruitless attempt to subdue them, was loaded with chains.

However, when the three great Powers entered into stipulations for bringing about the pacification of Greece, either by representations, or by force of arms, Russia demanded the liberation of Ypsilanti; but that was only granted on the express condition that he should not leave the Austrian States; and he was then ordered to reside in Verona. Alas! the Austrian clemency came too late. Seven years of suffering had undermined his constitution. In passing through Vienna, on his way to Italy, he fell sick; and, after two months of severe illness, died on the 31st of January last, aged only 36, in the arms of his sister, Princess Rouzomowska, who caused him to be buried with the funeral honours due to his rank, and to the esteem with which he was justly regarded.

As the friend of this unfortunate Prince, I may now publish the papers he entrusted to my care, and remove the thick veil with which a tortuous policy has too long covered its interesting victim. I shall do so; for, perhaps, even the tomb will not protect his memory. Calumny disappears on the death of the obscure, but clings to the urn of the illustrious, and, after ages have passed away, seeks to disturb and degrade their ashes. Ypsilanti, however, had friends during life, and ought not to want defenders after death. Peace to the soul of the departed hero, who devoted his talents, his life, and his fortune, to the defence of his country; and may his memory be revered as long as patriotism, courage, and loyalty, are honoured among men!

* Illustrious but unfortunate names seem to be from age to age associated with Montgatz. Prince Bagotski, and Counts Tekeli and Sereski, the victims of their unsuccessful courage, were long imprisoned in this fortress. But in defending their rights, they had attacked Austria; Ypsilanti, on the contrary, had only combated the enemies of Christianity.

THE MAN WITH THE MOUTH.

"NEVER did I behold such a mouth!" This was my internal exclamation, as I gazed upon the man who sat opposite to me in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh. He was an elderly personage—tall, meagre, long-chinned, hook-nosed, pale complexioned, and clothed from top to toe in a suit of black. It was wearing towards twilight, and the noble apartment in which I was seated had been forsaken by all its loungers, save myself and the man who called forth my observation. We were alone, he perusing the Morning Chronicle, I engaged with Blackwood's Magazine. The article I was reading was a capital one. It was—let me see—"Streams,"—that exquisite creation of Christopher North's matchless pen. But admirable as the article might be, it was not so admirable as the man's mouth—who perused the Chronicle. For some time, indeed, there was a combat between the mouth and the article, both soliciting my regards with equal ardour, and compelling me every moment to turn my eyes, first to the one and then to the other. Each possessed a magnetic property; and my mind was, like a piece of iron, reciprocally acted upon by a couple of powerful loadstones. By degrees, however, the balance was destroyed: Ebony either grew weaker, or the mouth stronger; and I was obliged, with a weeping heart, to throw the former aside, and submit myself entirely to the domination of the latter.

It was, in truth, a noble mouth, stretching, in one magnificent sweep, from ear to ear—such a mouth as the ogres of romance must have had, or the whale that swallowed Jonah. I remember the first time when—from the bottom of the stairs leading to the Fountain of Neptune—I beheld the front of Versailles' stupendous palace. One feeling only occupied my mind—that of breathless astonishment—as

the huge fabric rose up before me, in sublime proportion, from the bosom of its matchless garden. Such astonishment—such breathlessness came over me, when my eyes first encountered the man, or rather his mouth. I was more than astonished; I was delighted—delighted, as when stepping into the Sistine Chapel, the grand creations of Michael Angelo, frescoed upon its roof and walls, burst like a glimpse of Paradise upon my tranced spirit. Such was the delight afforded by the mighty mouth: not the man—beloved reader—for men as fair in all respects as he have I often seen. It was not his cheeks, thin as parchment, his nose curved like an eagle's beak, his chin prominent as a bayonet in full charge, or his complexion, pale and lustreless as a faded lily. It was not these—no, reader, it was not these which operated with such wizard power upon me. It was his mouth—that mouth—wonderful as Versailles, and beautiful as the Sistine Chapel—which carried my sympathies away, and led me a captive worshipper at its shrine.

Such were my first impressions on beholding the Man with the Mouth. They were those of unmingled awe and pleasure, and appealed with resistless effect to my imagination. They came upon me like a rainbow bursting out from the bosom of a dark cloud—as a stream of sunshine at midnight—as the sound of the Eolian harp in a summer eve. But they appealed to the fancy alone: they touched the heart, but not the head; and it was some time before the latter could bring its energies to bear, so completely had it been overwhelmed with the tumult of passions which agitated the feelings. It did act at last; and as soon as the incipient impressions subsided a little, I felt an irresistible desire to ascertain why such wonderful effects should spring from such a cause. But it

was in vain ; and being neither casuist nor phrenologist, I was obliged to drop a subject, to which my powers were altogether unequal. I wondered, and was delighted ; but what the remote springs of such wonder and delight might be, baffled my philosophy, and set my reasoning faculties at naught.

Meanwhile the man continued opposite to me, reading the Chronicle, and I continued to look at him, marvelling at the dimensions of that feature which had vanquished Christopher North in single combat, and absorbed his beautiful "Streams" in its insatiable gulf. He never turned his eyes from the paper : they were rigidly fixed upon its democratic columns, and, but for the motion of his hands, as he shifted it up and down, I should have supposed him an image carved for some Dutch college by Chantry, or Thorwaldson the Dane. I had no curiosity about the man : his name, his country, his profession, his character, were alike matters of indifference. I would not have given the toss of a farthing to know all about them. My attention was engaged with a nobler theme. I was analyzing his mouth, admiring the blandness of its expression, wondering at its hugeness, and envying its happy owner the possession of so magnificent a characteristic. It was not an ireful mouth : the corners were not turned down in the attitude of wrath or contempt, but curled upwards, in that benign flexibility of curve, which Charles Bell has so well illustrated in his *Anatomy of Expression*. He did not laugh—he was too sedate for that—but his mouth was clothed with a gentle smile, betokening inward tranquillity of spirit. Never did I gaze upon a being so full of mildness—so void of gall ; and the longer I looked at him, I became convinced that those lips had been nurtured with milk and manna, and that the mind to whose thoughts they gave utterance was one which knew not guile or bitterness.

When I first noticed this marvellous man, it was six o'clock, which at that very moment peeled from the clock of St. Giles ; and the room, as I have already stated, was becoming obscured with the shades of approaching eve. The light which glared in at the windows was sullen and sepulchral, and flung a broad, dull radiance, upon the fluted Corinthian columns, that extended their double rows along the Library, supporting its painted roof upon their foliaged capitals. Within and without, all was calm. Save our two selves, there was not a soul in the apartment. The librarian had gone, Lord knows whither—the advocates had bidden their literary *sanctum* adieu, and the man with the mouth and myself were left in undisputed possession of the premises.

We had now sat for a considerable time together, he reading the Chronicle, I admiring his mouth. It was certainly the most extraordinary mouth ever created, and challenged observation in an uncommon degree. His whole face was absorbed in this mighty feature. He had, it is true, ears, and eyes, and cheeks, and nose, and chin ; but they were pigmied to nothing in such a lordly neighbourhood. He was, in fact, earless, eyeless, cheekless, noseless, and chinless. To speak comparatively, he had neither the one nor the other : he was all mouth.

I must say that I felt gratified in having it in my power to witness such a spectacle. I respected the man, or rather his mouth. He was, it is true, a radical, as his newspaper reading testified, but then he had vanquished Christopher North ; and after so great an achievement, what feats might he not perform ? I began to think that there was no exploit in the world beyond his accomplishment. That mouth was to him the brazen head of Friar Bacon—the sword of Achilles—the mirror of Merlin—the wand of Prospero—the griffin of Astolpho—the Elixir Vitæ—the Philosopher's Stone. He could rule

the nations with it; terrify the Gouls and Dives with its grin; convulse the universe with laughter, beyond the power of Liston, and draw more tears from Beauty's eyes, than Siddons in Belvidera, or O'Neil in Juliet. The mouth was, in fact, omnipotent: it would be wronging it to say that it belonged to the man, for the man belonged to it. It was to him body and soul; and the other parts of his frame, such as trunk, limbs, and head, were merely its appendages.

Such were the reflections which, in spite of fate, arose in my mind on witnessing this extraordinary phenomenon, when a circumstance occurred which gave rise to a new train of ideas. Hitherto the mouth had been quiescent: not a muscle of it had moved, while its appendage, the man, was employed at his occupation. It was fixed, rigid, and apparently as incapable of change as the eternal rocks. I had even begun to wonder whether it possessed the power of motion—whether it could open and shut like other mouths—whether, in a word, its powers were equal to its pretensions. But these unworthy surmises were soon put to flight; for, on looking attentively, I perceived, with a feeling of intense awe, that it began to move. Upon my honour, the lips began to separate, first a hair-breadth—then two—then three—then a whole line, and at last half an inch. There was a solemn grandeur about the process of opening. The mouth was unquestionably one of too much importance to open itself on trifling occasions, or in a trifling manner. It performed the operation slowly, deliberately, sublimely; and I looked on with the same breathless anxiety, as when listening in the Great Glen of Scotland to the expectant bursting of a thunder-cloud, which hangs in threatening mood over the summit of Bennevis. To say that it resembled a church-door would be doing it injustice—no church-door, even the main one of Notre Dame or St. Paul's ever expanded its huge jaws with such deliberate majesty. Reader, if you have seen

the opening of the dock-gates at Portsmouth, or of the locks on the Caledonian Canal, you may form some idea of that of the mouth.

I think I said it had opened half an inch; to do so it took no less than three minutes—this I particularly noticed. "Now," said I, "this mouth is capable of expanding at least twelve times that length, or six inches. Three minutes to half an inch make six minutes to a whole inch. Six multiplied by six, make thirty-six. In all, one half hour and six minutes must elapse before this glorious mouth can attain its *ne plus ultra*."

While this process was going on, day waned apace, and twilight was on the point of being succeeded by darkness. Those broad floods of light which bathed the pillars with their lurid lustre, were becoming fainter and fainter—and nocturnal gloom threatened, in a few minutes, to reign "Lord of the ascendant." But this approaching obscurity was no impediment to the mouth. It opened wider every instant. At last it attained the climax of its extension; and, wide as it was, would stretch no farther. The mouth, after all, was not so omnipotent as I supposed. There were limits to its powers, and after thirty-six minutes of incessant operation, it had done its best.

I now began to wonder what object my opposite neighbour could have in opening his mouth to such an apocryphal extent—or rather what could tempt the mouth itself to perform so extraordinary an exploit—for, somehow, I could never think of it as being under the control of the man. It could not be to eat, for eatables abound not in libraries; nor to speak, for speech requires not such oral dimensions. It was for neither; the purpose for which it condescended to open itself was nobler far. It was to give a *yawn*, which sounded through the apartment—shook me on my seat, and made the proudest folio quiver like an aspen from its firm foundation. I never heard such a yawn: it was worthy of the great source from whence it emanated: it was worthy

of the Advocates' Library; and, as its echo sounded from shelf to shelf, from pillar to pillar, and from table to table, I thought that it would rival the loudest yawn ever uttered by luckless wight, while luxuriating in the recondite pages of that profound philosopher, Dr. Black. Kings might have owned it, heroes claimed it as their own, sages contended for it, poets sung about it. In one word, it was worthy of the Man with the Mouth. Need more be said? Answer, "No."

Nor was this the only yawn. There were one, two, three, each louder than its predecessor. The last in particular was tremendous, and filled me with awe and admiration. I even yawned myself in hopeless rivalry, but I might as well have tried to out-brave the thunders of Jove with a pop-gun, as enter the lists with this most doughty opponent.

These mighty yawns being at an end, I naturally concluded that the mouth would resume its former condition—that it would close and be as when I first beheld it. But it closed not. Dark as the evening was, I saw that the man still gaped—that his mouth was as wide as ever: he seemed in truth, yawning though inaudibly. He no longer perused upon the Chronicle: this the darkness rendered a hopeless attempt; and he quietly deposited the paper upon the table and looked at me—not with his eyes, but with his mouth. I cannot describe the feelings which pervaded me at this time. The room was almost pitch dark; no relic of the solar influence remained behind; the pillars had lost the gaudy lustre lent them by the twilight, and stood like rows of sable giants in their respective places, while a silence, dread and drear as the grave, prevailed on every side. My admiration—my love—my respect for the mouth was as great as ever, but in a short time they began to be coupled with fear; and had it not been for some mysterious witchery exercised upon my understanding, I believe I should have taken leg-bail, and left the man to

yawn and gape till the "crack of doom." The Library was robbed in darkness—true—but that did not prevent me from seeing him. Obscurity could not shroud him. He still gaped prodigiously. His mouth was large, round and deep, and formed a circle in the centre of his face—a black circle, only broken at the top of his nose, which peeped over it—and below by his chin, which protruded forward as if to harmonize with the nasal protuberance, and render the symmetry perfect. I saw also his eyes, that shone like two lambent lights, and shed a sepulchral lustre around the boundaries of his awful and mysterious mouth.

Altogether I felt alarmed—still respect for the remarkable object of my meditations bound me to my seat; and though minutes and hours passed by, I was yet gazing intently at it. I could perceive no diminution of its size: it was still the same yawning gulf—the same "antar vast," which gave birth to the portentous yawns. On one side I sat rapt in a frenzied awe; on the other, sat the Man with the Mouth, like an idol, commanding and compelling my adoration. I knew not what to make of him—or rather of his mouth. There was something surprising in the whole business; and now, for the first time, did I feel my respect for this wonderful feature beginning to decline. The gradual opening of the feature was fine—the yawning magnificent—but such a persevering system of gaping seemed to me absurd. There was something in it which shocked my causality; and I began to suspect that, after all, his mouth was a very so so affair, scarcely worthy of the time and trouble it had cost me.

At last, what with violent excitement, and the fatigue of gazing, my imagination got violently agitated. I no longer saw things with my own eyes, but with the optics of fancy, and revelled in a profusion of extravagant and unbridled thought. The man who at first seemed nameless and unknown, was now invested with a "habitation and a name."

His habitation was Eternity, and his name was TIME. That mouth was the gulf of oblivion into which all things must pass, save those doomed to endure for ever. The day before I had seen the frontispiece of George Cruickshank's *Illustrations of Time*, where the insatiable monster is feeding upon the works of nature—where he has an elephant in one hand, and a church in the other, raising them to his ruthless maw; and where cities, pyramids, and temples, are spread out before him for his next repast. This then was Time who sat before me; and his mouth, I doubted not, was expanded to receive whatsoever was unstamped with the seal of immortality.

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream." In a moment the Library, which had been silent, dark, and deserted, was lighted up, and crowded with wonted visitors. Three hundred advocates in their gowns paraded its vista—three hundred gentlemen learned in the law! I was amazed at it—not so Time. He chuckled with delight, and (*mirabile dictu*) gaped wider than before.

It was a night of miracles. Those thousands of tomes which crowded the shelves, seemed stricken with a dead palsy. The shelves themselves shook with trepidation, and their inhabitants tumbled with "hideous ruin and combustion" upon the floor. Shakspeare, Milton, Scott, and some others, kept their accustomed births, but the multitudinous mass started from *theirs* in dismay, as if some dreadful angel had pronounced their doom.

What did Time? He raised his right hand, and the volumes, as if borne upon some mighty stream, came rushing towards him. I heard their leaves fluttering in agony; and commingled with their agitations, came the groans of living and dead authors, bewailing their luckless offspring. The mouth, as they approached it, grew wider; and into its abyss sunk reams of paper innumerable, blackened with oceans of printer's ink.

Another freak of Time. He again

raised his hand, and the three hundred gentlemen learned in the law, approached him by an irresistible impulse, and were instantly sucked into that mouth from whose vortex there is no return.

One caprice of imagination leads to another. A table was spread in the centre of the room, and a knot of worthy souls were busily enjoying themselves. They were the members of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. North was there, and Tickler, and Hogg, and ODoherty, and Mullion, and the rest of that illustrious band. And when the mouth saw them, he elevated his dexter-hand a third time—but its spell was unavailing now. North shook his crutch at him in derision—the Shepherd saluted him with a guffaw of contempt—Mullion snapped his fingers in his face—ODoherty discharged a brandy bottle at his head,—and Tickler swore he did not value him a pipe-stopper. Poor mouth—he was quite chop-fallen!

I pitied him. There is something painful in witnessing the failure of one who has been invariably victorious; and in spite of my respect for those excellent friends who had set him at defiance, I would rather have seen them sucked into his Lethean gulf than witnessed his overthrow. I pitied him profoundly, for his faculties of devourment were next to boundless; and it was lamentable to think that there dwelt on this ball of earth any power capable of saying, "thus far shalt thou come, and no farther." Time, or the Man with the Mouth, or whatever name we choose to call him by, felt his situation bitterly. He did not gnash his teeth; that would have been a tedious business to one whose mouth required thirty-six minutes to open, and doubtless as many to shut—but the tears rolled down his pallid cheeks, and deep long-drawn sighs of anguish and disappointment proceeded from the bottom of his heart.

To assuage sorrow was always one of my principles. My heart is ever open "to the sweet music of huma-

nity ;" and I resolved to pour consolation into the spirit of this injured one. "Yes, Mouth ! I shall assuage thy matchless griefs," said I, weeping bitterly, while I buried my eyes in my handkerchief with one hand, and seized that of the object of my philanthropy with the other. Scarcely had I done so, than the mouth uttered these awful words—"Friend,

thou art more free than welcome !"—and, on looking up to see what they could import, I found that I was seated in the travellers' room of the Hen and Chickens at Birmingham, and had caught by the nose a worthy quaker, who was at that moment occupied in devouring a savoury dish of pork-chops and sausages.

A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

THE SEXTON OF COLOGNE.

IN the year 1571 there lived at Cologne a rich burgomaster, whose wife, Adelaide, then in the prime of her youth and beauty, fell sick and died. They had lived very happily together, and, throughout her fatal illness, the doating husband scarcely quitted her bedside for an instant. During the latter period of her sickness she did not suffer greatly ; but the fainting fits grew more and more frequent, and of increasing duration, till at length they became incessant, and she finally sank under them.

It is well known that Cologne is a city which, as far as respects religion, may compare itself with Rome ; on which account it was called, even in the middle ages, *Roma Germanica*, and sometimes the *Sacred City*. It seemed as if, in after-times, it wished to compensate by piety the misfortune of having been the birth-place of the abominable Agrippina. For many years nothing else was seen but priests, students, and mendicant monks ; while the bells were ringing and tolling from morning till night. Even now you may count in it as many churches and cloisters as the year has days.

The principal church is the cathedral of St. Peter—one of the handsomest buildings in all Germany, though still not so complete as it was probably intended by the architect. The choir alone is arched. The chief altar is a single block of black marble, brought along the Rhine to Cologne, from Namur upon the Maas.

In the sacristy an ivory rod is shown, said to have belonged to the apostle Peter ; and in a chapel stands a gilded coffin, with the names of the holy Three Kings inscribed. Their skulls are visible through an opening—two being white, as belonging to Caspar and Baltesar—the third black, for Melchior.

It was in this church that Adelaide was buried with great splendour. In the spirit of that age, which had more feeling for the solid than real taste—more devotion and confidence than unbelieving fear—she was dressed as a bride in flowered silk, a motley garland upon her head, and her pale fingers covered with costly rings ; in which state she was conveyed to the vault of a little chapel, directly under the choir, in a coffin with glass windows. Many of her forefathers were already resting here, all embalmed, and, with their mummy forms, offering a strange contrast to the silver and gold with which they were decorated, and teaching, in a peculiar fashion, the difference between the perishable and the imperishable. The custom of embalming was, in the present instance, given up ; and, when Adelaide was buried, it was settled that no one else should be laid there for the future.

With a heavy heart had Adolph followed his wife to her final resting-place. The turret-bells, of two hundred and twenty hundred weight, lifted up their deep voices, and spread the sounds of mourning through the wide city ; while the monks, carrying

tapers and scattering incense, sang requiems from their huge vellum folios, which were spread upon the music-desks in the choir. But the service was now over; the dead lay alone with the dead; the immense clock, which is only wound up once a-year, and shews the course of the planets, as well as the hours of the day, was the only thing that had sound or motion in the whole cathedral. Its monotonous ticking seemed to mock the silent grave.

It was a stormy November evening, when Peter Bolt, the Sexton of St. Peter's, was returning home after this splendid funeral. The poor man, who had been married four years, had one child, a daughter, which his wife brought him in the second year of their marriage, and was again expecting her confinement. It was, therefore, with a heavy heart that he had left the church for his cottage, which lay damp and cold on the banks of a river, and which, at this dull season, looked more gloomy than ever. At the door he was met by the little Maria, who called out with great delight, "You must not go up stairs, father; the stork has been here, and brought Maria a little brother!"—a piece of information more expected than agreeable, and which was soon after confirmed by the appearance of his sister-in-law, with a healthy infant in her arms. His wife, however, had suffered much, and was in a state that required assistance far beyond his means to supply. In this distress he bethought himself of the Jew, Isaac, who had lately advanced him a trifle on his old silver watch; but now, unfortunately, he had nothing more to pledge, and was forced to ground all his hopes on the Jew's compassion—a very unsafe anchorage. With doubtful steps he sought the house of the miser, and told his tale amidst tears and sighs; to all of which Isaac listened with great patience—so much so, that Bolt began to flatter himself with a favorable answer to his petition. But he was disappointed: the Jew, having heard him out, coolly replied, that

"he could lend no monies on a child—it was no good pledge."

With bitter execrations on the usurer's hard-heartedness, poor Bolt rushed from his door; when, to aggravate his situation, the first snow of the season began to fall, and that so thick and fast, that, in a very short time, the house-tops presented a single field of white. Immersed in his grief, he missed his way across the market-place, and, when he least expected such a thing, found himself in the front of the cathedral. The great clock chimed three quarters—it wanted then a quarter to twelve. Where was he to look for assistance at such an hour—or, indeed, at any hour? He had already applied to the rich prelates, and got from them all that their charity was likely to give. Suddenly, a thought struck him like lightning; he saw his little Maria crying for the food he could not give her—his sick wife, lying in bed, with the infant on her exhausted bosom—and then Adelaide, in her splendid coffin, and her hand glittering with jewels that it could not grasp. "Of what use are diamonds to her now?" said he to himself. "Is there any sin in robbing the dead to give to the living? I would not do such a thing for myself if I were starving—no, Heaven forbid! But for my wife and child—ah! that's quite another matter."

Quieting his conscience as well as he could with this opiate, he hurried home to get the necessary implements; but by the time he reached his own door, his resolution began to waver. The sight, however, of his wife's distress wrought him up again to the sticking-place; and having provided himself with a dark lantern, the church-keys, and a crow to break open the coffin, he set out for the cathedral. On the way, all manner of strange fancies crossed him: the earth seemed to shake beneath him—it was the tottering of his own limbs: a figure seemed to sign him back—it was the shade thrown from some column, that waved to and fro as the lamp-light flickered in the night-wind.

But still the thought of home drove him on ; and even the badness of the weather carried this consolation with it—he was the more likely to find the streets clear, and escape detection.

He had now reached the cathedral. For a moment he paused on the steps, and then, taking heart, put the huge key into the lock. To his fancy, it had never opened with such readiness before. The bolt shot back at the light touch of the key, and he stood alone in the church, trembling from head to foot. Still it was requisite to close the door behind him, lest its being open should be noticed by any one passing by, and give rise to suspicion ; and, as he did so, the story came across his mind of the man who visited a church at midnight to show his courage. For a sign that he had really been there he was to stick his knife into a coffin ; but, in his hurry and trepidation, he struck it through the skirt of his coat without being aware of it, and supposing himself held back by some supernatural agency, dropt down dead from terror.

Full of these unpleasant recollections, he tottered up the nave ; and as the light successively flashed upon the sculptured marbles, it seemed as if the pale figures frowned ominously upon him. But desperation supplied the place of courage. He kept on his way to the choir—descended the steps—passed through the long, narrow passage, with the dead heaped on either side—opened Adelaide's chapel, and stood at once before her coffin. There she lay, stiff and pale—the wreath in her hair, and the jewels on her fingers, gleaming strangely in the dim lights of the lantern. He even fancied that he already smelt the pestilential breath of decay, though it was full early for corruption to have begun his work. A sickness seized him at the thought ; and he leaned for support against one of the columns, with his eyes fixed on the coffin ; when—was it real, or was it illusion ?—a change came over the face of the dead ! He started back ; and that change, so indescribable, had passed away in an instant,

leaving a darker shadow on the features.

“ If I had only time,” he said to himself—“ if I had only time, I would rather break open one of the other coffins, and leave the lady Adelaide in quiet. Age has destroyed all that is human in these mummies ; they have lost that resemblance to life, which makes the dead so terrible, and I should no more mind handling them than so many dry bones. It's all nonsense, though ; one is as harmless as the other, and since the lady Adelaide's house is the easiest for my work, I must e'en set about it.”

But the coffin did not offer the facilities he reckoned upon with so much certainty. The glass-windows were secured inwardly with iron wire, leaving no space for the admission of the hand, so that he found himself obliged to break the lid to pieces, a task that, with his imperfect implements, cost both time and labor. As the wood splintered and cracked under the heavy blows of the iron, the cold perspiration poured in streams down his face, the sound assuring him more than all the rest that he was committing sacrilege. Before, it was only the place, with its dark associations, that had terrified him : now he began to be afraid of himself, and would, without doubt, have given up the business altogether, if the lid had not suddenly flown to pieces. Alarmed at his very success, he started round, as if expecting to see some one behind, watching his sacrilege, and ready to clutch him ; and so strong had been the illusion, that, when he found this was not the case, he fell upon his knees before the coffin, exclaiming, “ Forgive me, dear lady, if I take from you what is of no use to yourself, while a single diamond will make a poor family so happy. It is not for myself—Oh no !—it is for my wife and children.”

He thought the dead looked more kindly at him as he spoke thus, and certainly the livid shadow had passed away from her face. Without more delay, he raised the cold hand

to draw the rings from its finger ; but what was his horror when the dead returned his grasp !—his hand was clutched, aye firmly clutched, though that rigid face and form lay there as motionless as ever. With a cry of horror he burst away, not retaining so much presence of mind as to think of the light, which he left burning by the coffin. This, however, was of little consequence ; fear can find its way in the dark, and he rushed through the vaulted passage, up the steps, through the choir, and would have found his way out, had he not, in his hurry, forgotten the stone, called the *Devil's Stone*, which lies in the middle of the church, and which, according to the legend, was cast there by the Devil. Thus much is certain,—it has fallen from the arch, and they still show a hole above, through which it is said to have been hurled.

Against this stone the unlucky sexton stumbled, just as the turret-clock struck twelve, and immediately he fell to the earth in a deathlike swoon. The cold, however, soon brought him to himself, and on recovering his senses he again fled, winged by terror, and fully convinced that he had no hope of escaping the vengeance of the dead, except by the confession of his crime, and gaining the forgiveness of her family. With this view he hurried across the market-place to the Burgomaster's house, where he had to knock long before he could attract any notice. The whole household lay in a profound sleep, with the exception of the unhappy Adolph, who was sitting alone on the same sofa where he had so often sat with his Adelaide. Her picture hung on the wall opposite to him, though it might rather be said to feed his grief than to afford him any consolation. And yet, as most would do under such circumstances, he dwelt upon it the more intently even from the pain it gave him, and it was not till the sexton had knocked repeatedly that he awoke from his melancholy dreams. Roused at last he opened the window and inquired who

it was that disturbed him at such an unseasonable hour ?—"It is only I, Mr. Burgomaster," was the answer.—"And who are you ?" again asked Adolph.—"Bolt, the sexton of St. Peter's, Mr. Burgomaster ; I have a thing of the utmost importance to discover to you."—Naturally associating the idea of Adelaide with the sexton of the church where she was buried, Adolph was immediately anxious to know something more of the matter, and, taking up a wax-light, he hastened down stairs, and himself opened the door to Bolt.

"What have you to say to me ?" he exclaimed.—"Not here, Mr. Burgomaster," replied the anxious sexton ;—"not here ; we may be overheard."

Adolph, though wondering at this affectation of mystery, motioned him in, and closed the door ; when Bolt, throwing himself at his feet, confessed all that had happened. The anger of Adolph was mixed with compassion as he listened to the strange recital ; nor could he refuse to Bolt the absolution which the poor fellow deemed so essential to his security from the vengeance of the dead. At the same time, he cautioned him to maintain a profound silence on the subject towards every one else, as otherwise the sacrilege might be attended with serious consequences—it not being likely that the ecclesiastics, to whom the judgment of such matters belonged, would view his fault with equal indulgence. He even resolved to go himself to the church with Bolt, that he might investigate the affair more thoroughly. But to this proposition the sexton gave a prompt and positive denial.—"I would rather," he exclaimed,—
"I would rather be dragged to the scaffold than again disturb the repose of the dead." This declaration, so ill-timed, confounded Adolph. On the one hand, he felt an undefined curiosity to look more narrowly into this mysterious business ; on the other, he could not help feeling compassion for the sexton, who, it was evident, was labouring under the in-

fluence of a delusion which he was utterly unable to subdue. The poor fellow trembled all over, as if shaken by an ague fit, and painted the situation of his wife and his pressing poverty with such a pale face and such despair in his eyes, that he might himself have passed for a churchyard spectre. The Burgomaster again admonished him to be silent for fear of the consequences, and, giving him a couple of dollars to relieve his immediate wants, sent him home to his wife and family.

Being thus deprived of his most natural ally on this occasion, Adolph summoned an old and confidential servant, of whose secrecy he could have no doubt. To his question of—"Do you fear the dead?"—Hans stoutly replied, "They are not half so dangerous as the living."

"Indeed!" said the Burgomaster. "Do you think, then, that you have courage enough to go into the church at night?"—"In the way of my duty, yes," replied Hans; "not otherwise. It is not right to trifle with holy matters."

"Do you believe in ghosts, Hans?" continued Adolph.—"Yes, Mr. Burgomaster."

"Do you fear them?"—"No, Mr. Burgomaster.—I hold by God, and he holds up me; and God is the strongest."

"Will you go with me to the cathedral, Hans? I have had a strange dream to-night: it seemed to me as if my deceased wife called to me from the steeple-window."—"I see how it is," answered Hans: "the sexton has been with you, and put this whim into your head, Mr. Burgomaster. These grave-diggers are always seeing ghosts."

"Put a light into your lantern," said Adolph, avoiding a direct reply to this observation of the old man. "Be silent, and follow me."—"If you bid me," said Hans, "I must of course obey; for you are my magistrate as well as my master."

Herewith he lit the candle in the lantern, and followed his master without farther opposition.

Adolph hurried into the church with hasty steps; but the old man, who went before him to show the way, delayed him with his reflections—so that their progress was but slow. Even at the threshold he stopped, and flung the light of his lantern upon the gilded rods over the door, to which it is a custom to add a fresh one every year, that people may know how long the reigning elector has lived.

"That is an excellent custom," said Hans; "one has only to count those staves, and one learns immediately how long the gracious elector has governed us simple men." Not a monument would he pass without first stopping to examine it by the lantern-light, and requesting the Burgomaster to explain its inscription, although he had spent his three-and-sixty years in Cologne, and, during that period, had been in the habit of frequenting it almost daily.

Adolph, who well knew that no representations would avail him, submitted patiently to the humors of his old servant, contenting himself with answering his questions as briefly as possible; and in this way they at last got to the high altar. Here Hans made a sudden stop, and was not to be brought any farther.

"Quick!" exclaimed the Burgomaster, who was beginning to lose his patience; for his heart throbbed with expectation.

"Heaven and all good angels defend us!" murmured Hans through his chattering teeth, while he in vain felt for his rosary, which yet hung as usual at his girdle.

"What is the matter now?" cried Adolph.

"Do you see who sits there?" replied Hans.

"Where?" exclaimed his master;—"I see nothing; hold up the lantern."

"Heaven shield us!" cried the old man; "there sits our deceased lady, on the altar, in a long, white veil, and drinks out of the sacramental cup!"

With a trembling hand he help up

the lantern in the direction to which he pointed. It was, indeed, as he had said. There she sat, with the paleness of death upon her face—her white garments waving heavily in the night wind, that rushed through the aisles of the church—and holding the silver goblet to her lips with long, bony arms, wasted by protracted illness. Even Adolph's courage began to waver.—“Adelaide,” he cried, “I conjure you in the name of the blessed Trinity, answer me—is it thy living self, or but thy shadow?”

“Ah!” replied a faint voice, “you buried me alive, and, but for this wine, I had perished from exhaustion. Come up to me, dear

Adolph; I am no shadow—but I shall soon be with shadows, unless I receive your speedy succour.”

“Go not near her!” said Hans; “it is the Evil One, that has assumed the blessed shape of my lady to destroy you.”

“Away, old man!” exclaimed Adolph, bursting from the feeble grasp of his servant, and rushing up the steps of the altar.

It was indeed Adelaide that he held in his eager embrace—the warm and living Adelaide!—who had been buried for dead in her long trance, and had only escaped from the grave by the sacrilegious daring of—*The Sexton of Cologne*.

TO MRS. HEMANS,

ON HER INTENDED PUBLICATION, ENTITLED “RECORDS OF WOMAN.”

“RECORDS OF WOMAN!”—shall they not be fair,
Born in thy soul's pure depths, and garner'd there,
Mid thoughts of loftier birth, and sunnier clime,
Breathing Heaven's fragrance o'er frail flow'rs of Time?
“Records of Woman!”—shall they not be bright,
By Fancy's pencil traced, in hues of light,
Upon the clear cerulean skies that shed
Eternal sunshine round the Poet's head?
Shall not their source be deep—when every thought
Is with a gifted sister's instinct fraught—
When the enchanted lyre in every tone
Breathes but some mystic feeling all her own?—
If thoughts heroic soar their reckless way
Like captive eaglets rushing to the day—
While notes that wake the very soul of grief,
Seem the imprison'd nightingale's relief—
And heav'n-born tones, too deathless to be mute,
Sigh from the fragments of the shiver'd lute,
Shall not the soul, responsive to thy skill,
In smiles, in tears, in death—be *Woman's* still?

’Twill be as when the eye entranced explores
The sunlit peaks, deep vales, and forests green,
Earth's lavish gems encircling Leman's shores
With zone of matchless beauty. Lo! the scene
Grows lovelier still—the unsullied waters lend
Their magic mirror—hues ethereal blend
With tints of earth. Alas; for painter's art
Foil'd by this mirror!—Thine is in thy heart!

SONG.

Oh! 'tis not for her lovely face,
With youth and rapture teeming,
Where sweetness sheds its purest grace,
Like morning brightly beaming;
Where beauty's sparkling charms reside,
In treasures blithe and airy,
That I adore in fond delight
My sweet, my blue-eyed Mary.

Oh no! 'tis for her happy mind,
Where loveliness reposes,
And infant truth remains enshrined,
Like fragrance in young roses;
Where taste and excellence unite,
Not formed with time to vary,
That I adore in fond delight
My sweet, my blue-eyed Mary.

LIFE AND VOYAGES OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.*

IT was about the year 1435 or 1436, that Christopher Columbus was born at Genoa,—the sagacious and heroic discoverer of the New World : a man whose exploits must always command a nearly equal interest, whether we look to them as the sources of so many important changes in the condition as well of Europe as of America, or for the attractions they impart to history itself. The difficulties which Columbus surmounted before he obtained from the Spanish sovereigns the means of commencing his enterprise ; the perseverance by means of which alone he accomplished his first and most important voyage ; the lands he discovered ; the appearance, manners, and traditions of the natives ; the persecutions which he subsequently underwent ; the court intrigues and malevolent machinations of which he was the victim ; and the comparative affliction and penury amid which he died—all these are particulars of his history well known.

Mr. Irving, in his first four Chapters, has developed many of the sources of that spirit of geographical discovery which took possession of the mind of Columbus, and which was fostered by the restless spirit of the age in which he lived. In the fifth Chapter our author presents, upon the authority of Columbus's son Fernando, "the precise data upon which his father's plan of discovery was founded."

To other observations, Mr. Irving subjoins refutations of the pretended debt of Columbus to the discoveries of a pilot who died in his house, or to those of Martin Behem. With respect to the latter he tells us :—

"The land visited by Behem, was the coast of Africa beyond the equator ; the globe he projected was finished in 1492, while Columbus

was absent on his first voyage : it contains no trace of the New World, and thus furnishes conclusive proof, that its existence was yet unknown to Behem."

The renown and triumph of Columbus's success, when first achieved, is thus narrated by Mr. Irving.—

"The joy occasioned by this great discovery was not confined to Spain. The tidings were spread far and wide by embassies, by the correspondence of the learned, by the negotiations of merchants, and the reports of travellers. Sebastian Cabot mentioned that he was in London when news was brought there of the discovery, and that it caused great talk and admiration in the court of Henry VII. being affirmed 'to be a thing more divine than human.'

"The whole civilized world, in fact, was filled with wonder and delight. Every one rejoiced in it as an event in which he was more or less interested, and as opening a new and unbounded field for inquiry and enterprise."

"Notwithstanding all this triumph, however, no one as yet was aware of the real importance of this discovery. No one had an idea that this was a totally distinct portion of the globe, separated by oceans from the ancient world. The opinion of Columbus was universally adopted, that Cuba was the end of the Asiatic continent, and that the adjacent islands were in the Indian seas."

The mind of Columbus was constantly obliged to grope amid the twilight of his age, here obscured through the defect of scientific principles, there by the dogmas of false learning, and there, again, by the absence of that acquaintance with fact which nothing but experience can bestow.

"The singular speculation of Co-

* A History of the Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus. By Washington Irving. 4 vols. 8vo. 1828.

lumbus, which he details at full length in a letter to the Castilian sovereigns, citing various authorities for his opinions, among which were St. Augustine, St. Isidor, and St. Ambrosius, and fortifying his theory with much of that curious and speculative erudition in which he was deeply versed, shows how his ardent mind was heated by the magnificence of his discoveries. Shrewd men, in the coolness and quietude of ordinary life, and in these modern days of cautions and sober fact, may smile at such a reverie, but it was countenanced by the speculations of the most sage and learned of those times, and if this had not been, could we wonder at any sally of the imagination in a man placed in the situation of Columbus? He beheld a vast world, rising, as it were, into existence before him, its nature and extent unknown and undefined, as yet a mere region for conjecture. Every day displayed some new feature of beauty and sublimity; island after island, whose rocks, he was told, were veined with gold, whose groves teemed with spices, or whose shores abounded with pearls. Interninable ranges of coast, promontory beyond promontory, stretching as far as the eye could reach; luxuriant valleys sweeping away into a vast interior, whose distant mountains, he was told, concealed still happier lands, and realms of still greater opulence. When he looked upon all this region of golden promise, it was with the glorious conviction that his genius had called it into existence; he regarded it with the triumphant eye of a discoverer. Had not Columbus been capable of these enthusiastic soarings of the imagination, he might, with other sages, have reasoned calmly and coldly about the probability of a continent existing in the west, but he would never have had the daring enterprise to adventure in search of it into the unknown realms of ocean."

It would have been easy to swell this notice of Mr. Irving's work, by adverting to many of the numerous

passages which, among other things, relate to Columbus's unmerited misfortunes, to the coldness of Ferdinand, possibly occasioned, as suggested by Las Casas, by the injurious reports industriously forced upon the royal ear, or to the praise of the amiable, the wise, and the magnanimous Isabella; but the design conceived, of devoting these remarks to parts of the work more immediately illustrative of the personal character of Columbus, as well as more immediately originating with Mr. Irving's pen, induces us to pass almost in silence over these, and to bestow the greater part of our remaining space upon the eloquent "*Observations on the Character of Columbus*," with which our author concludes his work:—

"Columbus was a man of great and inventive genius. The operations of his mind were energetic, but irregular; bursting forth at times with that irresistible force which characterises intellects of such an order. His mind had grasped all kinds of knowledge connected with his pursuits; and though his information may appear limited at the present day, and some of his errors palpable, it is because that knowledge, in his peculiar department of science, was but scantily developed in his time. His own discoveries enlightened the ignorance of that age; guided conjecture to certainty; and dispelled numerous errors with which he himself had been obliged to struggle.

"His ambition was lofty and noble. He was full of high thoughts, and anxious to distinguish himself by great achievements. It has been said that a mercenary feeling mingled with his views, and that his stipulations with the Spanish court were selfish and avaricious. The charge is inconsiderate and unjust. He aimed at dignity and wealth in the same lofty spirit in which he sought renown; but they were to arise from the territories he should discover, and be commensurate in importance. No condition could be more just. He asked nothing of the sovereigns but

a command of the countries he hoped to give them, and a share of the profits to support the dignity of his command. If there should be no country discovered, his stipulated viceroyalty would be of no avail; and if no revenues should be produced, his labour and peril would produce no gain. If his command and revenues ultimately proved magnificent, it was from the magnificence of the regions he had attached to the Castilian crown. What monarch would not rejoice to gain empire on such conditions? But he did not merely risk a loss of labour, and a disappointment of ambition, in the enterprise;—on his motives being questioned, he voluntarily undertook, and, with the assistance of his coadjutors, actually defrayed one-eighth of the whole charge of the first expedition.

“The gains that promised to arise from his discoveries, he intended to appropriate in the same princely and pious spirit in which they were demanded. He contemplated works and achievements of benevolence and religion: vast contributions for the relief of the poor of his native city; the foundations of churches, where masses should be said for the souls of the departed; and armies for the recovery of the holy sepulchre in Palestine.”

“His conduct was characterised by the grandeur of his views, and the magnanimity of his spirit. Instead of traversing the newly found countries, like a grasping adventurer eager only for immediate gain, as was too generally the case with contemporary discoverers, he sought to ascertain their soil and productions, their rivers and harbours: he was desirous of colonizing and cultivating them; of conciliating and civilising the natives; of building cities, introducing the useful arts, subjecting every thing to the control of law, order, and religion; and thus of founding regular and prosperous empires. In this glorious plan he was constantly defeated by the dissolute rabble it was his misfortune to command; with

whom all law was tyranny, and all order restraint. They interrupted all useful works by their seditious; provoked the peaceful Indians to hostility; and after they had thus heaped misery and warfare upon their own heads, and overwhelmed Columbus with the ruins of the edifice he was building, they charged him with being the cause of the confusion.”

“Columbus was a man of quick sensibility, liable to great excitement, to sudden and strong impressions, and powerful impulses. He was naturally irritable and impetuous, and keenly sensible to injury and injustice: yet the quickness of his temper was counteracted by the benevolence and generosity of his heart. The magnanimity of his nature shone forth through all the troubles of his stormy career. Though continually outraged in his dignity, and braved in the exercise of his command; tho’ foiled in his plans, and endangered in his person by the seditious of turbulent and worthless men, and that too at times when suffering under anxiety of mind and anguish of body sufficient to exasperate the most patient, he restrained his valiant and indignant spirit, and, by the strong powers of his mind, brought himself to forbear, and reason, and even to supplicate: nor should we fail to notice how free he was from all feeling of revenge, how ready to forgive and forget, on the least signs of repentance and atonement. He has been extolled for his skill in controlling others; but far greater praise is due to him for the firmness he displayed in governing himself.

“His natural benignity made him accessible to all kinds of pleasurable sensations from external objects. In his letters and journals, instead of detailing circumstances with the technical precision of a mere navigator, he notices the beauties of nature with the enthusiasm of a poet or a painter.”

“He was devoutly pious, religion mingled with the whole course of his

thoughts and actions, and shines forth in all his most private and unstudied writings. Whenever he made any great discovery, he celebrated it by solemn thanks to God. The voice of prayer and melody of praise rose from his ships when they first beheld the New World, and his first action on landing was to prostrate himself upon the earth and return thanksgivings. Every evening, the *Salve Regina*, and other vesper hymns, were chanted by his crew, and masses were performed in the beautiful groves that bordered the wild shores of this heathen land. The religion thus deeply seated in his soul, diffused a sober dignity and a benign composure over his whole demeanour. His language was pure and guarded, free from all imprecations, oaths, and other irreverent expressions. All his great enterprises were undertaken in the name of the Holy Trinity, and he partook of the holy sacrament previous to embarkation. He observed the festivals of the church in the wildest situations. The sabbath was with him a day of sacred rest, on which he would never set sail from a port unless in case of extreme necessity. He was a firm believer in the efficacy of vows and penances and pilgrimages, and resorted to them in times of difficulty and danger; but he carried his religion still farther, and his piety was darkened by the bigotry of his age. He evidently concurred in the opinion that all the nations who did not acknowledge the Christian faith were destitute of natural rights; that the sternest measures might be used for their conversion, and the severest punishments inflicted upon their obstinacy in unbelief. In this spirit of bigotry he considered himself justified in making captives of the Indians, and transporting them to Spain to have them taught the doctrines of Christianity, and in selling them for slaves if they pretended to resist his invasions. In doing the latter, he sinned against the natural goodness of his character, and against the feel-

ings which he had originally entertained and expressed towards this gentle and hospitable people; but he was goaded on by the mercenary impatience of the crown, and by the sneers of his enemies at the unprofitable result of his enterprises. It is but justice to his character to observe, that the enslavement of the Indians thus taken in battle was at first openly countenanced by the crown, and that, when the question of right came to be discussed at the entreaty of the queen, several of the most distinguished jurists and theologians advocated the practice; so that the question was finally settled in favour of the Indians solely by the humanity of Isabella. As the venerable Bishop Las Casas observes, where the most learned men have doubted, it is not surprising that an unlearned mariner should err.

"These remarks, in palliation of the conduct of Columbus, are required by candour. It is proper to show him in connection with the age in which he lived, lest the errors of the times should be considered as his individual faults. It is not the intention of the author, however, to justify Columbus on a point where it is inexcusable to err. Let it remain a blot on his illustrious name, and let others derive a lesson from it.

"A peculiar trait in his rich and varied character remains to be noticed—that ardent and enthusiastic imagination which threw a magnificence over his whole course of thought. Herrera intimates that he had a talent for poetry, and some slight traces of it are on record in the book of prophecies which he presented to the catholic sovereigns. But his poetical temperament is discernible throughout all his writings and in all his actions. It spread a golden and glorious world around him, and tinged every thing with its own gorgeous colours. It betrayed him into visionary speculations, which subjected him to the sneers and cavillings of men of cooler and safer, but more groveling minds. Such were

the conjectures formed on the coast of Paria about the form of the earth, and the situation of the terrestrial paradise; about the mines of Ophir in Hispaniola, and the Aurea Chersonesus in Veragua; and such was the heroic scheme of a crusade for the recovery of the holy sepulchre. It mingled with his religion, and filled his mind with solemn and visionary meditations on mystic passages of the Scriptures, and the shadowy portents of the prophecies. It exalted his office in his eyes, and made him conceive himself an agent sent forth upon a sublime and awful mission, subject to impulses and supernatural intimations from the Deity; such as the voice which he imagined spoke to him in comfort amidst the troubles of Hispaniola, and in the silence of the night on the disastrous coast of Veragua.

"He was decidedly a visionary, but a visionary of an uncommon and successful kind. The manner in which his ardent imagination and mercurial nature was controlled by a powerful judgment, and directed by an acute sagacity, is the most extraordinary feature in his character. Thus governed, his imagination, instead of exhausting itself in idle flights, lent aid to his judgment, and enabled him to form conclusions at which common minds could never have arrived, nay, which they could not perceive when pointed out."

"With all the visionary fervour of his imagination, its fondest dreams fell short of the reality. He died in ignorance of the real grandeur of his discovery. Until his last breath he entertained the idea that he had merely opened a new way to the old resorts of opulent commerce, and had discovered some of the wild regions of the East. He supposed Hispaniola to be the ancient Ophir which had been visited by the ships of Solomon, and that Cuba and Terra Firma were but remote parts of Asia. What visions of glory would have broke upon his mind could he

have known that he had indeed discovered a new continent, equal to the whole of the old world in magnitude, and separated by two vast oceans from all the earth hitherto known by civilized man! And how would his magnanimous spirit have been consoled, amidst the afflictions of age and the cares of penury, the neglect of a fickle public, and the injustice of an ungrateful king, could he have anticipated the splendid empires which were to spread over the beautiful world he had discovered; and the nations, and tongues, and languages which were to fill its lands with his renown, and to revere and bless his name to the latest posterity!"

It must be needless, after extracting these spirited, elegant, and interesting paragraphs, in which also every thing is as judiciously reasoned as it is beautifully and forcibly expressed, to offer any formal testimony to the general merits of the present work of Mr. Washington Irving, so much more grave in its character, and laborious in its execution, than any of his preceding ones, as, nevertheless, it obviously is. Some literary blemishes, it is true, present themselves, but they are by no means of frequent occurrence, or such as ought to be mentioned in deterioration of the work at large. As a matter of grammar, we have been surprised to observe, in the index to the work, the constant repetition of the phrases, "*Gourds introduced to Hayti,*" "*Herbs, European, introduced to Hispaniola, &c.*" and in the text we find, more than once, the employment of a vulgar colloquialism of the author's native country; one that has often offended our ears, and which we could much wish to see removed from pages so generally pure, and so generally polished, as those before us. The following is an example: "*His circumstances were limited, and he had to observe a strict economy.*"

VARIETIES.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

IT appears from the researches of M. Adrian Balbi, that upwards of three thousand one hundred and sixty eight periodicals are published in the world. Of these 2142 are published in Europe, 978 in America, 27 in Asia, 12 in Africa, 9 in Oceanica. The greatest rage for periodical literature appears to exist among the English, and the states of English origin; for, out of 3168 periodical works published in the world, 1378 belong to the English race, leaving for all the rest of mankind only 1790. It is in the United States of America, however, that this passion prevails most strongly; for, with a population of only eleven millions, that country has 800 journals; while the British monarchy, with a population of upwards of one hundred and forty-two millions, has no more than 588 periodicals. To show how incompatible periodical literature and despotism are, it may be remarked, that with a population of upwards of thirteen millions, Spain has only 16 journals.

CHRONICLES OF THE CANONGATE.

The new series of "Chronicles of the Canongate" consists of but one story, which is to be entitled "Valentine's Day, or the fair Maid of Perth." The era of the events is the reign of Robert III., the scene is principally about Perth, but sometimes changes to the Highlands. The story is partly domestic and partly historical; and there is a great variety of characters, from the king himself, his son the Duke of Rothsay, his brother the Duke of Albany, many of the bold barons of the time, the Earl of Dunbar, the Earl of March, Sir John Ramorny, the confidant of the Duke of Rothsay in his pleasures and debauches, down to the burghesses of Perth, with old Simon Glover at their head, and the brave Henry Wynd, the smith or armourer, the

intended husband of Glover's daughter Catherine. These two last characters are the hero and heroine of the novel. The story teems with incidents and situations most striking and characteristic. A great deal of dramatic dialogue is interspersed; and the English or foreign reader is not perplexed by those Scotticisms which occur in many of the other novels.

NEW WORKS.

The new work of Mr. Cooper, the American novelist, is to be called *Notions of the Americans*; picked up by a Travelling Bachelor. It will form two octavo volumes, and will appear early in May.

The appearance of *St. Petersburg* at the close of 1827, by A. B. Granville, M.D. F.R.S. &c. has been delayed in consequence of the number of Engravings to be executed for the work. It is now, however, in a state of forwardness.

Mrs. Hemans, the first of our living poetesses, is about to publish a new volume of her charming verse, entitled *Records of Woman*, some specimens of which have already been published.

A Poem, entitled *Tecumoth, or the Warrior of the West*, is about to appear, the scene of which is laid in Canada. The author of this work, which is in four cantos, illustrated by copious and interesting notes, is perfectly familiar with the manners and customs of the Indian tribes, and was personally known to the hero whose fame he has attempted to celebrate.

In a few days will be published, in 1 vol. post 8vo. *Three Days at Killybegny, with other Poems*. By the Rev. Charles Hoyle.

The Rev. George Stanley Faber has nearly ready for publication a new work, entitled "*The Sacred Calendar of Prophecy*." In 3 vols. 8vo.

The Rev. F. A. Cox, LL.D. is preparing a translation of the chief works of Masillon.

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SKETCHES OF CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS.

No. IV.—LORD BYRON.

THE mind of a poet of the highest order is the most perfect mind that can belong to man. There is no intellectual power, and no state of feeling, which may not be the instrument of poetry, and in proportion as reason, reflection, or sympathy is wanting, in the same degree is the poet restricted in his mastery over the resources of his art. The poet is the great interpreter of nature's mysteries, not by narrowing them into the grasp of the understanding, but by connecting each of them with the feeling which changes doubt to faith. His most gorgeous and varied painting is not displayed as an idle phantasmagoria, but there flows through all its scenes the clear and shining water, which, as we wander for delight, or rest for contemplation, perpetually reflects to us an image of our own being. He sympathises with all phenomena by his intuition of all principles; and his mind is a mirror which catches and images the whole scheme and working of the world. He comprehends all feelings, though he only cherishes the best; and, even while he exhibits to us the frenzies or degradations of humanity, we are conscious of an ever-present divinity, elevating and hallowing the evil that surrounds it.

A great poet may be of any time, or rank, or country; a beggar, an outcast, a slave, or even a courtier. The external limits of his social rela-

tions may be narrow and wretched as they will, but they will always have an inward universality. In his rags, he is nature's treasurer: though he may be blind, he sees the past and the future, and though the servant of servants, he is ever at large and predominant. But there are things which he cannot be. He cannot be a scorner, or selfish, or luxurious and sensual. He cannot be a self-worshipper, for he only breathes by sympathy, and is its organ; he cannot be untrue, for it is his high calling to interpret those universal truths which exist on earth only in the forms of his creation. He cannot be given up to libertine debauchery; for it is impossible to dwell at once before the starry threshold of Jove's court, and in the den of lewd and drunken revel. It was to Hades, not to Olympus, that the comrades of Ulysses voyaged from the island of Circe; nor can we pass, without long and hard purgation, from the sty to the sanctuary, or from the wine-cup to the fountain of immortality. The poet must be of a fearless honesty; for he has to do battle with men for that which men most dread, the regeneration, namely, of man: and yet he must be also of a loving-kindness; for his arms are the gentleness of his accents, and the music of all sweet thoughts. Such is the real and perfect poet; and it is only in so far as verse-artisans approach to this, that they are entitled

to that lofty and holy name. But he who is such as has been now described, is indeed of as high and sacred a function as can belong to man. It is not the black garment, nor the precise and empty phrase, which makes men ministers of God ; but the communion with that Spirit of God, which was, in all its fulness, upon those mighty poets, Isaiah and Ezekiel ; which unrolled its visions over the rocks of Patmos, and is, in larger or smaller measure, the teacher of every bard.

Many of the warmest admirers of poetry will, of course, be shocked at the idea of its being any thing more than an innocent amusement. It is in their eyes a pretty pastime, to be classed with the making of handscreens, or the shooting of partridges, an art not at all more important, and only a little more agreeable, than ropedancing or backgammon, to be resorted to when we are weary of the graver and more difficult operations of summing up figures, or filling sheepskins with legal formulas. These are the persons who are perfectly contented with a poet, if he supplies them with excitement at the least possible expense of thought ; who profess that the Fairy Queen is tedious and "uninteresting," who only do not despise Milton, because he is commonly reported to have been a man of genius, who treat Wordsworth as a driveller, and Coleridge as a "dreamer of dreams." And herein they are, perhaps, right ; for, being deaf, they have not heard the piping, and how then could they dance ? We trust, however, that we have many readers who will agree with us in taking a different view of these matters, and to them we would say a few words about Lord Byron.

No one, probably, will be inclined to maintain, that Lord Byron's poetry produces a good moral effect, except those who are anxious to spread the disbelief of the goodness of God, and to bring about the promiscuous intercourse of the sexes. With such persons, we have at present no quarrel. They are welcome

to their opinions, so far as we are concerned ; and we can only lament, for their own sakes, that they should think and feel as they do. To those who, without going so far as these, yet deny that his writings have a bad moral influence, we will give up the advantage to be derived from pressing the two abovementioned points, and put the question on other grounds : and we wish to state distinctly, that we think, in the first place, Lord Byron (as seen in his writings) had no sympathy with human nature, and no belief in its goodness ; and, secondly, that he had no love of truth. These are grave charges ; and, at least, as grave in our eyes as in those of any of our readers. But we are convinced of the justice of them ; and no fear of being classed with the bigots, of being called churchmen rather than Christians, and believers in articles, more than believers in God, shall prevent us from expressing and enforcing our conviction.

The attempt to prove any thing as to the habitual state of mind of a writer, by picking out detached sentences from his works, we look upon as vain and sophistical ; vain, because no sentence of any author expresses the same meaning when detached from the context as when taken along with it ; sophistical, because the very selection and abruptness of these parts indicates a wish to persuade us that we ought to judge of a house from a single brick. The only satisfactory and honest method of estimating an author is, by considering the general impression which his works leave upon the mind. Now, if any candid and reflecting man, (or woman,) were to inform us of the influence exerted upon him by the perusal of one of Lord Byron's poems, would not his account be something of this sort—that he had felt inclined to look with scorn and bitterness upon his fellow-creatures, to wrap himself up in his own selfishness, and to see, in the outward world, not embodyings of that one idea of beauty which prevails in our

own minds, not frame-works for human conceptions and affections, but mere images of his own personality, and vantage-grounds on which to raise himself afar from and above mankind? Would he not say that he had been imbibing discontent, disgust, satiety, and learning to look upon life as a dreary dulness, relieved only by betaking ourselves to the wildest excesses and fiercest intensity of evil impulse. If, as we firmly believe, a sincere observer of himself would give us this account of his own feelings, after communing with the poetry of Byron, the question as to its beneficial or even innocent tendency is at an end. It is true that there are in man higher powers than those which tend directly to action; and there may be a character of a very exalted kind, though not the most perfect, which would withdraw itself from the business of society, and from the task of forwarding the culture of its generation, to contemplate with serene and grateful awe the perfect glory of the creation. But this is not the species of superiority to those around us and independence of them, which is fostered by the works of Lord Byron. The feeling which runs through them is that of a self-consuming scorn, and a self-exhausting weariness, as remote as can be from the healthful and majestic repose of philosophic meditation, as different from it as is the noisome glare of a theatre from that midnight firmament which folds the world in a starry atmosphere of religion; while the practical portion of our nature is displayed in his writings, as only active and vigorous amid the atrocities or the vileness of the foulest passions. He saw in mankind not a being to be loved, but to be despised; and despised, not for vice, ignorance, insensibility, or selfishness, but because he is obliged, by a law of his being, to look up to some power above himself; because he is not self-created and self-existing, nor "himself, his world, and his own God."

As the Lord Byron of "Childe Harold" and "Don Juan" had no

sympathy with mankind, neither does he seem to us to have had any love of truth. He appears to have felt that we have a natural tendency towards admiring and feeling, in accordance with the show of bold and bad predominances. The corrupt vanity of men, the propensity which teaches them to revere Cromwell and worship Napoleon, has made the world derive a diseased gratification from the pictures of Harold and Conrad. But these latter personages are essentially untrue. All that gives them more of the heroic and romantic character than the former worthies, is superadded to the original basis of evil and worthlessness, and is utterly inconsistent with it. And this Lord Byron must have known. He who put together these monsters, must have been aware that they are as false, and, to a philosopher, as ridiculous as sphynxes, or chimeras to a naturalist. But he had so little love of truth, that he could not resist the temptation of encircling himself with these bombastic absurdities, to raise the astonishment of sentimental mantua-makers.

It is mournful to see that so much of energy and real feeling should have been perverted to the formation of these exaggerated beings, alternately so virtuous and so vicious, now so overflowing with tenderness, and so bright with purity, and again so hard, and vile, and atrocious. These qualities, to be sure, are all found in man; but the combination, where, in earth or moon, shall we look to find it? The principles of human nature are not mere toys, like phosphorus and paint, wherewith to eke out goblins: and he who pretends to exalt the mind by representing it as superior, not only to its meaner necessities, but to its best affections, in truth, degrades it to the basest of uses, by exhibiting it, not as a thing to be revered, and loved, and studied with conscientious and scrutinizing reflection, but as a dead and worthless material, which he may pound and compound—evaporate into a cloud, or analyse into a *caput mortuum*,

and subject to all the metamorphoses which are worked by the lath wand of a conjuror. It is only by attributing the favourite thoughts and deeds of his writings to personages whom we feel throughout, though we may not realise the consciousness, to be essentially different from ourselves, that he could, for a moment, beguile us into conceiving libertinism sublime, and malignity amiable; and, if mankind were so educated as to know the constitution of their own souls, if they had learned to reflect more and to remember less, they would never be deluded into sympathy with phantoms as unsubstantial and inconsistent as the Minotaur, the Scylla, the Harpies, and the Cyclops of fable,—the Anthropophagi, and men whose heads

“Do grow beneath their shoulders.”

We entirely omit the question of the direct irreligion and indecency of his writings. As to these matters, those who feel religiously will blame him, without our assistance, and those who approve of infidelity, or gloat over obscurity, will applaud, in spite of us. At present, we neither seek to heighten the reprobation, nor to diminish aught from the approval. For ourselves, we lament the Anti-Christian and impure tendencies of his mind, not so much for any positive evil they can do,—this, we suspect, being much over-rated,—as because they are evidences of the degradation of a powerful mind, and of the pollution of much and strong good feeling. We certainly differ considerably from the greater number of those who have attacked him, as to the particular parts of his writings, which merit the severest condemnation. The story of *Haidee* seems to us much less mischievous than that of *Donna Julia*, and this far more endurable than the amour with Catherine. “*Childe Harold*” will do more harm than “*Cain*,” and either of them more than the parody of “*The Vision of Judgment*.” Of this, also, we are sure, that, had he never openly outraged public opinion by direct blas-

phemies and grossness, the world would have been well enough content to receive his falsifications of human nature for genuine; and all his forced contortions, and elaborate agonies, would have passed current as natural manifestations of a reasonable and pretty despair. But, when he once did violence to those names which are the idols of the age, while the spirit of religion is wanting, he became a mark for the condemnation of those who live by the service of *Bel and Dagon*. He might exhibit man as a wretched and contemptible, an utterly hopeless and irrecoverably erring creature,—he might represent selfishness and vanity as the true glories of our nature,—he might leave us no home but solitude, and no stay but sensuality, and deny not only God, but good;—and yet be the favourite of pious Reviewers, the drawing-room autocrat, the boudoir deity. But when he once dared to doubt, in so many words, of the wisdom of Providence, and, instead of hinting adultery, to name fornication, the morality of a righteous generation rose up in arms against him; and those who ought long before to have wept over the prostitution of such a mind, affected a new-born horror at the event, though they had been delighting for years in the reality of the pollution.

We wish not to deny that Lord Byron was a poet, and a great one. There are moods of the mind which he has delineated with remarkable fidelity. But, as Shakspeare would not have been what he is, had he exhibited only the fantastic waywardness of *Hamlet*, or the passionate love of *Romeo*, so Byron is less than a first-rate poet for the uniformity with which he has displayed that intense self-consciousness, and desperate indifference, which he has undoubtedly embodied more completely than any other English writer. The sceptre of his power is, indeed, girt with the wings of an angel, but it is also wreathed with earth-born serpents; and, while we admire we must sigh, and shudder while we bow.

TO MEET AGAIN.

To meet again ! O, that a cruel fate
 Should have compelled us now, and thus, to part !
 I feel as if the world lay desolate
 For me ; a burden presses on my heart ;
 In vain I strive to ease my breast, in vain
 Life's sole hope is, that we may meet again !

To meet again ! that is the one lone ray,
 Which from the blackness of this midnight streams ;
 Cut off from thee, day shall crawl on to day,
 And thou be present only in my dreams ;
 I gaze around me in my spirit's dearth,
 To know that nought like thee abides on earth !

I pine in solitude—I muse upon
 The days, that, meteor-like, have glided by,
 When blessing my rapt sight thy beauty shone,
 And my heart thrill'd beneath thy conquering eye,
 And when the music of thy deep, rich voice
 Taught all my thoughts to sadden, yet rejoice.

Methinks I see thee, in thy green retreat,
 Watering the glow of the flush'd summer flowers ;
 Or, while the streamlet murmurs at thy feet,
 Sitting with some loved book 'mid sylvan bowers,
 And lending to the groves, and fields, and skies,
 More lustrous beauty from thy soft blue eyes ;—

Ah ! changing, like our fortunes, wilt thou change,
 Smile with the gay, and with the giddy turn ?
 Forbid the thought ! Could Time thy heart estrange,
 Less for the love of thee this heart should burn ;
 But if on earth Fidelity may find
 A home for rest, 'tis in thy noble mind !

Yes ! I will live in hope—it cannot be
 (—Oh, if it should, before that hateful day,
 May death—and welcome—set my spirit free—)
 That thou from cherish'd ties should'st turn away ;
 No ! Nature never could be so unkind,
 As link, with form so fair, a fickle mind !

I'll think of thee, I'll think, when joy would come
 To raise my lonely and desponding heart ;
 I'll think of thee, beloved, in hours of gloom,
 And happy feel that thou hast not a part
 In my afflictions.—Oh ! without a cloud,
 May all thy days shine o'er in lustre proud.

May a perpetual sunshine still illumine
 Thy every thought—and not a woe or care
 From thy soft cheek of beauty rob the bloom,
 Or dim the silken richness of thy hair ;
 And when sweet sleep comes o'er thee, oh, be bright
 Thy sinless dreams with a celestial light !

None in the world like thee ! oh, there are none—
 Or, if there were, my heart desires them not ;
 Flower of life's wilderness ! my chosen one !
 The bright, the beautiful, the unforget,
 I murmur thy dear name, and, day by day,
 Yield me more deeply to Dejection's sway.

To Meet Again.

None in the world like thee ! oh everywhere
 I miss thee, where of yore I sought and found ;
 Fairest, at all times, never half so fair
 As now, when for thy form I gaze around
 In vain—and feel that I am quite alone—
 That life is pleasureless—and thou art gone !

None in the world like thee ! for me the spring
 Vainly puts forth its buds and bells ; I hear
 The lark ascending on its summer wing,
 But its sweet music palls upon my ear ;
 Blue skies o'erarch green earth, which smileth glad ;
 The streams make music—yet my heart is sad.

None in the world like thee ! I look around
 In vain to find thy likeness ; thou wert given
 To sanctify my soul, and from the ground
 Exalt my low thoughts, telling them of heaven ;
 For paltry were the heart, which, loving thee,
 Could faithless, sinful, or degraded be.

I cannot sleep—when beats the heavy rain,
 And the winds murmur through the midnight deep,
 I toss upon my couch, and turn in vain ;
 The past crowds on my thoughts—I cannot sleep ;
 And doubly dear thou art, and doubly fair,
 With thy calm brow, deep eyes, and sunny hair ;—

And then thy voice—I list it in my dreams—
 It haunts my memory with its angel tones,
 Till my heart bleeds ; to it all music seems
 A tuneless discord, which mine ear disowns ;
 I hear it in the silence of my thought,
 A rich, sad melody, by memory brought.

Yes ! I will walk in firmness—I will shake
 The world's pollutions from my thoughts, and be
 More just, more pure, more upright, for thy sake,
 More true to heaven, and less unworthy thee :
 Mourn o'er the past, and for the future prove
 As one whose conduct would secure thy love !

And I will fly temptation—I will keep
 My heart in separation from all ill,
 For thou wilt come to me at midnight deep,
 In holiest dreams, my troubled heart to still ;
 And thou wilt chase my fears, and cheer my gloom,
 By pointing forth to happier days to come !

To meet again !—without this hope, for me
 Death would be more than welcome ; for life seems
 The flowerless desert, and the shoreless sea,
 Of which the melancholy madman dreams,
 When not a ray of hope beams, shooting fair
 Through the grey mists of his forlorn despair.

To meet again !—till then a sad adieu !—
 With thee all joy and comfort disappears,
 And life grows dark and clouded on my view :—
 Farewell ! While wandering through this vale of tears,
 This one dear hope my spirit shall sustain,
 That we may meet again—may meet again !

THE CONDITION OF THE IRISH POOR.

A LETTER TO A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FROM A FRIEND IN IRELAND.

MY DEAR ———,

THIS is St. Patrick's day, a festival here on which the light-hearted and much-enduring Irish drown their shamrocks and their cares in whiskey. Extremes, we are told, meet; thus, as the fine ladies and gentlemen in London take laudanum and Curaçoa, so do the wretched Irish, whiskey. But these fine ladies and gentlemen upbraid the Irish for their dirt and their drunkenness; and even those who are of a better order seem to consider the Irish as more prone than other races of men to the peculiar vices that misery engenders on the half-civilized. I am ready to admit that they are:—the best natures, when perverted, become the worst. This unfortunate country may present an unexampled picture of discord, of recklessness—even of crime; but it undoubtedly does present one of unexampled misery. For myself, however, I am apt to think, paradoxical as it may appear after admitting what I have done, that it also presents more virtue than any other country ever exhibited under circumstances equally deplorable. Other portions of the globe might, perhaps, be pointed out where there exists equal or even greater poverty, with all its attendant sufferings; but none, I think, where the people are equally civilized and equally destitute—and this adds the barb to the sting of misery. Pray observe, I mean only to express that the Irish, however low in the scale of civilization, are exposed to greater misery and poverty than any other people *at the same degree of social advancement.*

It is not my intention to demand why this is the case, nor to enter into any political argument upon the subject; but I am sure that it is sufficient to justify my opinion that they suffer more than any other nation;

B———, 17th March, 1828.

and that, suffering more, whatever be the terrible outrages that take place, and the continued disturbed condition of the country, they still *endure* with a degree of patience and virtue that you in England can form little idea of. The character of the people has been the produce of centuries of discord and injustice. The English found Ireland at war within herself, torn by internal faction; and they have kept her so. I do not intend to blame either party, far less to take the usual course of attributing all the existing evil to one side: my only desire is to draw your attention to the real *sufferings* of Ireland. Its political evils may partly cause them; but I am sure there are measures which both parties might unite in promoting, that, even without touching upon Emancipation, would lead to some arrangement under which the population might obtain employment and food. The Scotch and English are beginning to exclaim that their labouring population will be degraded in their habits, and reduced to a level with the Irish, by the immense numbers that flock over from this country, and undersell their industry. This ought to give some notion of what must be the state of Ireland. Mr. Wilmot Horton proposes emigration; and justly says, that even tranquillity would not, in any great degree, bring over to Ireland sufficient English capital to occupy the superabundant multitude of living souls. Machinery is a cheaper workman than even the Irishman can prove;—and the collieries present the natural site for the iron and hardware works, which give employment to such a multitude of hands in England. But whatever may be the difficulties of the case, it is one that imperatively demands to be investigated. Politicians, and political economists are, I fear, too

prone to argue with something of the temper of the Cardinal Mazarin, who, when a poor man, appealing to him, said, "Sir, I must exist," is reported to have replied, that he did not see any necessity that he should.

Society depends upon the principle that *all shall live*. I sicken when I listen to the owners of thousands making speeches upon the impropriety of early marriages, and the multiplication of the poor in Ireland, as though, instead of a fertile land, the country was a besieged town, where policy might propose some scheme "to vent their musty superfluity." Prudence and humanity may wish to restrain the birth of beggars—but the North American savage, who is condemned to a life of misery by her stronger husband, whose toils and privations are such as often to induce her to put to death her female offspring, that they may not live to endure the hardships of her lot,—goes only a short step farther than these legislators, who, instead of removing the causes of poverty, sternly denounce it as the just and necessary consequence of youthful unions—and, unmindful of the strongest impulses and the tenderest feelings of the heart, desire the poor to remain unwedded till the brightest season of life has passed away. I doubt if, in every view of the question, they are not mistaken; and, I believe, the only effect their doctrine produces is that of hardening the hearts of the rich, and turning men's thoughts from devising means for alleviating that which they prefer declaring irremediable. I believe there has not been one unit the less in the increasing number of our population, for all that Mr. Malthus and his followers have written.

I live within nineteen miles of Dublin, and personally know nothing of the most wretched parts of Ireland; yet what I see *here* you would

scarcely credit. This is quite a corn district, which, of course, is favourable in affording employment; the neighbouring fishing towns, although they have but few boats in comparison to what you might suppose their proximity to the Dublin market would support, still maintain a considerable number of families, so that anything I can relate to you will, in fact, convey no sample of what really is the degree of suffering poverty in Ireland. I believe some political economists say that the Roman Catholic religion is productive of mendicity; whether it is so or not I shall not examine; but it most undoubtedly fosters a degree of charity which is equally striking as the want which it relieves. I am told nearly all the families of the men who go to England and Scotland for the harvest, live, during the absence of their husbands and fathers, by begging—and I can well credit it from what I see here. You will meet a woman with scarcely any other clothes than a patched and ragged cloak, followed by three or four children—generally, indeed, with one of them on her back—a tin kettle and a small sack carried by the biggest;—she tells you her husband "is gone to look work; she has tired out her own people; or she has none to look to her; and she is *walking the world*, begging her bit, for God's sake;"* and she will often return at night to the temporary lodging she has secured, with her sack full of potatoes, which may have been collected from the small farmers, or by twos and threes at the houses of the poorest inhabitants. I know several widows who have, for a constancy, entirely existed, together with their children, on the benevolence of their neighbours. "Looking their bit," is a regular phrase to denote this way of living. But imagine what it is!—the scanty meal of cold potatoes, or the wretch-

* We have heard before of this phrase, as used by the Irish poor; and have ever considered it as one of the most striking instances of that poetry of expression by which they are distinguished from our own lower classes. There cannot be a stronger or more brief description of that state of utter destitution and abandonment, which makes all places alike, than those four words—to *walk the world*.—ED.

ed fire, which is made of "sprigs," (that is, bits of furze pulled from the few fences that offer even that,) and morsels of manure, which have been dried to supply the fuel necessary to boil the small refuse potatoes which they glean, if I may so term it, from the general digging of the neighbouring crops!—Think of such a family, on a winter's day, wandering along the country with not always the degree of covering necessary for decency, never that sufficient for warmth;—look at the bare legs, mottled blue with cold, and scarred with burns which they have scarcely felt, when, in their eagerness to profit by the permission to warm themselves, they have almost put their limbs into the fire!—The mother deploring the existence of her children, and looking with double sadness at the inclemency of a day of storm, when they must remain within their cabin, destitute both of food and warmth—their bed, on which they try to sleep away some of the hours of misery, a heap of worn-out straw, without other covering than the tattered cloak, a piece of an old sack, or, may be, the remains of a blanket, which you would think too vile a rag to hang out amongst your peas as a scarecrow! This is no fancy-drawn picture—I know several families equally destitute.

We have heard much of late of the evils of sub-letting, and a bill, I believe, is in force to remedy some of them. It has not fallen within my means generally to investigate the tenures on which the poor inhabitants hold their mud cabins; for, where I cannot relieve, I shrink from questioning the poor—their wretchedness I respect. But I know the great majority tell me they "live under a poor man;" they often give, as rent, the heap of manure which they have collected and made with a diligence and success that you English could not comprehend might be achieved, where the proprietor of this source of profit possesses no animals but a few hens, or perhaps a pig. This dunghill, which, there-

fore, you need not wonder is placed at their door, for it is their riches, will frequently procure them land on which to set potatoes, that will chiefly support them through the year. Farmers give their worn-out quarter or half-quarter of an acre of land to those who can manure it; and if, by labour and the sale of the pig, the rent of the cabin has been paid, and enough potatoes procured for seed, the man is in a thriving state, and his family, though, in the spring of the year, they may have subsisted on one meal a day, and are never half-clad, may still be considered very well off.

The scantiness or abundance of the potatoe crop is the chief criterion of the degree of starvation which is to be the lot of the majority. The farmers give in proportion; and the poor who have them of their own, or who purchase them, equally depend for comfortable subsistence on their abundance. In years where they have failed, I have known families, of which the father enjoys constant employment every day in the year, reduced to one meal in the twenty-four hours. What, then, is the degree of starvation of those who in abundant seasons depend on charity? Last spring, though there had not been an absolute failure of potatoes, they were very dear; and I will give you one instance of the sufferings endured by a family consisting of a man, his wife, and five children, the eldest a girl about twelve years old. The man, whose name is Donough, usually works with a farmer who feeds him, and gives him sevenpence a day; but in the scarcest part of the spring, the farmer diminished his number of labourers, and this poor man could find no employment. He left home to seek for work, and at the end of three weeks returned scarcely able, through weakness from want of food, to crawl to his door. His wife was not in a much better condition;—they begged from the neighbours, but what they got was only sufficient to preserve them from actual famine;—they constantly pass-

ed two days without food—their children would, as she expressed it to me, “get megrims in their heads through emptiness, and then they would fall down on the floor, and sleep—but they would groan in their sleep, and their father would cry out, ‘Well, thank God, they will die, and be out of their pain before morning, and I shall not hear those heart-breaking moans any longer.’” The father could scarcely endure his home where he witnessed such things. What did the *mother* feel? She regretted that she was a wife and mother, and all the fond overflowing warm feelings of nature, the best emotions of the heart, were turned to bitterness and despair;—she wished to stand alone in the world, she hugged her infants in agony, and prayed God would take them! But they lived through their sufferings. Summer came, and with it employment; hay-making, gleaning, and, above all, the potatoes. They lived through their sufferings, to endure them probably again, or, if not equal misery, something very nearly approaching to it. At this moment, I am supporting a family where the father is in the ague, and the wife lying-in of her sixth child. You would think their cabin not good enough for a cow-shed;—the bed the poor woman lies on is not as warm as the litter in your dog-kennel. Their landlord is a man who holds an acre and a half of ground, and finds it difficult enough to support his own family; yet he is very patient for their rent, a pound a year, which I cannot imagin how they *ever* pay.—You would scarcely take this woman to belong to the United Kingdom;—her hair hangs in the jagged locks which you see represented in prints of the Esquimaux women—filth begrimes her, till her naturally fair complexion is imperceptible—her large blue eyes look wild and haggard with misery—her tone is that of hopelessness. You cannot imagine the dead sad tone of voice which accompanies this state of destitution.

The women suffer far more than the men; they are worse clad, though exposed equally to the hardships of the weather; for, if they do not labour for the farmer, they are employed in collecting fuel—in making up the heap of dung—in begging. And the toil of bringing up their children adds to their physical suffering, as much as to their moral: they generally suckle their children for upwards of two years. I have never met any human beings that moved my compassion so much as the female peasantry of this country; their appearance often excites disgust; nor can you wonder that misery should be careless of arranging rags that no care could make decent. Cold and wretchedness must produce dirt and neglect; their features quickly acquire the sharp hard lines of habitual suffering, their persons all the tokens of squalor, their characters the recklessness of despair. Yet have they warmer feelings of relationship than any other people. I have found what might even be termed sentimental delicacy of feeling, amongst those who have only not been reduced to the last stage of living by “begging their bit.” I have known the wife hide her illness and suffering from her husband, “that he might not fret,” or spend his money in trying to get her bread, when she was unable to swallow potatoes. I have known them give up the likelihood of permanent employment in a distant part of the country, in order to stay and watch the last years of their helpless parents—as my poor woman at Balrothery said to me, “Sure I would not leave my mother, if the paving stones of the road were made of silver;” and I have seen an old miserable half blind hen cherished more than the “laying pullet,” whose eggs were to purchase the only new clothing that was to cover the child,—I have seen this hen helped to her perch near the fire, because it had been the mother’s hen—the last remaining token of the parent who had been buried ten years ago!

What must be the hearts of peo-

ple whom even misery cannot chill to the neglect of affection, though it renders them utterly careless of themselves? and what right have men to talk to such people of the necessary degradation and misery attendant upon early marriages? It is not the law of nature that entails such misery; the cause exists in the arbitrary arrangements of our laws and social system. I call aloud upon you who have the power to attract attention, to tell the public what is the state of misery in Ireland.

The Irish members may know more than they tell; ignorant of any positive scheme of radical improvement, they may advocate education, emancipation, emigration, and think too much interference hurtful to the

internal condition of a country, leaving individuals to take care of their own concerns. But, in my opinion of the poverty and misery of Ireland, it demands interference. The political grievances are rather symptoms than causes: they aggravate the malady no doubt, and demand instant attention—but, considered as party-questions,—in which light they appear to me alone ever to be considered,—they strike not at the root of the evil. I wish to call your attention to Ireland, as a humane and philosophical man, not as a political partisan of any school. I fear my letter is too tedious to propitiate you—but I know your good heart, and I assure you it would bleed if you saw what I daily witness.

MADAME DAVIDOFF'S STORY.

ON my arrival at Kioff* from Moscow, Count Miloradowitch,† the Governor-General of the province, received me with that hospitable politeness which so eminently distinguishes the Russian nation. He was that day to give a dinner, in honour of the Emperor's birth-day, which I was invited to attend.

At five o'clock, I proceeded to the Government palace. This is a fine residence, and at the period here referred to, it had been furnished in most elegant style by Count Miloradowitch. The gardens, which were beautifully laid out, were open as a promenade to the inhabitants of Kioff. The dinner presented a specimen of the Count's munificent taste, and there was profusion without confusion. I had the good fortune to be seated next to Madame

Aglaée Davidoff, (before her marriage, Mademoiselle de Grammont,) and I thus escaped the dulness which so frequently attends a dinner of ceremony. We conversed about her family, who were known to me, and the fate of her uncles, Counts Armand and Jules de Polignac, who then excited general interest. We soon became intimate. We were both young and far from our native country, and fond recollections, common to us both, supplied the place of previous acquaintance.

Opposite to us, on the right hand of the Governor, there sat a young lady, whose beauty attracted my notice. The paleness of her interesting countenance was heightened by the contrast of her luxuriant dark hair, which descended in clustering ringlets on her neck. Her long eye-

* Called Kioff the great or the holy. It is supposed to have been founded in the year 430, by Prince Kia, after whom it was named. In the year 1027, Prince Wladimir made it the capital of the Russian empire.

† Count Miloradowitch was originally aide-de-camp to Souwaroff, whose entire confidence he enjoyed. He became one of the most distinguished generals of the Russian army, and was Commander-in-chief against the Turks in Walachia. He commanded the advanced guard in 1812, and received Murat when he was sent by Buonaparte to propose an adjustment. He afterwards became Governor-General of St. Petersburg, and in the year 1825, while exerting himself to quell an insurrection, he was shot by one of the ringleaders of the disturbance. His death was universally regretted.

lashes modestly overshadowed eyes whose gaze no surrounding object had for a moment power to attract. Her abstracted and melancholy air seemed to be the effect of deep and protracted grief. Her appearance altogether powerfully excited my interest, and I could not refrain from asking my fair neighbour whether she knew her. "I do," replied Madame Davidoff. "The estate belonging to my family in Prodolia, adjoins one of hers, and I have frequently passed whole months at her father's residence. An event equally interesting and unfortunate, in one moment, blighted the happiness of her whole life."—"Dare I venture to ask what it was?" I inquired; "for I assure you my curiosity is powerfully excited."—"The sad story is no secret," answered the lady; "but it is too long to be told now; and besides the unhappy subject of it would feel uneasy, if she thought we were talking about her. However, in the course of the evening, I shall, I dare say, find an opportunity of satisfying you." Here our conversation was interrupted by the noisy and barbarous music of a Calmuck regiment. This was followed by a band of horns, the melancholy harmony of which can perhaps only be heard in perfection in Russia. At length the dinner being concluded, and the usual toasts drunk to the accompaniment of loud cheers and discharges of artillery from the garrison, the company retired to an apartment splendidly illuminated with wax lights. Count Moradowitch opened the ball by a polonaise with Princess Helen Suwaroff, daughter of the Grand Chamberlain Narischkin. During the intervals between the dances, MM. Lafont and Romberg exhibited their masterly talent on the violin and violoncello. The heat of the rooms was excessive, and I drew near to Madame Davidoff to remind her of her promise. She took my arm, and we descended to the terrace, and seated ourselves in a pavilion overlooking the extensive plain surrounding the town,

which is washed by the waves of the winding Borysthenes. Here my fair companion commenced her story as follows:

"You have doubtless heard of Count Bro—ky, who was as celebrated for his brilliant eloquence as for his vast fortune. His only daughter, Vanda, having lost her mother at her birth, the Count hired as her nurse the wife of one of his Ukrainian subjects, a soldier who, a few months before, had departed with his regiment for the Caucasus. The woman, with her infant son, was transferred from their humble abode to the castle of Count Bro—ky, and Vanda and her foster-brother Iwan were consequently brought up together. The boy, as he grew up, developed the germs of those noble qualities which nature had implanted in him; and the Count, becoming more and more attached to him, sent him to complete his education at the University of Wilna, which Prince Ozortorinsky had at that time raised to a level with the most celebrated learned institutions in Europe. There he remained three years, and on his return, being scarcely twenty years of age, the Count made him his steward, and gave him the complete management of all his estates. In this situation he acquitted himself so honourably, that while he diminished the labour and the burthens of the peasantry, he increased considerably the revenues of his patron.

"I have already told you that I frequently made a visit of several weeks at the castle of Count Bro—ky. The origin of my acquaintance with the family was as follows: My grandfather, the Duke de Polignac, was on a footing of intimacy with Count Bro—ky, when the latter came to France before the Revolution. The high favour which the Duke and all his family enjoyed at court, afforded him the means of rendering a foreigner's visit to Paris exceedingly agreeable; and during the misfortunes of our emigration, Count Bro—ky, by his kindness, amply repaid any favours he might at a for-

mer period have received from my grandfather. But, alas ! the consolations of generous hospitality cannot banish the recollections of one's country and one's home ! However, my aunt, the Countess Diana, who was exceedingly fond of me, often took me with her on a visit to the castle of Count Bro—ky, where I had the opportunity of receiving instructions from the various masters who were engaged for the education of the young Countess. Vanda's cousin, a charming girl named Elizabeth P—ka, was also the companion of our studies. When left an orphan, at the age of five, she became the Count's ward, who not only educated her carefully, but managed all her large estates, most of which were situated in Cherson, of which her father had been governor. Though Vanda and her young kinswoman differed essentially in character, yet, as both were equally kindly disposed and amiable, that difference did not diminish their friendship. Vanda was lively, and sometimes impetuous; but her excellent heart so quickly overflowed with regret for the commission of a fault, that it was impossible to withhold her pardon for a moment. Elizabeth, on the contrary, who was less handsome than her cousin, was very reserved. By her air of abstraction and melancholy, she seemed to be made to love and to suffer without complaining. Often in our juvenile sports did we try to provoke her to depart from that uniform gentleness and patience which seemed her second nature, but without success; for, calm and resigned, she always met our tricks with her usual sweetness of temper, and frequently made us blush for having attempted them. We had all three finished our education when Iwan returned from Wilna. He had lost his mother several years before, and as we had not for a long time heard of his father, we concluded that he had died fighting against the Circassians. The castle of Count Bro—ky now became Iwan's only home; and there he found the want

of parents supplied by the kind hearts of his benefactors. It seemed that the same destiny which made his birth obscure, had, as a compensation, endowed him with uncommon personal beauty, and qualities which endeared him to all who were capable of appreciating him. It may easily be supposed that the praises of this young man, frequently and publicly pronounced by the Count, made a powerful impression on the minds and hearts of the two charming cousins, who lived under the same roof with him without constraint, and had been accustomed from infancy to regard him as a brother, and to treat him as an equal. They were still ignorant of what love meant, while both felt the passion in its full force. When they began to understand the nature of their feelings, and ventured to fathom their hearts, Vanda consoled herself by cherishing the idea that her father's blind fondness for herself, and the affection he had always manifested for Iwan, would smooth the distance which seemed otherwise calculated to separate them for ever. In that happy age in which our belief readily accommodates itself to our wishes, to imagine that she was beloved by Iwan sufficed to make her overlook all idea of danger from such a passion. With respect to Elizabeth, mistress of herself and of her large property, the idea of indemnifying Iwan for the wrongs of fortune, seemed to her the foundation of the feeling she entertained towards him, and she only waited for a favourable opportunity to ask of her uncle that consent which she had no doubt of obtaining.

“Iwan did not long remain ignorant of the sentiments which he had inspired; but, though passionately enamoured of Vanda, respect and honour forbade him to reveal his love; and, to avoid suspicion, he paid more attention to Elizabeth than to her, whom he adored in silence. Meanwhile, if Elizabeth supposed herself the object of Iwan's regard, Vanda was certain that she

was beloved ; for a woman is seldom long deceived as to the sentiments she raises in the other sex. One day, when I was on a visit, with all my family, at the Castle, the Count said to me, ' Aglaée, have not you a sister married in England ? '—' Yes,' I replied, ' to Lord Tankerville, whose estates are in Northumberland, but who resides constantly in London.'—' In that case,' rejoined the Count, ' you will oblige me by giving Iwan a letter to Lady Tankerville. I wish him to make a journey to England, and to remain there some months. He will visit the manufacturing towns, to collect information respecting improvements in agriculture, and to bring back with him much general knowledge, which may be easily turned to the advantage of this country. Tomorrow, I intend to go with him to Maknomska, where I have manufactories of leather and cloth, and some German workmen. But men capable of superintending the works are wanting, and I have no doubt that Iwan will be able to bring skilful persons from England, who will soon give life to a branch of trade which is paralyzed solely for want of a system.'

" I assured him that I would with pleasure do what he desired, and my family immediately concurred with me in making joint offers of our services. ' I shall be absent about a week,' continued the Count ; ' but will return for Vanda's birthday. You will, no doubt, as usual, favour us with your company, and, in the mean time, you can prepare your letter. I expect soon to have an opportunity for Dantzic, and from thence Iwan will proceed immediately to England.' He accordingly set out next day for his manufacturing settlement above alluded to, which was situated in Wolhinia.

" In the following week we returned to the Castle, where every preparation had been made for a fête, for the twofold celebration of Vanda's birthday, and the return of the Count and Iwan, who were expected

that evening. A small but select party of friends were already assembled, and all were eagerly watching at the windows for the approach of the travellers. About seven o'clock in the evening, we descried them, followed by a few servants, advancing towards the Castle as rapidly as their Ukranian steeds could carry them.

" You have doubtless observed, that almost all the villages in Poland are built on the slope of a mountain, the base of which is washed by a lake, and that a narrow road, raised in the form of a dyke, confines the water, which serves to turn a mill. These roads are almost all public thoroughfares ; and along one of them the Count was proceeding at full gallop when we first discerned him in the distance. A herd of oxen was advancing from the opposite extremity of the road ; and one of the animals taking fright at the velocity with which the travellers darted along, suddenly thrust his horns into the side of the Count's horse. The noble animal starting back, fell into the lake, dragging his rider with him. To leap from his saddle, and to plunge into the water for the rescue of his benefactor, was to Iwan only the affair of a moment. But his task was difficult. The Count, having one foot entangled in his stirrup, was dragged along by his horse, which, in spite of his loss of blood, swam so rapidly that Iwan, who was encumbered with his clothes, could not easily overtake him. However, by dint of vigorous efforts, he at length reached him. The Count's foot was disengaged from the stirrup, and Iwan kept his head above water until a boat, which had been sent to their aid, received them both, and conveyed them ashore.

" I leave you to imagine the consternation which at this moment prevailed in the Castle. Shrieks of terror resounded on every side, and tears streamed from every eye. Vanda fainted in the arms of her cousin ; and these two interesting beings were carried to their cham-

bers in an almost lifeless state. The unhappy Vanda recovered from her swoon only to learn the full extent of her misfortune. The doctor, who had bled the Count twice, entertained but faint hopes of saving him. Every remedy was applied without effect, and the current of life was rapidly ebbing. As soon as this fatal sentence was pronounced, the assembled guests hastened to quit the house of mourning, conscious that their presence would only be an intrusion on sorrow which they could not alleviate.

"Conceiving that the situation of my unhappy young friends demanded all my sympathy and attention, I prevailed on my family to allow me to remain with them. In a few hours, Iwan, being somewhat recovered from the exhaustion caused by his heroic exertions, came to mingle his tears with ours, and to deplore the sad event which deprived him of more than a parent. Alas! how were our feelings at variance with the objects that intruded themselves on our gaze. On every side we beheld garlands of flowers, blazing chandeliers, and spread tables; while an adored father, lunce, and benefactor, was expiring in the arms of his despairing family. The servants were weeping bitterly, and the sobs and lamentations of the peasantry who thronged the court-yard, were re-echoed in our hearts. The melancholy picture still is, and will ever remain, vividly present in my imagination.

"About midnight, the Count, for a few moments, became sensible, but his strength was reduced to the last extremity. Gazing wildly round him, he uttered the names of Vanda, Elizabeth, and Iwan; but the words died on his lips. A few drops of a potion were administered to him, and he appeared somewhat revived. With difficulty he was raised in his bed; and taking Iwan by the hand, he said, pointing to the two young orphans, 'My son, I confide them to your protection.' He then pronounced his blessing on all three, as

they kneeled by his bed-side; and joining the hands of Vanda and Iwan, he added, 'My dear son, let her happiness be your care.' These were his last words, and at three in the morning he expired.

"Vanda now became the object of our concern, and for some time we entertained serious apprehensions for her life. She was with difficulty torn from the remains of her father, and together with her cousin, removed from the scene of death. I followed them, in the hope of assuaging their grief; but it is vain to offer consolation when despair triumphs over reason. Iwan, manfully struggling with his feelings, punctually discharged all the duties which devolved upon him at that sad moment. He actively superintended the affairs of the Castle, and made every preparation for rendering the last honours to the revered remains of his benefactor. The same friends who but a week before had joyfully assembled to celebrate the birth-day of the daughter, now met in sable array to follow the father to the grave, and—

'All things that were ordained festival,
Turn'd from their office to black funeral.'

"The mournful procession was followed by the whole population of the Count's vast estates, and every individual bore in his countenance visible marks of the grief which wrung his heart. All seemed to deplore the loss of a father.

"For the space of a year after the Count's death, the two cousins declined receiving any visitors, except myself. Vanda, who, by the dying words of her father, considered herself as betrothed to Iwan, no longer disguised her attachment for him. Elizabeth, having renounced all hope of a union with the object of her affections, suffered in silence the miseries of disappointed love, while she wished to have it supposed that her uncle's death was the sole cause of her deep and continued sorrow. Iwan, however, who well knew its real cause, and who could only offer the affection of a brother in return for her devoted attachment, endea-

voured by proofs of the warmest friendship to console her for the love which it was not in his power to bestow.

"Suddenly the cloud of melancholy which had so long overshadowed the countenance of Elizabeth disappeared, and she assumed a serenity to which she had long been a stranger. Instead of avoiding Iwan as heretofore, she eagerly sought his society, and became as familiar with him as they had been in the days of their childhood. Even in the presence of Vanda, she would gaze on him with a look of affection, which seemed to say, 'I shall yet be happy.' This unexpected change excited surprise in all who observed it, and soon gave birth to a feeling of jealousy in the heart of Vanda. Too proud to complain, she cautiously concealed her suspicions from all save a female attendant, whom she instructed to watch the conduct of Iwan and her cousin. She was soon informed that they had secretly met in an arbour in the garden at day-break, before any of the inmates of the Castle had risen; and to this disclosure was added, the mention of various circumstances calculated to wound the heart of an affectionate woman. She was told that Iwan had been seen on his knees apparently imploring the forgiveness of Elizabeth, and that when he arose they fondly embraced each other. Distressed beyond imagination at finding herself thus cruelly deceived by the two beings whom she loved most dearly in the world, she anxiously prayed for a favourable opportunity of punishing their ingratitude and treachery. Alas! this opportunity occurred but too soon!

"For some days past Elizabeth's servants had been observed busily preparing their mistress's travelling carriage, and relays were ordered to be in readiness at certain places. These were the only circumstances which warranted a suspicion of her intention to quit the Castle. She herself had intimated no such design to any one, until, suddenly seizing

the hand of Vanda, she said, with tears in her eyes, 'Dearest cousin, I must leave you to-morrow, but I hope only for a short while, though I cannot, at present, name the day of my return. My mother's sister, who, along with you, forms my whole family, is, I am informed, dangerously ill, and desires anxiously to see me, perhaps, for the last time. I must, of course, hasten to fulfil so sacred a duty, and I shall accordingly set out to-morrow at day-break. I mean to take only my maid with me; but, in my absence, Iwan will take charge of the rest of my servants who remain behind. Do not forget your Elizabeth, who, be assured, will love you affectionately till her latest breath.' With these last words, she threw her arms round Vanda's neck, and strained her to her bosom. Such emotion, on account of a very short absence, was far from appearing natural, and it excited the strongest suspicions in the mind of Vanda. She supposed that Elizabeth and Iwan had concerted their flight together, and that the story of the journey was only a pretext to enable them to carry their scheme the more easily into effect. The coldness with which Vanda received this tender farewell was not observed by Elizabeth, whose excessive grief seemed to subdue all her faculties.

"As soon as Vanda returned to her own apartments she ordered Sarah, her favourite maid, to be immediately called. 'It is but too true,' said she, 'the ungrateful wretches are flying from me, and repaying the benefits of my father and myself, by breaking a heart whose only fault was its mistaken reliance on their virtues.—Run—lose not a moment—trace their footsteps—watch their movements; and come back immediately and tell me every thing you discover. They are not yet so certain of success as they imagine.' Sarah obeyed her mistress without delay; and Vanda, overpowered with grief, threw herself on a sofa in her chamber. There, calling to recollection all the marks of love which

Iwan had given her, all the proofs of affection and attachment which, ever since their infancy, her cousin had lavished upon her, she strove to repel the cruel idea that she was deceived by two beings so dear to her. But her confidante returned; and, with her, all the torments of jealousy revived. 'Well, have you seen them together?' — 'Yes,' replied the maid, 'I have just left them.' — 'Where?' — 'In the very same part of the garden where I have already told you they meet every morning.' — 'Ah! what did you overhear?' — 'I have no doubt they had been there some time before I got sight of them. Iwan was kneeling before Elizabeth; he held in his hand a paper, which it appeared she had just given him, and which he was urging her to take back. "Nothing can make me change my resolution," said Elizabeth; "it is unalterable. Be prudent; I have your promise, and on that I rely. In three days we shall have nothing to conceal." "Three days!" said Vanda, with a sigh. "At the altar," continued Elizabeth, "I will release you from this oath, especially if every thing is kept from Vanda's knowledge." Iwan, still on his knees, begged her to defer her departure but for one day. "My dear Iwan," said she, "to-morrow at day-break we shall both of us have done our duty!" Here their tears flowed in abundance. At last both left the arbour, and Iwan, placing the paper in his bosom, said: "It shall remain here, dear Elizabeth, along with your secret, and the vow of adoration which I have made to you. Here they remain conjoined for life." "Farewell, Iwan," said she, "to-morrow Elizabeth will give you all that she can now dispose of." They then parted, and I hurried back to you, for it now wants but a few hours to day-break.'

"Certain of being sacrificed to a rival, disdain for a moment took place of indignation in the mind of

Vanda; but resolved to confound the two deceivers, she threw herself, dressed as she was, upon her bed, in order to be in readiness to leave her chamber at the first dawn of day. But exhausted as she was by grief, sleep soon overcame her, and after several troubled dreams, she awoke only in time to hear the tinkling of the bell which was attached to Elizabeth's travelling carriage.*

"Vanda flew to the window, and beheld her cousin tearing herself from the embraces of Iwan, while she gave him a box, which he firmly pressed to his lips. She then hastily threw herself into the carriage which was waiting to receive her. In the first transport of her indignation Vanda rushed from the chamber, for the purpose of convicting them of their treachery; but, in the state of agitation in which she was, she missed her way, and wandered wildly about the long winding avenues of the castle. When at length she reached the court-yard, Elizabeth's carriage had started, and was already out of sight. Iwan was alone, and with eyes suffused with tears, was looking out upon the road in the direction which the carriage had taken. He was unconscious of her presence, until his attention was directed towards her by the expressions of astonishment which her frantic air elicited from a group of peasants who happened to observe her. 'Dear Vanda,' he exclaimed, 'I did not expect or wish to see you here; Elizabeth and I had determined to spare you the pain of another farewell.' 'Your scheme was well contrived,' replied Vanda, with an ironical smile, 'but it is not yet too late to defeat the perfidious design. Your base treachery fills me with detestation and contempt: and these are the only sentiments with which you can, henceforth, inspire me!' 'Vanda,' said Iwan, in a tone of mingled astonishment, grief, and pride, 'can this

* In Russia it is usual to fasten bells to travelling carriages; and the ringing being heard at a distance in the solitary roads, warns the peasantry to range their carts and sledges on one side, so as not to obstruct the way.

language be addressed to me?' 'To you, Iwan Iwanowitch!* to you! and I desire that you instantly deliver up to me the papers and the box which you have received from my cousin.' 'Vanda, Vanda, your reason wavers!—Come with me; this is neither the time nor the place for explanation.' 'My reason must, indeed, have been bewildered, while I was the dupe of your falsehood. But I am so no longer, and once more I desire you to deliver up those papers. Will you dare to withhold them?' 'The tone in which you make this demand, Vanda, would sufficiently justify my refusal to comply with it, even though a solemn oath did not bind me.' 'Oh! this is too much! give them to me instantly I say!' While she uttered these words, making an effort to rush towards Iwan for the purpose of snatching the papers from his bosom, she fell and her head struck with violence upon the stones. She was immediately raised, but her indignation was excited to a pitch of frenzy, and she exclaimed, 'Iwan Iwanowitch! you have dared to entertain a perfidious attachment for another woman. This baseness merits the punishment of a slave; and you are now nothing else.' 'A slave!' repeated the astonished Iwan; 'A slave, Vanda! Your father made me your equal.' 'How! Will you dare to make so insolent an assertion! Show me the act by which you are enfranchised. You are a serf I say, a rebellious serf, refusing to obey the commands of his mistress, and as such you shall receive the punishment assigned to slaves.' Then turning to the peasants who stood near her, 'Seize him instantly,' she continued, 'and take from him by force the papers which he has refused to give up. Let him instantly receive the punishment of the *bagottes*,† and I offer a hundred gold ducats to him who

most promptly executes my orders and brings me the papers.'

"Only those who have witnessed the state of passive obedience to which ages of slavery have reduced the peasantry of Russia and Poland, who hesitate not at the orders of a tyrannical steward, to inflict the brutal punishment of flogging on women and even on their own parents—only those who know the debased condition of these uncivilized beings, will perhaps believe that the commands of the frantic Vanda were promptly executed. Men of all classes seem to enjoy a malignant pleasure in the humiliation of those whose merit is superior to their own; besides, in this instance, the temptation of the promised reward was irresistible; and the most ignominious of punishments was inflicted on a young man, whose high spirit and cultivated education rendered him keenly sensible to the full extent of the degradation.

"Alas! what a world of vain repentance might we often spare ourselves, if we suffered only a moment's calm reflection to intervene between our anger and its effects. The wretched Vanda, already stung with the pangs of remorse, hurried wildly to her apartment, and sunk exhausted with grief before the portrait of her father, whose stern glance seemed to heap reproaches on the head of his unhappy daughter. But what was her agony, when she received the packet which she so eagerly desired to possess. The box, which she herself had formerly presented to Elizabeth, and which was adorned with her own portrait and a lock of her hair, contained merely some contracts relative to family property, and a letter addressed to her by her cousin. She instantly broke the seal, and hurriedly glancing over its contents, she learned that Elizabeth, having been long a prey to grief, which all her efforts

* Iwanowitch signifies the son of Iwan. It is customary in Russia to add the father's name to the baptismal name of the son.

† Rods made of the branches of a hard kind of water willow, with which serfs are flogged for any offence they commit. This punishment is less severe than that of the *knout*.

were unable to subdue, had resolved to forsake a world in which she could no longer be happy; but before she buried herself for ever in a convent, she was anxious to give her two friends a last testimony of her unalterable regard; that she accordingly made over her whole property to Iwan, hoping thereby to remove the only obstacle which could retard his marriage with Vanda: that she attached to this bequest only one condition, namely, that Iwan should liberate and provide for her servants, all of whom had been with her since her childhood. 'Adieu! dear Vanda,' she said at the conclusion of her letter, 'may you be as happy as Elizabeth wishes you should be, and may Iwan's love repay you for my loss. I return your portrait and your lock of hair, to prove to you that I now tear myself from every earthly tie, and direct all my thoughts towards another world, in which I trust we shall all hereafter meet.'

"The grief and despair which now rent the heart of the unhappy Vanda, may be easily conceived. 'Bring him back,' she exclaimed, 'bring him back! that I may implore his pardon, and die at his feet. . . . Fly! odious instruments of my fatal rage!' she continued, addressing the vassals who had come to claim her promised reward, 'and he who restores him to me, shall immediately have his freedom.' A numerous band of peasants now set out in various directions in pursuit of Iwan; but their search proved fruitless,—they could discover no traces of him.

"Irritated to madness by the degrading punishment to which he had been subjected, Iwan eagerly longed for revenge. He fled to the woods adjoining the castle, uttering cries of fury and despair. Here he wandered about for several hours, entering the thickest recesses of the forest, amidst the haunts of wild beasts. Night drew in, and the rain, which fell in torrents, drenched his garments, though it had no power to allay the fever that raged within him. 'Let me,' he exclaimed, 'rid myself

of an existence which is no longer endurable; and my death, while it releases me from misery, will embitter with remorse the future life of her who has so cruelly wronged me.' He now turned in the direction of the castle, and the lightning, which vividly illumined the heavens, enabled him to retrace his way through the almost impenetrable forest. At length he came within sight of the turrets of the castle, and he heard the clock strike one. Proceeding onward at a rapid pace, he soon reached the garden-gates, which, in the confusion of the preceding day, had been left unfastened. He entered unperceived by any one, for most of the servants were still out in quest of him, and those who were at home had retired to rest. One light was still burning in the castle, and that was visible at Vanda's chamber-window. 'Ah!' exclaimed Iwan, 'sleep has forsaken her couch: and how many weary and restless nights must she yet linger out, whilst I shall sleep undisturbedly in the everlasting night of death!' Having entered the castle, and ascended to his own apartment, he took from the head of his bed a brace of pistols, splendidly mounted, which had been one of the first presents he received from the Count; and, hiding them in his bosom, he proceeded to Vanda's chamber. Starting up at the sound of his footsteps, she exclaimed, in wild accents, 'Ah! have you found him?—is he here?'—'He is,' said Iwan, and presenting himself before her in the miserable condition to which his sufferings had reduced him, he added, 'I am come to afford you the happiness of witnessing this sight.' With these words, he drew one of the pistols from his bosom, and was aiming it at his head, but Vanda, rushing towards him with the quickness of thought, seized his arm, and the pistol-ball struck a mirror, which it shivered in a thousand pieces. 'Your efforts are vain,' said he, 'you have deprived me of honour, and I might now be avenged, for your life is in my hands. But I will not take

it,—live to repent of my murder.' So saying, he drew the second pistol, and once more aimed at his own life. Vanda threw herself on her knees, and in a suppliant voice, exclaimed, 'Hold! hold! dearest Iwan! one word—only one word—and then I will die with you!' 'Well,' replied Iwan, 'I cannot refuse to hear you.' 'Iwan,' said she, 'by the hallowed memory of my father, and of the mother who reared us both, commit not, I beseech you, this horrible deed.—Your sister, your betrothed wife, implores forgiveness,—be merciful to the repentant offender!'—'Vanda, you thought not of our father and mother when, prompted by a futile suspicion, you would have condemned me to a life of ignominy, had I been base enough to submit to bear the burthen of it.' 'Iwan, Iwan, hear me! and all may yet be well. Heaven can bear witness how willingly I would shed every drop of blood that flows in these veins to wash away my fault. But the sacred bond of marriage makes the wife share alike the glory and the disgrace of her husband. Lead me, then, to the altar, and there seal my pardon, by accepting my hand; and let love and religion obliterate all recollection of the injury my fatal rashness has inflicted.' 'How! would you have me confer a dishonoured name on the daughter of my benefactor?—Never, never!' 'But, Iwan, another resource yet remains; seize it, I implore you, or, I say again, to the altar or the grave I am resolved to follow you. A Polish army is, you know, assembling in the Grand Duchy, under the command of our brave Prince Poniatowski. Fly, and take part in the conflict, under the banners of a great man, who seems destined to decide the fate of Poland. Set out this very night. There is my promise of marriage, which makes you free, and my equal. Take all the money I possess, and if that be not enough, take also my jewels, which are worth ten thousand ducats. Purchase for yourself a command in the regiment which

Vladimir Potocki is raising. Prove yourself worthy of your country, and share the honours which will encircle the brows of our Polish heroes. Henceforth bear the name and title of my father, which I give you, with all that I possess; and may these feeble compensations obliterate the recollection of my fault. But you turn from me, Iwan,—you hesitate. Here, then, is my bosom; kill me; and, in the next world, where our parents are now awaiting us'—'And where they will judge you, Vanda. Ah! what an awful account have you to make!' 'Alas, I am indeed guilty. But there is no fault which may not be expiated by repentance.' This was too much for the susceptible heart of Iwan. 'Oh! beloved Vanda,' he exclaimed, 'command me as you will; I am ready to obey. I consent to live, since glory may efface the stigma that attaches to me. I will instantly depart, and without scruple I accept all you offer, for it is a sacrifice on the altar of patriotism.' 'Rather call it an expiation at the shrine of love,' replied Vanda.

"Overjoyed at this reconciliation, Vanda immediately began to prepare for Iwan's departure. The servants, who had been fruitlessly engaged in searching for him, were filled with astonishment at his unhoped for reappearance. 'He is your master,' said Vanda, addressing them, 'and you are to obey no other. Let his will be your law. This is the last duty I have to impose on you.' She ordered a travelling carriage and six to be instantly got ready, to proceed to Warsaw, whither it was to be followed next day by six additional horses. Peter, a servant who had attended Iwan from his boyhood, hastily packed up his master's luggage. Vanda herself deposited the money and jewels in the carriage; and on the spot on which she had so lately yielded to the transports of her fatal jealousy, she now took leave of Iwan with tears and embraces.

"On his arrival in the Grand Duchy, Iwan, who was known to all the friends of Count Bro—ky, was re-

ceived with the attentions to which his own good qualities sufficiently entitled him; and he soon became one of the staff-officers of a Prince who knew how to appreciate and to reward merit. Throughout the whole of the campaign, he omitted no opportunity of distinguishing himself, and he gained the esteem and respect of the whole army. He thought of Vanda only to recollect her goodness, and pursued glory only to render himself worthy of her. I need not enter into the details of this campaign, with the results of which you are so well acquainted. Suffice it to say, that Prince Joseph succeeded even beyond his hopes; for, turning the Austrian army, he threw himself upon Galicia, and took possession of Sandomir and Zamoski. Profiting by the enthusiasm of the inhabitants, who rose on all sides to join his forces, he detached General Fischer, the chief officer of his staff, with orders to march upon Limberg, and Iwan was the first who had the honour to affix the White Eagle of Poland on the walls of Leopoldstadt. The bulletins of the Polish army contained the highest encomiums on his courage, and thus conveyed the most acceptable consolations to the heart of Vanda.

"This success was, however, speedily followed by a reverse of fortune; for, a few days after, while he was engaged in pushing a reconnaissance beyond Leopoldstadt, he was surprised by a party of Austrian Hussars. After an obstinate engagement, he succeeded in putting them to flight, but not until a musket-ball had entered his chest, and he fell, seriously wounded, from his horse. He was immediately raised by his brave lancers, assisted by his faithful servant Peter. The blood, which flowed profusely from his wound, rendered it unsafe to attempt conveying him back to the camp. He was, therefore, carried to a neighbouring village, in which there was an hospital founded by Princess Lubornieska, where some sisters of *La Charité*, conforming to the institution

of St. Vincent de Paule, devote themselves to the aid of the poor and the infirm. Here every assistance was rendered him, both by the physician of the convent and by those pious sisters, who, like ministering angels, soothe earthly suffering by the hope of celestial bliss. But, alas! Iwan's wound was mortal, and, on the second day after he was brought to the convent, the doctor pronounced his recovery to be impossible. On hearing this fatal declaration, one of the nuns, who had attended the patient with the most unremitting anxiety, uttered a piercing shriek, and threw herself on his bed in an agony of grief. The dying man raised his languid eyelids, and, to his amazement, recognised Elizabeth, the companion of his boyhood. 'Can it be?' he exclaimed. 'Is it really you, my dear Elizabeth, or has an angel, assuming your semblance, come to receive my last sigh. Alas,' continued he, taking her hand, 'was it for this that you abandoned wealth and luxury; and did you enrich me to make yourself the servant of the poor and the afflicted?'—'Heaven willed it so, my dear Iwan,' she replied; 'and if I resisted all your affectionate entreaties to turn me from my resolution of retiring from the world, it was because I felt myself called hither by Heaven, and that nothing could have power to change my destiny. Before I had formed my determination, I had suffered all that can most severely try the heart of a woman. There was no sacrifice to which I could not have submitted. In renouncing you, my most difficult task was accomplished. But, alas! little did I think that I should live to close the eyes of him, for whose dear sake mine have shed so many tears.'—'How, Elizabeth! tears for my sake'

"Dearest Iwan, listen to me. This fatal secret I now disclose, at the moment when you must carry it with you to the tomb. I loved you, Iwan, with the most devoted affection; but, alas! after doing all that could be done, to avoid disturbing

Vanda's happiness and yours, I find that the death of him I love is the sad result of the great sacrifice I have made.'—'He is dying, he is dying!' said Peter, raising his master's head. 'Oh, Madam, for Heaven's sake, withdraw! this emotion is too much for him.'—'Must I die so young and so beloved,' said Iwan, in a faint voice,—'Elizabeth, Vanda, farewell! Ah! may I find in heaven angels such as you!' These were his last words. At that dreadful moment, the influence of religion alone prevented Elizabeth from following Iwan to the tomb.

'The news of his death, and of his triumphs, reached Vanda almost at the same time. You may easily conceive what must then have been the state of her mind. Her grief was calm, but deep; her sorrow did not spend itself in tears. The bitterness of anguish, which filled her heart, turned to fixed and inconsolable remorse. All the efforts of her friends, to arouse her from her melancholy and disconsolate state, were vain. When apprehensions for her life were expressed, she replied, 'When we have nothing to love, we have nothing to fear;' and every day seemed likely to be the last of her existence.

'About two years ago, a Prince L——off fell desperately in love with her, and solicited her hand. For a long time, she resisted his suit; but, unable long to see another heart of true sensibility suffering on her account, she at last yielded. Since their marriage, they have travelled

through France and Germany, and have just returned from Italy. It was hoped that change of scene, and the affectionate attentions of her husband, would have alleviated the affliction under which she laboured; but you may judge, from the forlorn state in which she still remains, how deep a wound she has received, and how little prospect there is of its ever being healed. She is a flower cut down by a whirlwind of passion, and which neither time nor care can ever make bloom again." "Alas!" said I to Madame Davidoff, "passion is to man as the sun to plants. When too ardent, it burns up what its milder rays would have vivified."

This melancholy story had made us forget the *fete* and our friends; and the night was far advanced before we recollected them. Fortunately, some fire-works, which had just begun to be let off, attracted all the company towards the Terrace. We soon fell in with Prince Ypsylanti* and Colonel Davidoff, who had been looking for us. Supper was served in the Garden, after the fire-works, which were extremely beautiful; but I was so moved by what I had heard that I was anxious to get home, where I sat down and hastily sketched out the sad story. Though I can guarantee its fidelity, I am well aware, that to make others participate in the emotion I felt, there is wanting the presence of the interesting heroine, and the graceful and feeling diction in which the facts were related by my fair informant.

RECORDS OF WOMAN.†

WE have been long wishing to see these exquisite productions of Mrs. Hemans collected into a vol-

ume, and they now meet us at the very season best fitted for their appearance. There is something in this la-

* In his youth, Ypsylanti was full of hope and ardour. More advanced in life, he was distinguished for energy and patriotism, and for zeal in the noble cause of his country. He merited a more glorious fate: but if Greece triumph, and finally break the barbarous yoke which has so long oppressed her, thy name, Ypsylanti, will live in the memory of thy countrymen, as it will long be engraven in the hearts of thy friends. (For some further account of his life and death, see page 226 of the present volume of the *Athenæum*.)

† Records of Woman: with other Poems. By Felicia Hemans. 12mo. Edinburgh, Blackwood; London, Cadell. 1823.

a revolving prism, and at last it was completely effected by curving a stereotype plate.

In these machines two paper cylinders are placed side by side, and against each of them is placed a cylinder for holding the plates; each of these four cylinders is about two feet diameter; on the surface of the plate cylinder are placed four or five inking rollers, about three inches diameter: they are kept in their position by a frame at each end of the plate cylinder, the spindles of the rollers lying in notches in the frame, thus allowing perfect freedom of motion, and requiring no adjustment.

The frame which supports the inking rollers, called the waving-frame, is attached by hinges to the general frame of the machine; and the edge of the plate cylinder is indented, and rubs against the waving-frame, causing it to wave, or vibrate to and fro, and, consequently, to carry the inking rollers with it, thus giving them a motion in the direction of their length, called the end motion. —These rollers distribute the ink upon the three-fourths of the surface of the plate cylinder, the other quarter being occupied by the curved stereotype plates. The ink is held in a trough; it stands parallel to the plate cylinder, and is formed by a metal roller, revolving against the edge of a plate; in its revolution, it becomes covered with a thin film of ink; this is conveyed to the plate cylinder, by an inking roller vibrating between both. On the plate cylinder, the ink becomes distributed, as before described, and as the plates pass under the inking rollers, they become charged with colour; as the cylinder continues to revolve, the plates come in contact with a sheet of paper in the first paper cylinder, whence it is carried, by means of tapes, to the second paper cylinder, where it receives an impression on its opposite side, from the plates on the second plate-cylinder, and thus the sheet is perfected.

These machines are only applicable to stereotype plates, but they

formed the foundation of the future success of our printing-machinery, by showing the best method of furnishing, distributing, and applying the ink.

In order to apply this method to a machine capable of printing from type, it was only necessary to do the same thing in an extended flat surface, or table, which had been done on an extended cylindrical surface; accordingly, I constructed a machine for printing both sides of the sheet from type, securing, by patent, the inking apparatus, and the mode of conveying the sheet from one paper cylinder to the other by means of drums and tapes.

My friend, Mr. A. Applegath, was a joint-proprietor with me in these patents, and he also obtained patents for several improvements. I had given the end motion to the distributing rollers, by moving the frame to and fro in which they were placed. Mr. Applegath suggested the placing these rollers in a diagonal position across the table, thereby producing their end motion in a simpler manner. Another contrivance of Mr. Applegath's was, to place half my inking apparatus on one side the printing cylinder, and half on the other side, in order that one-half the form might be inked on one side, and one-half on the other, and so have a less distance to travel.

Another contrivance of Mr. A. was, a method of applying two feeders to the same printing-cylinder. These latter inventions are more adapted to newspaper than to book printing.

We have constructed upwards of sixty machines upon our combined patents, modified in twenty-five different ways, for the various purposes of printing books, bank-notes, newspapers, &c. They have, in fact, superseded Mr. Koenig's machines, in the office of Mr. Bensley (who was the principal proprietor of Koenig's patent) and also in the office of the "Times."

It may not be uninteresting to state, that no less than forty wheels were

removed from Mr. Koenig's machine, when Mr. Bensley requested us to apply our improvements.

Having, on the first trial of our machines, discovered the superiority of the inking-roller and table over the common balls, we immediately applied them to the common press, and with complete success; the invention, however, was immediately infringed throughout the kingdom, and copied in France, Germany, and America; and it would have been as fruitless to have attempted to stop the infringement of the patent, as it was found in the case of the Kaleidoscope.

This invention has raised the quality of printing generally. In almost any old book will be perceived groups of words very dark, and other groups very light; these are technically called "monks and friars," which have been "reformed altogether."

The principal object in a newspaper machine, is to obtain a great number of impressions from the *same* form, or one side of the sheet, and not from *two* forms, or both sides of the sheet, as in books.

In the Times machine, which was planned by Mr. Applegath, upon our joint inventions, the form passes under four printing cylinders, which are fed with sheets of paper by four lads, and after the sheets are printed, they pass into the hands of four other lads; by this contrivance

4000 sheets per hour are printed on one side.

Machines upon our joint patents are also used for printing the

Morning Chronicle,	Bell's Messenger,
St. James's Chronicle,	John Bull,
Morning Herald,	Standard,
Whitehall Evening Post,	Atlas,
Examiner,	Sphinx,
Sunday Times,	&c. &c.

The comparative produce of the above machine is as follows:—

Stanhope Press, 250 impressions per hour.
Koenig's Machine, 1800, i. e. 900 on both sides.
Cowper's (stereotype), 2400, i. e. 1200 ditto.
Applegath and Cowper's (book), 2000, i. e. 1000 ditto.
Ditto (newspaper) Chronicle, 2000.
Herald, 2400.
Times, 4000—66 per min.

A variety of machines have been invented by other persons, which have not been attended with sufficient success to make me acquainted with their merits, with the exception of Mr. Napier, who has erected several machines for newspapers.

Although the success of the inventions in which I have been engaged has rendered frequent reference to them unavoidable, I trust I have distinctly assigned to Mr. Koenig the honour of making the first working machine, and to Mr. W. Nicholson the honour of suggesting its principles, and that I have thus fairly stated the origin, the progress, and the success, of the recent improvements in the art of printing.

ELEUTHEROCHORI.*

Eleutherochori! Eleutherochori!
 Are ye the seed of the Mighty in story?
 Are ye the sons of the Few who defied
 Myriads, the Free; the three hundred who died
 For Greece, and like conquerors fell side by side?
 Are ye the seed of the men, in whose grave
 There sleeps not a traitor, there sleeps not a slave?
 From whose blood rose up armies? whose name had the power
 To shake kings on their thrones, and should shake them this hour?—
 And seed of the Mighty, the Free, and the Brave,
 Can you speak of your sires, can you gaze on their grave,
 And sleep like a woman, and crouch like a slave,
 Eleutherochori?

* Eleutherochori (the Town of Freedom), so called in reference to the glorious defence of Thermopylae, is situated at a little distance from the scene of this memorable achievement, on the south side of Mount Aetia. The exploits of the brave inhabitants of these defiles on a late occasion might almost justify, or at least excuse, the very pardonable vanity of a local tradition, which traces their descent from some stragglers of the Grecian army.

No ! we're the seed of the Mighty in story—
 No ! we're the sons of the Few who defied
 Myriads, the Free ; the three hundred who died
 For Greece, and like conquerors fell side by side !
 And we speak of our sires, and we gaze on their grave,
 And we sleep not like woman, nor crouch we like slave,—
 But wait, as they waited Greece gives, as she gave,
 Bold heart and sharp sword to her sons—and the hour
 Shall come as it came, when we too shall pour
 On the Persian, and tyrants shall shake at our fame ;
 Though the flame sleeps in ashes, yet still it is flame.
 And curse on the coward who doubts of our name :
 Eleutherochori !

SALATHIEL.*

HOW delightful is it to take up a work of real power!—to feel, after you have glanced through a dozen pages, that, however you may complain of the perversion of talents,—however you may be fatigued with an exuberance of decoration,—you will not sicken at a perpetual exhibition of the most humiliating feebleness ! Nine books out of ten that we are compelled to skim over (to read is out of the question) are utterly worthless,—the prosings of inanity,—the miserable displays of the most miserable conceit ;—reminiscences that make one curse the existence of such a faculty as memory,—travels that would induce us to regard steam-boats and practicable roads as the most fatal products of civilization,—novels that would almost make us cry out upon the benefits of education, and deplore the days when neither footmen nor chambermaids could write their names, much less be the manufacturers of sentiment in the boudoir, and small wit in the dining room. Onward sweeps the stream of popular literature, carrying into the little havens of thousands of book-clubs and circulating libraries, all the painted and gilded shallops (fragile as the paper boat of the schoolboy) that live for a week in that calm and sunny water, and then are hurried for ever to the black ocean, where the great devourer, oblivion,

Hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

But when a goodly vessel sweeps down that current, gallant, indeed, with streamers, and light and gay as the insect things that float around,—but with her sails set, her yards manned, and her stately prow rushing fearlessly on to the great deeps of time,—then we care not if a myriad paltry barks perish, so that the brave ship live ; and happy are we, if, at some distant day, casting our eye over the broad expanse of waters, we behold the noble vessel still sailing proudly along with that glorious fleet,

Whose flag has braved a thousand years,
 The battle and the breeze.

“Salathiel” is generally understood to be the production of the Rev. G. Croly—a gentleman who, unquestionably, holds a very distinguished rank amongst our imaginative writers, whatever estimate may be formed of his more recent attempt, in the peculiar walk of his profession, to expound some of the higher mysteries of prophecy. As a poet, Mr. Croly has fairly earned his laurels. “Paris in 1815,” and “Catinine,” attracted no inconsiderable share of attention, at a time when Byron was the sun of the poetical firmament. They abound in vigorous and original thoughts, clothed in powerful and lofty diction. The elaborate magnificence of their language is, perhaps, too sustained ; and the effect of this splendid colouring,

* Salathiel. A story of the past, the present, and the future. 3 vols. Colburn. 1828.

to our minds, scarcely compensates for the absence of repose and simplicity. But still we surrender our feelings to one whom we know to be a master of his art ; and we are assured that we listen not to "the sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal" of merely gorgeous words, but that the matter of the poet would bear a more quiet drapery, and, under any shape, would present us an ennobling morality, and an acute perception of what constitutes the beautiful and the true.

"Salathiel" partakes, and very largely, of the merits and the defects of Mr. Croly's poems. Considered as a whole, it does not leave any very enchainng interest upon the mind of the reader ; it is occasionally wearisome from the perpetual trumpet-tone, even of the narrative portions ; the wildness and extravagance of many of the incidents, though often sublime, and always spirited in the delineation, place the hero too far above human sympathies ; and images of horror are certainly scattered with indiscriminate profuseness, so as to deaden the force of the final catastrophe, weakening our sensibility by their constant demand upon its exercise. Yet, open the work where we may, we shall find something vivid and original,—magnificent descriptions, elaborated with the greatest skill,—an intimate knowledge of the incidents and manners of antiquity, founded upon a diligent study of classical and scriptural authorities, yet never ostentatiously paraded, but rendered subservient to the dramatic effect,—a pure and manly philosophy, looking down from an intellectual eminence upon the paltry ambition and vain desires of the great mass of mankind.

The mysterious adventures of "the Wandering Jew" appear to present a rich and inexhaustible subject for romantic delineation. But they also require to be treated by no unskilful hand, not only to maintain the verisimilitude of the subject, but to avoid the anachronisms, into which an unlearned writer would be betrayed,

by the attempt to make a living man speak of the infinitely varying events and manners of eighteen hundred years. "Salathiel," the rash and unhappy being who called down upon himself the fearful doom of "Tarry thou till I come," details, in the volumes before us, a very small portion of the incidents of his mysterious existence, comprehending only the period from the Crucifixion to the Destruction of Jerusalem. In this brief space of about forty years the hero of the story can scarcely be said to feel the awful curse which is laid upon him,—for he is not yet different from those who seek that home where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest," except in a very undefined and dream-like consciousness that he is fearfully exempted from the common lot of humanity. Salathiel is accordingly not here delineated as the restless and dissatisfied spirit who wanders about the earth, enduring all evils, and bearing all degradations, but clothed in a spell which bids defiance to the last outrage of malice or vengeance, and gradually laying up the proudest contempt for those insignificant beings whose brief race of useless labours and miserable pleasures are hurried forward to oblivion, to be repeated by a succession of men with the same pitiful hopes and wasted energies. The "Wandering Jew" of these volumes is a happy husband—a father full of the most anxious cares for his children—a patriot with the most lofty aspirations for the deliverance of his country—a prince leading his tribes onward to revolt against Roman oppression, and striving with all the energies of an untameable spirit to free the land of the patriarchs from the chains of the conqueror. It is only at intervals that his peculiar destiny is present to his thoughts ; and even then it requires to be forced upon his view by some miraculous agency, and not by the living evidence of the world constantly changing around him, while he remains the same. The interest of the nar-

rative is therefore very slightly connected with the isolated feelings, except in anticipation, of a mysterious being doomed to outlive his affections, and to have no sympathies with the frail actors of an ever-shifting scene, which is to him an abiding city. This is a spirit-stirring story of an impetuous, lion-hearted, affectionate, generous hero, struggling against his own destinies and those of his country.

The unhappy offender has a strong sense of the misery of his destiny, and he resolves upon leaving Jerusalem, to escape if possible from the recollection of his nameless crime. He flies to the country of his tribe, with whom he sojourns till the excesses of the Romans hurry the people into insurrection, upon their annual visit to the Holy City at the feast of the Passover. From this moment he is plunged into a perpetual contest with the iron power of the Empire, and often leads his countrymen to splendid but fruitless victories. Throughout the narrative the actual condition of the relation between the conqueror and the conquered is depicted with a masterly hand;—and the great variety of customs is indicated with a complete knowledge of this difficult and complicated subject.

There is a great deal of dramatic power scattered through these volumes—sometimes exhibiting itself in impassioned eloquence, sometimes in biting sarcasm, and occasionally in a playful humour, in which the author appears to us singularly felicitous. Of the latter description are the 6th and 7th chapters of the second volume, in which a wild and adventurous character is depicted with a vigour and sprightliness quite worthy of the mind which produced the Flibbertigibbet of Kenilworth. For the loftier exhibition of dramatic force, we should particularly point to the interview of Salathiel with Titus, the scene in the Pirate's cave, and the various attempts of the hero to arouse the Jewish people to a

sense of their degradation and their duties.

Amongst the fancied domestic misfortunes of Salathiel is the flight of his elder daughter with a Christian Greek. He pursues the fugitives to Rome—is hurried into the power of Nero—escapes from the tyrant at the moment of the conflagration of the city—is tempted into the betrayal of an assembly of Christian proselytes—and being placed in the arena to witness their martyrdom, has to endure the dreadful retribution of a parent's agony, so spiritedly described in the following scene:—

“A portal of the arena opened, and the combatant, with a mantle thrown over his face and figure, was led in, surrounded by soldiery. The lion roared, and ramped against the bars of its den at the sight. The guard put a sword and buckler into the hands of the Christian, and he was left alone. He drew the mantle from his face, and bent a slow and firm look round the amphitheatre. His fine countenance and lofty bearing raised an universal sound of admiration. He might have stood for an Apollo encountering the Python. His eye at last turned on mine. Could I believe my senses! Constantius was before me!

“All my rancour vanished. An hour past I could have struck the betrayer to the heart; I could have called on the severest vengeance of man and heaven to smite the destroyer of my child. But, to see him hopelessly doomed; the man whom I had honoured for his noble qualities, whom I had even loved, whose crime was at worst but the crime of giving way to the strongest temptation that can bewilder the heart of man; to see this noble creature flung to the savage beast, dying in tortures, torn piecemeal before my eyes, and this misery wrought by me,—I would have obtested earth and heaven to save him. But my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth. My limbs refused to stir.

I would have thrown myself at the feet of Nero ; but I sat like a man of stone, pale, paralysed—the beating of my pulses stopt—my eyes alone alive.

“ The gate of the den was thrown back, and the lion rushed in with a roar, and a bound that bore him half across the arena. I saw the sword glitter in the air : when it waved again, it was covered with blood. A howl told that the blow had been driven home. The lion, one of the largest from Numidia, and made furious by thirst and hunger, an animal of prodigious power, couched for an instant as if to make sure of his prey, crept a few paces onward, and sprang at the victim’s throat. He was met by a second wound, but his impulse was irresistible ; and Constantius was flung upon the ground. A cry of natural horror rang round the amphitheatre. The struggle was now for instant life or death. They rolled over each other ; the lion reared on its hind feet, and, with gnashing teeth and distended talons, plunged on the man ; again they rose together. Anxiety was now at its wildest height. The sword swung round the champion’s head in bloody circles. They fell again, covered with gore and dust. The hand of Constantius had grasped the lion’s mane, and the furious bounds of the monster could not loose the hold ; but his strength was evidently giving way : he still struck terrible blows, but each was weaker than the one before ; till collecting his whole force for a last effort, he darted one mighty blow into the lion’s throat, and sank. The savage yelled, and spouting out blood, fled howling round the arena. But the hand still grasped the mane ; and his conqueror was dragged whirling through the dust at his heels. A universal outcry now arose to save him, if he were not already dead. But the lion, though bleeding from every vein, was still too terrible ; and all shrank from the hazard. At length the grasp gave way ; and the body lay motionless upon the ground.

“ What happened for some moments after, I know not. There was a struggle at the portal ; a female forced her way through the guards, rushed in alone, and flung herself upon the victim. The sight of a new prey roused the lion : he tore the ground with his talons ; he lashed his streaming sides with his tail ; he lifted up his mane, and bared his fangs. But his approach was no longer with a bound ; he dreaded the sword, and came snuffing the blood on the sand, and stealing round the body in circuits still diminishing.

“ The confusion in the vast assemblage was now extreme. Voices innumerable called for aid. Women screamed and fainted ; men burst out into indignant clamours at this prolonged cruelty. Even the hard hearts of the populace, accustomed as they were to the sacrifice of life, were roused to honest curses. The guards grasped their arms, and waited but for a sign from the emperor. But Nero gave no sign.

“ I looked upon the woman’s face. It was Salome ! I sprang upon my feet. I called on her name ; I implored her by every feeling of nature to fly from that place of death, to come to my arms, to think of the agonies of all that loved her.

“ She had raised the head of Constantius on her knee, and was wiping the pale visage with her hair. At the sound of my voice she looked up, and calmly casting back the locks from her forehead, fixed her gaze upon me. She still knelt ; one hand supported the head, with the other she pointed to it, as her only answer. I again adjured her. There was the silence of death among the thousands round me. A fire flashed into her eye—her cheek burned. She waved her hand with an air of superb sorrow.

“ ‘ I am come to die,’ she uttered, in a lofty tone. ‘ This bleeding body was my husband. I have no father. The world contains to me but this clay in my arms.—Yet,’ and she kissed the ashy lips before her, ‘ yet, my Constantius, it was to save

that father, that your generous heart defied the peril of this hour. It was to redeem him from the hand of evil, that you abandoned our quiet home!—yes, cruel father, here lies the noble being that threw open your dungeon, that led you safe through conflagration, that to the last moment of his liberty only thought how he might preserve and protect you.’ Tears at length fell in floods from her eyes. ‘But,’ said she, in a tone of wild power, ‘he was betrayed; and may the power whose thunders avenge the cause of his people, pour down just retribution upon the head that dared——’

“I heard my own condemnation about to be pronounced by the lips of my child. Wound up to the last degree of suffering, I tore my hair, leaped on the bars before me, and plunged into the arena by her side. The height stunned me; I tottered forward a few paces, and fell. The lion gave a roar, and sprang upon me. I lay helpless under him.—I felt his fiery breath—I saw his lurid eye glaring—I heard the gnashing of his white fangs above me.——

“An exulting shout arose.—I saw him reel as if struck:—gore filled his jaws.—Another mighty blow was driven to his heart.—He sprang high in the air with a howl.—He dropped; he was dead. The amphitheatre thundered with acclamation.

“With Salome clinging to my bosom, Constantius raised me from the ground. The roar of the lion had roused him from his swoon, and two blows saved me. The falchion was broken in the heart of the monster. The whole multitude stood up, supplicating for our lives in the name of filial piety and heroism. Nero, devil as he was, dared not resist the strength of the popular feeling. He waved a signal to the guards; the portal was opened; and my children sustaining my feeble steps, and showered with garlands and ornaments from innumerable hands, slowly led me from the arena.”

Salathiel finally escapes with his brave son-in-law from the persecu-

tions of the tyrant; and, in concert with Constantius, undertakes a perilous expedition against the Roman power. The capture of Massada, which occupies a considerable space of the second volume, is described with extraordinary graphic ability. We cannot follow the hero through the perilous adventures which succeed this, his great triumph. After two years of captivity he returns to his country, to behold the army of Titus gathered round Jerusalem, for the consummation of that destruction which is without a parallel in the history of the world.

The whole of the third volume is occupied with the description of that fearful siege, which has furnished such an exhaustless theme to the poet and the divine. Many of the pictures are awfully grand; and we would instance the following description of the return of the Jewish multitude to their walls, after having rushed out upon the Roman camp to revenge the execution of countless victims that were amongst the sacrifices of that fearful retribution with which Titus punished the violation of their word on the part of the besieged.

“Day-break was now at hand, and the sounds of the enemy’s movements made our return necessary. We heaped the last Roman corpse on the pile; covered it with the broken spears, helmets, and cuirasses of the dead, and then left the care of the conflagration to the wind. From the valley to Jerusalem, our way was crowded with the enemy’s posts; but the keen eye and agile vigour of the Jew eluded or anticipated the heavy-armed legionaries, by long experience taught to dread the night in Judea; and we reached the Grand Gate of Sion, as the sun was shooting his first rays on the pinnacles of the temple.

“In those strange and agitated days, when every hour produced some extraordinary scene, I remember few more extraordinary than that morning’s march into the city. It was a triumph! but how unlike all

that bore the name! it was no idle, popular pageant; no fantastic and studied exhibition of trophies and treasures; no gaudy homage to personal ambition; no holiday show to amuse the idleness, or feed the vanity of a capital secure in peace, and pampered with the habits of opulence and national supremacy. But it was at once a rejoicing, a funeral, a great act of atonement, a popular preservation, whose results none could limit, and a proud revenge on the proudest of enemies.

"That night not an eye closed in Jerusalem. The Romans, quick to turn every change to advantage, had suffered the advance of our irregular combatants only until they could throw a force between them and the gates. The assault was made, and with partial success; but the population once roused, was terrible to an enemy fighting against walls and ramparts, and the assailants were, after long slaughter on both sides, drawn off at the sight of our columns moving from the hills. We marched in, upwards of fifty thousand men, as wild and strange-looking a host as ever trod to acclamations from voices unnumbered. Every casement, roof, battlement, and wall, in the long range of magnificent streets leading round by the foot of Zion to mount Moriah, was covered with spectators. Man, woman, and child, of every rank, were there, straining their eyes and voices, and waving hands, weapons, and banners for their deliverers from the terror of instant massacre. Our motley ranks had equipped themselves with the Roman spoils, where they could; and, among the ragged vestures, discoloured turbans, and rude pikes, moved masses of glittering mail, helmets, and gilded lances. Beside the torn flags of the tribes were tossing embroidered standards with the initials of the Cæsars or the golden image of some deity, mutilated by our scorn for the idolater. The Jewish trumpets had scarcely sent up their cho-

rus, when it was followed by the clanging of the Roman cymbal, the long and brilliant tone of the clarion, or the deep roar of the brass conch and serpent. Close upon ranks exulting and shouting victory, came ranks bearing the honoured dead on litters, and bursting into bitter sorrow; then rolled onwards thousands, bounding and showing the weapons and relics that they had torn from the enemy; then passed groups of the priesthood,—for they too had taken the common share in the defence,—singing one of the glorious hymns of the Temple: then again followed litters surrounded by the wives and children of the dead, wrapt in inconsolable grief. Bands of warriors, who had none to care for, the habitual sons of the field; armed women; chained captives; beggars; men covered with the state-like dresses of our higher ranks; biers heaped with corpses; wagons piled with armour, tents, provisions, the wounded, the dead; every diversity of human circumstance, person and equipment that belong to a state in which the elements of society are let loose, in that march successively moved before the eye. With the men were mingled the captured horses of the legionaries; the camels and dromedaries of the allies; herds of the bull and buffalo, droves of goats and sheep: the whole one mighty mass of misery, rejoicing, nakedness, splendour, pride, humiliation, furious and savage life, and honoured and lamented death; the noblest patriotism, and the most hideous abandonment to the excesses of our nature."

The great onset upon the fastnesses of Jerusalem at length takes place. Salathiel is found defending the most sacred part of the Temple, when the last enemy, fire, roared round the sanctuary. He sank, in the hope that death was inevitable—but again he heard the words of terror, "Tarry thou till I come"—and the destroying angel passed him by.

COMPARATIVE PLEASURES OF SCIENCE.

HOW wonderful are the laws that regulate the motions of fluids ! Is there anything in all the idle books of tales and horrors more truly astonishing than the fact, that a few pounds of water may, by mere pressure, without any machinery, by merely being placed in a particular way, produce an irresistible force ? What can be more strange, than that an ounce weight should balance hundreds of pounds, by the intervention of a few bars of thin iron ? Observe the extraordinary truths which Optical Science discloses. Can anything surprise us more, than to find that the colour of white is a mixture of all others—that red, and blue, and green, and all the rest, merely by being blended in certain proportions, form what we had fancied rather to be no colour at all, than all colours together ? Chemistry is not behind in its wonders. That the diamond should be made of the same material with coal ; that water should be chiefly composed of an inflammable substance ; that acids should be almost all formed of different kinds of air, and that one of those acids, whose strength can dissolve almost any of the metals, should be made of the self-same ingredients with the common air we breathe ; that salts should be of a metallic nature, and composed, in great part, of metals, fluid like quicksilver, but lighter than water, and which, without any heating, take fire upon being exposed to the air, and, by burning, form the substance so abounding in saltpetre and in the ashes of burnt wood : these, surely, are things to excite the wonder of any reflecting mind—nay, of any one but little accustomed to reflect. And yet these are trifling when compared to the prodigies which Astronomy opens to our view : the enormous masses of the heavenly bodies ; their immense distances ; their countless numbers, and their motions, whose

swiftness mocks the uttermost efforts of the imagination.

Electricity, the light which is seen on the back of a cat when slightly rubbed on a frosty evening, is the very same matter with the lightning of the clouds ;—plants breathe like ourselves, but differently by day and by night ;—the air which burns in our lamps enables a balloon to mount, and causes the globules of the dust of plants to rise, float through the air, and continue their race ;—in a word, is the immediate cause of vegetation. Nothing can at first view appear less like, or less likely to be caused by the same thing, than the processes of burning and of breathing,—the rust of metals and burning,—an acid and rust,—the influence of a plant on the air it grows in by night, and of an animal on the same air at any time, day, and of a body burning in that air ; and yet all these are the same operation. It is an undeniable fact, that the very same thing which makes the fire burn, makes metals rust, forms acids, and causes plants and animals to breathe ; that these operations, so unlike to common eyes, when examined by the light of science, are the same,—the rusting of metals,—the formation of acids,—the burning of inflammable bodies,—the breathing of animals,—and the growth of plants by night. To know this is a positive gratification. Is it not pleasing to find the same substance in various situations extremely unlike each other ;—to meet with fixed air as the produce of burning,—of breathing,—and of vegetation ;—to find that it is the choak-damp of mines,—the bad air in the grotto of Naples,—the cause of death in neglected brewers' vats—and of the brisk and acid flavour of Seltzer and other mineral springs ? Nothing can be less like than the working of a vast steam-engine, and the crawling of a fly

upon the window. We find that these two operations are performed by the same means, the weight of the atmosphere, and that a sea-horse climbs the ice-hills by no other power. Can anything be more strange to contemplate? Is there in all the

fairy tales that ever were fancied, anything more calculated to arrest the attention and to occupy and to gratify the mind, than this most unexpected resemblance between things so unlike to the eyes of ordinary beholders?

LOW COMPANY.

WHAT is low company? All people not in the highest and most select society in a metropolitan city, at the time flourishing in fashionable and philosophic pride? And this in a Christian land—a land not only overflowing with milk and honey, but with the principles of the Reformed Faith, and with much human and divine knowledge! Show us any series of works of genius, in prose or verse, in which man's being is so illustrated as to lay it bare and open for the benefit of man, and the chief pictures they contain, drawn from "select society?" There are none such; and for this reason, that in such society there is neither power to paint them, nor materials to be painted, nor colours to lay on, till the canvass speaks a language which all the world, as it runs, may read. What would Scott have been, had he not loved and known the people? What would his works have been, had they not shown the many-coloured change of life of the people? What would Shakspeare have been, had he not turned majestically from kings and "lords and mighty earls," to their subjects and vassals and lowly bondsmen, and "counted the beatings of lonely hearts," in the

obscure but impassioned life that stirs every nook of this earth, where human beings abide? What would Wordsworth have been, had he disdained, with his high intellect and imagination, "to stoop his anointed head" beneath the wooden lintel of the poor man's door? His lyrical ballads, "with all the innocent brightness of the new-born day," had never charmed the meditative heart—His "Churchyard among the Mountains" had never taught men how to live and how to die. These are men who have descended from aerial heights into the humblest dwellings; who have shewn the angel's wing equally when poised near the earth, or floating over its cottaged vales, as when seen sailing on high through the clouds and azure depth of heaven, or hanging over the towers and temples of great cities. They would not have shunned a parley with the blind beggar by the way-side; they knew how to transmute, by divinest alchemy, the base metal into the fine gold. Whatever company of human beings they have ever mingled with, they lent it colours, and did not receive its shade; and hence, their mastery over the "wide soul of the world," and their name, magicians.

HOW TO LOSE TIME.

FEW men need complain of the want of time, if they are not conscious of a want of power, or of desire to ennoble and enjoy it. Perhaps you are a man of genius yourself, gentle reader, and though not absolutely, like Sir Walter, a witch,

warlock, or wizard, still a poet—a maker—a creator. Think, then, how many hours on hours you have lost, lying asleep so profoundly,

"That the cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more could rouse you from your lazy bed."

How many more have you, not absolutely lost, but to a certain extent abused, at breakfast—sip, sipping away at unnecessary cups of sirupy tea, or gob, gobbling away at jam-buttered rolls, for which nature never called—or “to party giving up what was meant for mankind”—forgetting the loss of Time in the Times, and, after a long, blank, brown, and blue study, leaving behind you a most miserable chronicle indeed! Then think—O think—on all your aimless forenoon saunterings—round and round about the premises—up and down the avenue—then into the garden on tiptoe—in and out among the neat squares of onion-beds—now humming a tune by the brink of abysses of mould, like trenches dug for the slain in the field of battle, where the tender celery is laid—now down to the river-side to try a little angling, though you well know there is nothing to be had but Pars—now into a field of turnips, without your double-barreled Joe Manton, to see Ponto point a place where once a partridge had pruned himself—now home again, at the waving of John’s red sleeve, to receive a coach-full of

country cousins, come in the capacity of forenoon callers—endless talkers all—sharp and blunt noses alike—and grinning voraciously in hopes of a lunch—now away to dress for dinner, which will not be for two long, long hours to come—now dozing, or daized on the drawing-room sofa, wondering if the bell is ever to be rung—now grimly gazing on a bit of bloody beef which your impatience has forced the blaspheming cook to draw from the spit ere the outer folds of fat were well melted at the fire—now, after a disappointed dinner, discovering that the old port is corked, and the filberts all pluffing with bitter snuff, except such as enclose a worm—now an unwholesome sleep of interrupted snores, your bobbing head ever and anon smiting your breast-bone—now burnt-beans palmed off on the family for Turkish coffee—now a game of cards, with a dead partner, and the ace of spades missing—now no supper—you have no appetite for supper—and now into bed tumbles the son of Genius, complaining to the moon of the shortness of human life, and the fleetness of time!

VARIETIES.

“THE COTTAR’S SATURDAY NIGHT.”

“**T**HE *Cottar’s Saturday Night*,” says Mr. Lockhart, “is, perhaps, of all Burns’s pieces, the one whose exclusion from the collection, were such things possible now-a-days, would be the most injurious, if not to the genius, at least to the character of the man. In spite of many feeble lines, and some heavy stanzas, it appears to me, that even his genius would suffer more in estimation, by being contemplated in the absence of this poem, than of any other single performance he has left us. Loftier flights he certainly has made, but in these he remained but a short while on the wing, and effort is too often perceptible; here the motion is easy, gentle, placidly undulating.

There is more of the conscious security of power, than in any other of his serious pieces of considerable length; the whole has the appearance of coming in a full stream from the fountain of the heart—a stream that soothes the ear, and has no glare on the surface.

“It is delightful to turn from any of the pieces which present so great a genius as writhing under an inevitable burden, to this, where his buoyant energy seems not even to feel the pressure. The miseries of toil and penury, who shall affect to treat as unreal? Yet they shrunk to small dimensions in the presence of a spirit thus exalted at once, and softened, by the pieties of virgin love, filial reverence, and domestic devotion.

"That he who thus enthusiastically apprehended, and thus exquisitely painted, the artless beauty and solemnity of the feelings and thoughts that ennoble the life of the Scottish peasant, could witness observances in which the very highest of these redeeming influences are most powerfully and gracefully displayed, and yet describe them in a vein of un-mixed merriment—that the same man should have produced the *Cottar's Saturday Night* and the *Holy Fair* about the same time—will ever continue to move wonder and regret.

"It can hardly be doubted that the author of the *Cottar's Saturday Night* had felt, in his time, all that any man can feel in the contemplation of the most sublime of the religious observances of his country; and as little, that had he taken up the subject of this rural sacrament in a solemn mood, he might have produced a piece as gravely beautiful as his *Holy Fair* is quaint, graphic, and picturesque. It is surely just that we should pay most attention to what he has delivered under the gravest sanction. In noble natures, we may be sure, the source of tears lies nearer the heart than that of smiles."

FALLS OF NIAGARA.

Captain Basil Hall in his excursion through the United States last autumn, paid a visit to the celebrated Falls of Niagara, with the view of determining a question, which had been mooted by several scientific men—whether the pressure or elasticity of the air is not increased in the immediate vicinity of a sheet of falling water? In describing the experiment to Professor Silliman, Captain Hall says:—As a first step, I placed the barometer at the distance of about one hundred and fifty feet from the extreme western end of the fall, on a flat rock, as nearly as possible on a level with the top of the *talus* or back of shingle lying at the base of the overhanging cliff, from which the cataract descends. This station was about thirty perpendicular feet above the pool or basin into which the water

falls. The mercury here stood at 29.68 inches. I then moved the instrument to another rock within ten or twelve feet of the edge of the fall, where it was placed by means of a levelling instrument exactly at the same height as in the first instance. It still stood at 29.68; and the only difference I could observe was a slight continuous vibration of about two or three hundredths of an inch, at intervals of a few seconds. Captain Hall ascribes the difficulty of breathing felt by parties visiting this celebrated water-fall to the simple agitation of the air by percussion.

MONKISH SUPERSTITION.

A gentleman, some years ago, being upon a visit to the Escorial, after having spent some hours in viewing the splendid collection of paintings, was shown over the several towers of this stupendous edifice. He remarked to the Monk who had, with great civility and attention, pointed out everything deserving notice, that he was much surprised there were no lightning conductors attached to any part of the building. "We can have no occasion for them," said he, crossing himself very devoutly, "as we have relics of Santa Barbara in every one of the towers." About a fortnight after this conversation, one of the principal towers was completely destroyed by lightning. Upon the gentleman's subsequently revisiting the monastery, he ventured to represent to the Monk, the inefficiency of the relics of which he had so much boasted. "The only way in which we can account for Santa Barbara's having so neglected us," replied the monk, shrugging up his shoulders, "is, that she must have been angry with us for some sins that we had committed."

HAPPINESS.

A captain in the navy meeting a friend as he landed at Portsmouth Point, boasted that he had left his whole ship's company the happiest fellows in the world. "How so?" asked his friend. "Why, I have

just *flogged seventeen*, and they are happy it is over ; and all the rest are happy that they have escaped."

JUVENILE SANG FROID.

In the year 1821, a young Englishman, (seventeen years of age,) left Madrid in the diligence for Yrun. About seven leagues from Madrid, at two in the morning, the diligence was stopped by a band of robbers, who ordered the whole of the passengers to alight forthwith, and then bound them with cords. The handitti immediately lighted a number of torches, and proceeded to ransack the vehicle. The young Englishman having a great passion for drawing, and conceiving it to be a picturesque scene, managed to slip the cords from his hands, took out his sketch book, and began very coolly to commit it to paper. The robbers were so struck with the extraordinary enthusiasm of the young man, that they permitted him to continue his sketch, and left his property untouched, although they took possession of the smallest articles from every other passenger. The Danish Secretary of Legation at Madrid, who was one of the party, was stripped to his shirt; his elegant travelling cap was exchanged for an old Castilian Montero. He had a ring on his finger which, though intrinsically of little value, he much prized ; and by way of preserving it, told one of the robbers that it had been so many years on his finger, that it was impossible to get it off. "Tenemos cuchillos," "we have knives," said the ruffian, coolly. Upon this information the finger instinctively shrunk, and the ring was immediately delivered.

PASSION.

Fletcher, of Saltoun, is well known to have possessed a most irritable temper. His footman desiring to be dismissed, "Why do you leave me?" said he. "Because, to speak the truth, I cannot bear your temper." "To be sure, I am passionate, but my passion is no sooner on than it is off." "Yes," replied the servant,

"but then it is no sooner off than it is on."

OXFORD ALE.

About half a century ago, when it was more the fashion to drink ale at Oxford than it is at present, a humorous fellow, of punning memory, established an alchouse near the pound, and wrote over his door, "Ale sold by the pound." As his ale was as good as his jokes, the Oxonians resorted to his house in great numbers, and sometimes staid there beyond the college hours. This was made a matter of complaint to the Vice Chancellor, who was directed to take away his license, by one of the Proctors of the University. Boniface was summoned to attend, and when he came into the Vice Chancellor's presence, he began hawking and spitting about the room ; this the Chancellor observed, and asked what he meant by it ? "Please your worship," said he, "I came here on purpose to *clear* myself." The Vice Chancellor imagined that he actually weighed his ale and sold it by the pound ; "is that true ?" "No, an't please your worship," replied the wit. "How do you, then ?" said the Chancellor. "Very well I thank you, Sir," replied he, "how do you do?" The Chancellor laughed, and said, "Get away for a rascal ; I'll say no more to you." The fellow departed, and crossing the quadrangle met the Proctor who laid the information. "Sir," said he, "the chancellor wants to speak to you ;" and returned with him. "Here, Sir," said he, when he came into the Chancellor's presence, "You sent me for a *rascal*, and I've brought you the greatest that I know of."

FOREIGN DEBTS.

Hartlib, the friend of Milton, pensioned by Cromwell for his agricultural writings, says, that old men in his days remembered the first gardeners that came over to Surrey, (Eng.) and sold turnips, carrots, parsnips, early peas, and rape, which were then great rarities, being imported from Holland. Cherries and

hops were first planted, he says, in the reign of Henry VIII. ; artichokes and currants made their appearance in the time of Elizabeth : but even at the end of this latter period cherries were brought from Flanders ; onions, saffron, and liquorice, from Spain ; and hops from the Low Countries. Potatoes, which were first known in these islands about the year 1586, continued for nearly a century to be cultivated in gardens as a curious exotic, and furnished a luxury only for tables of the richest persons in the kingdom. It appears in a manuscript account of the household expenses of Queen Anne, wife of James I., that the price of potatoes was then 1s. the pound.

Mr. Uniacke, the barrister, in his letter to Lord Eldon, sums up not less than sixty statutes passed as lately as the session of 1824, expressly, as their titles import, for the purpose of amending and continuing, and repealing, and removing doubts, and explaining, and rendering effectual, and altering, and suspending, and facilitating the execution of other acts previously passed.

There are few labourers of either sex who live to old age unmarried ; scarcely any, it has been said, of tolerable character ; and this remark may be confirmed by any person's observation.

Nothing wearies me more than to see a young lady at home, sitting with her arms across, or twirling her thumbs for want of something to do. Poor thing ! I always pity her, for I am sure her head is empty, and that she has not the sense even to devise the means of pleasing herself.

He who expects to find the husbandman flourishing while the manufacturers are out of employ ; or the tradesman, on the other hand, in prosperity, while the farmer is in distress, "let him," as Fuller says, "try whether one side of his face can smile while the other is pinched."

SALUTATIONS.

The use of "Your humble servant" came first into England on the marriage of Queen Mary, daughter of Henry IV. of France, which is derived from *votre tres humble serviteur*. The usual salutation before that time was, "God keep you," "God be with you ;" and among the vulgar, "How dost do?" with a thump on the shoulder.

THE TURKISH NAVY.

The Capitan Pasha, Gazi Hassan, was a man of extraordinary boldness : he applied himself with unremitting zeal to the formation of an effective navy ; and under his protection, a nautical academy was opened in 1773, in which instructions were given by an Algerine, not deficient in practical abilities. Before this time the Turks knew nothing of navigation, and were almost ignorant of the use of the compass, as was remarked by Boscovich. The best models of naval architecture were procured from Deptford and Toulon. European artists were engaged ; docks were constructed by a Swede, named Rodé ; the great natural resources of the empire—the forests of Taurus, and the mines of Trebisond—were put in requisition, and Brun, Benoit, and Spurring, launched in the port of Constantinople some of the finest vessels of which any nation could boast.

It affords us pleasure to announce a new volume of Poems by L. E. L. The two principal pieces are the Venetian Bracelet and the Lost Pleiad ; the former being, we understand, more of a connected narrative or story than this delightful songstress has hitherto attempted. The Golden Violet, notwithstanding the large impression printed, is rapidly following the Troubadour and Improvisatrice into new editions ; a proof of the correctness of our opinion, that the poetry of L. E. L. is of that fine order which not only commands present admiration, but everlasting fame.

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SKETCHES OF CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS.

NO. V.—MR. COBBETT.

THERE never has been an European nation in which this writer could have arisen, and have been what he is, for so long a time, except only the dominions of George IV. He has existed by nothing but the freedom of the press; and therefore England alone, or revolutionary France, could have furnished him with the necessary field. In France his talents would have placed him at the head of a party, and he would have found the shoulders of his supporters but steps to the guillotine. But it is in England, and here only, that he could have been produced,—here only, that he could become what he is, the ablest of mob writers, the least successful of public men; the opponent whose abuse is the most virulent, and at the same time the least regarded; the most vigorous adversary of the aristocracy, yet the most despised laughing-stock of the people; the most uniformly obnoxious to the general mind, yet the most strenuous friend to every time-honoured prejudice; the politician, who with the largest fertility of talent and the most unwearied industry has failed in every thing he has undertaken; and yet with a kind of blundering omnipotence, still continues to amuse, to excite, and sometimes even to terrify society. Without a great mass of democratic opinion he would have had nothing on which to act, or whereby to sustain himself; without considerable

freedom of discussion, he never could have wielded his weapons; but for the general consciousness of great evils in our social system, he would have wanted objects which men would endure to hear denounced; and if we were not governed by the deeply founded predominance of an aristocracy, his abilities must at some time or other have enabled him to profit by occasion, and perhaps to raise a permanent power on a popularity, which has now long departed, and for ever.

Mr. Cobbett is the natural outgrowth of our soil; and as he could not have existed in any other country, so he can scarcely be understood by any but Englishmen. In France, Italy and Spain, the body who misgovern the nation have little power of perverting the opinions of the instructed classes, and therefore politics in these countries have been commonly studied as a science, and reduced to general principles. These are taken for granted by the persons who would now discuss such subjects, and the attempt to argue on any other grounds would only produce contempt and ridicule. But as the class by whom political power is held in this country are an aristocracy, supported partly by privileges and partly by wealth, the combined influence of these enables them to guide in a great degree the direction of public opinion, and prevent the universal reception of any determi-

nate political maxims to which every one might at once appeal in any question of the abuse of authority. This accounts, in a great degree, for the extreme ignorance and vacillation of Mr. Cobbett's reasonings, and also for the favourable reception which some of them have met with. But the indifference to wide and abstract truth, with regard to men's social interests, is by no means the only cause for the occasional popularity and constant notoriety of this singular author. He is really a man of very rare and particularly applicable abilities. He knows nothing, to be sure, of metaphysics, and is not very deeply versed in the higher mathematics. We doubt whether he could write a Greek ode, or price a Raphael, or comprehend Faust. But, on ordinary political subjects, his argument is wonderfully lucid and powerful. He deduces his conclusions so shortly, that we never lose sight of their connection with the premises. He states his reasoning in such homely and energetic language, and so impregnates it with all the force of the feeling which he wishes to excite, sets it in such a variety of lights, strengthens it with so much of fresh familiar illustration, and sharpens it with such cutting sarcasm, that there probably never was a writer whose paragraphs, taken singly, are so well calculated to carry along the minds of the less instructed classes: and, besides the qualities we have mentioned, there is, through all his works, an easy and negligent superiority, which gives an imposing look of conscious power. The most characteristic of his distinctions undoubtedly is, that he never wrote a sentence which is not intelligible at the first glance. The next point which marks him out from all the other authors of the time is, the inimitable energy of his scurrility: a merit the display of which is certainly not restrained by any very scrupulous delicacy, but shows itself in so bold-faced an exuberance, that, if one were inclined to make a Dictionary of our language, divided into

different classes of words, the commercial, the metaphysical, the laudatory, and so forth, a complete catalogue of the vituperative might certainly be collected from the writings of Mr. Cobbett. His third great glory is, an unparalleled impudence, an effrontery so excessive, as absolutely to have in it something of the awful. It is not the peasant trampling upon princes, nor the corporal treating the Duke of Wellington with an easy superiority; but the man of a thousand inconsistencies, and an almost universal ignorance, quietly taking for granted, as a matter settled years ago, that he himself, and he alone, is the fountain of all wisdom, that he holds in his hands the fate of England, and that he has prophesied, to the letter, every thing which was, and is still to happen, upon earth. This it is which sets our author at such an immeasurable distance above every one else, that he is undoubtedly the most amusing of mountebanks—the most sublime of quacks.

The great defect of his mind (barring common honesty) is his utter incapacity to generalize. He has a peculiar hatred to broad principles, —partly because they require the exertion of a larger intellect than his, —partly because if he ever recognized one such rule, he might find it an inconvenient restraint on his future laxity of lucubration; but chiefly, we believe, because he came upon the political stage with the formed habits of early life, which taught him to apply to every particular case, for itself, a sort of overbearing clownish shrewdness, such as is nourished among fields and farm-yards, speaks the language of the country market, and savours of crops and cattle. He never, therefore, attempts to compress into his robust and homespun sentences any guiding or standard propositions; but with the most ostentatiously simple subtlety, narrows to the uttermost the premises, or widens the conclusion, and by some bold knock-down reference to partial experience,

connects the one or the other with the cause or the consequence he aims at. It is thus that the whole existing universe, God and Mammon, ploughmen and placemongers, the debts and the bishops, figure alternately in every page as the origin and result of themselves and one another: while William Cobbett, of Long Island, Botley, or Kensington, stands superior (like an oracular oak) amid this rigmarole pageantry of all created things, and announces that, if the people will but buy his pamphlets, and the King make him Prime Minister, he will finally overmaster the principle of evil, drive paper money from the world, and re-establish the age of gold. Therefore, when any thing he wishes to prove is contrary to a commonly received political law, instead of attempting to show how and why this is erroneous, he thinks it sufficient to say, that it is put forth by "Scotch *feelosofers*," or that it is "the spawn of the beastly borough-mongering faction," and, therefore, utterly unworthy of his consideration. It is chiefly to this want that we must attribute the ephemeral nature of his influence, and the neglect which consigns Mr. Cobbett's speculations about passing events to the oblivion of the last week's play-bill and the last year's almanac.

He is also entirely deficient in imagination. It is a faculty that can only exist as the organ and interpreter of deep feelings and much-embracing thoughts: it is denied to ribald levity and systematic dogmatism: it is like the allegories of ancient mythology, or the temple of the Lord at Jerusalem, a rich treasure-house of symbols for things infinite and invisible: it is, as was sinless Paradise, a garden built of the bright relics of former beauty, and fruitful of the types of yet unexistent perfection. It is like the Titan of old story, who framed the goodly and unblemished body that was destined to be filled with the informing breath of the Divine Being; for glorious as are its creations, they are

motionless and lifeless, except when animated by the inspiration of truth. But in the author whom we are now considering, as there are none of these expansive and pregnant convictions, none of these consciousnesses of the master laws of the universe; so is there none of that power whereby they might be embodied and made palpable, and which fixes its images among mankind to be not only as spots in the desert of the brightest green and most grateful shadow, but as gushing forth the waters whereat the weary and desolate may drink in health, and strength, and comfort. He scarcely ever takes us away from those wretched and trivial tumults of the hour, in which our feelings come in contact with nothing but the follies and selfishness, the outward accidents and unhappy frivolities of our kind. He is of the earth, earthly, and would chain his readers to the clod of which his own soul is a portion. He never flings into the air those spells which would display to us the multitudinous shadows that people the waste infinite, genii and ministers to the laws of external and moral nature. Almost all his writings have, therefore, a tendency to narrow and embitter our minds; and to make the weary and bleeding world tread on and on to all eternity the same thorny round of faction.

His treatment of the "History of the Protestant Reformation" is a lamentable instance of those evil propensities to which we have alluded. The men who maintain that all was wrong before the Reformation, and that in Protestant countries all has been right since,—who assert, or go near to assert, that the great object was then accomplished and secured; that the mystical *projection* then took place; and that the world at that time received the stamp of those lineaments, which it must always wear, until they are destroyed by the final conflagration,—make as mere an idol of the handiwork of Huss, Wickliffe, and Luther, as they charge upon the Roman Catholic,

that he finds in the Popedom ; or, as the Mohammedan erects for himself, in his idea of the Prophet's mission. They would prevent us from struggling on to further improvement ; and because we have set out upon the journey, would keep us tied to the first mile-stone. The world needs much more of reformation than it has as yet received, and will ever stand in want of reformers, while it contains a vestige of ignorance and sin. But the writer who denies the value of that great impulse ; who says that we ought not to keep up the progress which it aided, but to go back to the point at which it found us ; who maintains that mankind are in a less hopeful condition now,—when thousands of eager and searching minds are feeling round them on every side, to seize the hem of the garment of Truth, than when no man was permitted to do any thing but kiss the robes of the priesthood ; when the world is evidently wrestling with the throes of a mighty pregnancy ;—than when, in tumult and passion, it conceived, three centuries ago, the long-borne burthen of promise ;—the man who, without being misled by sectarian prepossession and with an obvious party-purpose, can, at this day, profess this doctrine, is to be classed, not with the lovers of wisdom or with the reformers of their kind, but with the noisy hounds of faction. It is not in this way that the cause of Roman Catholic equalization ought to be conducted. It is not by turning back our eyes to the bigotries of the past that we are to learn charity for the future ; it is not by imitating the barbarian tribes, which deified their ancestors, that we are to nourish into the image of God the generations of our descendants ; it is not, in short, by vindicating the sectarianism of a sect, be it Roman Catholic, Protestant, or Hindoo, that we must teach ourselves universal toleration ; but, by looking at all men, not as members of sects, but as partakers of a common humanity, whom it will be better for us, than even for them, to

bind to ourselves by the cords of love.

We have dwelt upon this matter the more especially, because it stands out from the other subjects of Mr. Cobbett's speculations, the occasion of a whole work—a separate and marvellous instance of the narrowness of his intellect, or of that from which almost all narrowness of intellect proceeds, the viciousness of his feelings. On many other points he is equally wrong-headed. He laughs at the political economists, while it is obvious that when writers give you the whole process of their thoughts, you ought only either to show errors in the reasoning, or object to the premises. We should be inclined perhaps to quarrel with some of the primary assumptions of the economists ; but these are allowed by Mr. Cobbett, and built upon by himself in many of his arguments ; and he scarcely ever attempts to expose any sophism or mistake in the course of their deductions. We might mention, if we had space, a variety of other matters whereupon this author is no less in error. But, in fact, Mr. Cobbett has, at different times, bestowed such exceeding pains in the attempt to refute or contradict every thing he has ever maintained, that to bring his opinions into discussion here, would be merely to inspire the slaughtered monsters with a galvanic life, for the purpose of again meeting them in combat. Since the time when it was said by the patriarch of critics, "Oh ! that mine enemy would write a book," we do not believe that any one ever has written a book containing so grotesque an array of inconsistencies as "The Political Register." To compare one of its earlier, with one of its later volumes, remembering that both are written by the same hand, reminds us of those fantastic dreams wherein we fight and conquer some vague shape, which anon starts up again and engages with a shadow that wears its own former likeness.

There is one great merit in Mr. Cobbett—and one only—which is

perhaps peculiar to him among the party-writers of the day. There is not a page of his that ever has come under our notice, wherein there does not breathe throughout, amid all his absurdities of violence and inconsistency, the strongest feeling for the welfare of the people. The feeling is in nine cases in ten totally misdirected ; but there it is, a living and vigorous sympathy with the interests and hopes of the mass of mankind. Many persons will be ready to maintain, because he has shown himself at various times as not very scrupulous for truth, that he has no real and sincere good quality whatsoever, and that he merely writes what is calculated to be popular. But we confess we are inclined to think, from the tone and spirit of his works, that he commonly persuades himself he believes what he is saying, and feels deeply at the moment what he expresses strongly. It is obvious to us, that while he puts forth against his opponents the most unmeasured malignity, there is a true and hearty kindness in all that he writes about, or to, the people. He seems to us to speak of the poorer classes, as if he still felt about him the atmosphere of the cottage,—not as if he were robed in ermine or lawn, or in the sable gown of a professor,—but in the smock-frock of the peasant. And it would be useful, therefore, to peers and bishops, parliamentary orators and university dogmatists, if they would now and then read the books they always rail at. They would find in them a portrait, thrilling with all the pulses of animation, of the thoughts and desires of a class, the largest and therefore the most important in society, among whom that which is universal and eternal in our nature displays itself under a totally different aspect from that which it wears among us. Mr. Cobbett's personal consciousness of all which is concealed from our eyes by grey jackets and clouted shoes, has kept alive his sympathy with the majority of mankind ; and this is indeed

a merit, which can be attributed to but few political writers. And far more than this, it is a merit which belongs to but few, among all the persons that have raised themselves from the lowest condition of life into eminence. Take, for an instance, the late Mr. Gifford, and see with what persevering dislike he opposed the interests and hopes of the portion of society to which he himself originally belonged. He seems to have felt the necessity of vindicating his new position, by contempt for his former associates ; to have proved the sincerity of his apostacy from plebeianism by tenfold hostility to all but the aristocracy ; and to have made use of his elevation only to trample upon those with whom he was formerly on a level. Now we do not think that Mr. Cobbett has taken the right way to advance the well-being of the people ; but we certainly do believe, and we think that but for prepossession every body would incline to think, from the character of his writings, that he does really and earnestly desire to promote the happiness of the labouring classes.

This is the bright side of his moral disposition. The one saving elegance of his tastes is a hearty relish and admiration of outward natural beauty. There are many portions of his voluminous works, in which we seem to see the tufted greenness and fresh sparkle of the country through a more lucid medium, than in any of the writings of our best novelists or travellers. This arises from the happy fact, that his way of looking at things external has never been systematized. He retains all the old glad vividness of his apprehensions, wherewith he used to look upon the fields and hedge-rows when he was a whistling plough-boy ; and he puts the clouds, cows, and meadows into his pages, with the simple clearness of description that naturally results from this feeling. Men, who were more early instructed, see every thing in connection with wide

and vague trains of association, which dilute and confuse the direct strength of their perception. But

“The cowslip on the river’s brim
A yellow cowslip is to him,
And it is nothing more.”

It is nothing more to him in the way that it is any thing more to us. It is to him a little flower, which recalls no poetical descriptions, and does not suggest the images of the nymphs, or Pan, or even of elfin dancers. But it appears to him with all the firmness and liveliness of impression which it gave to his boyish senses, and so he offers it to us; and, in truth, he does his spiriting gently. But we are far off from the turbulent politician. We had wandered with him into the rich cornfield, surging and gleaming to the wind, and dappled with the shadows of the clouds,—we were resting from the din of factions among the happy plenteousness and varied forms of animal enjoyment which crowd the farm-yard,—but the cock crows, and, like uneasy ghosts, we must away.

We believe we have treated Mr. Cobbett more lightly than he would have been handled by most men. But we do not think that his gross and manifold sins are such as seem likely to be particularly mischievous at present. When the people are better educated, they will be little at the mercy of the abusive violence and ludicrous inconsistencies of such writers; or rather if, as a nation, we had been better brought up,—if the Legislature and the Church Establishment had done their duty,—a person with Mr. Cobbett’s abilities, and in his original position, would not have grown up what he is. Had he been taught the easy wisdom of love, instead of the bitter lessons of hatred and ambition, he might, he must, have been an instrument of the most extensive and permanent good. He would have brought us nearer to the poor and lowly; he would have domesticated truth and religion at the fire-side of the cottager; he would have bound us all more closely, in the embrace of com-

mon sympathy and mutual improvement.

As it is, he is merely a writer of extraordinary powers; a politician of vulgar and petty objects. There is a downright and direct simplicity in his sentences, and a copiousness of unelaborate illustration, which would render him the most perfect of writers for the people at large, if there were not in his opinions a confounding together of all systems which are not philosophical, and at the bottom of his mind an indifference to truth, which have prevented him from ever doing a tithe of the good he might otherwise have accomplished. For what are his improvements in the manufacture of bonnets, his delightful “Cottage Economy,” and his singular and powerful volume of sermons, when weighed against all the misapplied influence and wasted talents, which he has been burying through life under heaps of scurrility and inconsistency? It is painful to think of all that such a man would have been induced to do under a better social system, and to compare it with the little he has effected towards regenerating a bad one. He will doubtless say of us, if he mentions our observations at all, that “another of the brethren of the broad-sheet, I suppose, some starving Scotch *felosofer*, who has come to London to pick our pockets, and help to support the Thing, has been writing a parcel of trash about me. A pitiful rascal, who probably never saw me in his life, unless I may have given him a penny for sweeping a crossing, and pushing his greasy hat under my nose, has pretended to give the world an account of my character. He ought to be much obliged to me for mentioning his beastly slanders, as the world would otherwise never have heard of them. As it is, he need not imagine that I shall attempt to answer him. Though, I suppose, indeed, the poor devil’s only hope lay in his expectation that I never should hear of his dirty work. But my readers need not suspect that I

shall condescend to notice his laughable accusations. All the world, except his Majesty's Ministers, have long ago acknowledged, that no man but William Cobbett can save this country from utter ruin. And his Majesty's Government will soon be obliged to come sneaking to my house at Kensington, to persuade me to tell them how they can get us out of the mess. But the King knows already, that I will not assist him to save England from destruction as

long as he refuses to give me uncontrolled power over the Thing, by making me Prime Minister. My readers know how my predictions have been accomplished; and I now prophesy, that this will happen before Easter; we shall then have the *feelosofers* eating their words, (and a dirty dish they make,) and till then, I leave them to the cheesemongers."

Our readers see, that we write with our eyes open to the consequences of our temerity.

TO THE SWEET-SCENTED CYCLAMEN.

I LOVE thee well, my dainty flower!
My wee, white cowering thing,
That shrinketh like a cottage maid,
Of bold, uncivil eyes afraid,
Within thy leafy ring!

I love thee well, my dainty dear!
Not only that thou'rt fair—
Not only for thy downcast eye,
Nor thy sweet breath, so lovingly,
That woos the caller air—

But that a world of dreamy thoughts
The sight of thee doth bring;
Like birds who've winter'd far from hence,
And come again (we know not whence)
At the first call of spring.

As here I stand and look on thee,
Before mine eyes doth pass—
(Clearing and quick'ning as I gaze)
An evening scene of other days,
As in a magic glass.

I see a small old-fashion'd room,
With pannell'd wainscot high—
Old portraits round in order set.
Carved heavy tables, chairs, buffet
Of dark mahogany.

Four china jars, on brackets high,
With grinning Monsters crown'd;
And one, that like a Phoenix' nest,
Exhales all Araby the Blest,
From yon old bookcase round.

And there a high-back'd, hard settee,
On six brown legs and paws.
Flow'r'd o'er with silk embroidery,
And there,—all rich with filigree,—
Tall screens on gilded claws.

Down drops the damask curtain here
In many a lustrous fold;
The fire light flashing broad and high,
Floods its pale amber gorgeously
With waves of redder gold.

And lo! the flamy brightness wakes
Those pictured shapes to life—
My Lady's lip grows moist and warm,
And dark Sir Edward's mailed form,
Starts out for mortal strife—

And living, breathing forms are round—
Some, gently touch'd by Time,
Staid Elders, clust'ring by the hearth,
And *one*, the soul of youthful mirth
Outlasting youthful prime—

And there—where *she* presides so well,
With fair dispensing hands—
Where tapers shine, and porcelain gleams,
And mufius smoke, and tea-urn steams,
The Pembroke Table stands—

That heir-loom Tea-pot!—Graphic Muse!
Describe it if thou'rt able—
Methinks—were such advances meet—
On those three, tiny, tortoise feet,
'T would toddle round the table,

And curtsy to the Coffee-pot,
(Coquettishly demure,)
Tall, quaint compeer!—fit partner he
To lead her out, so gracefully,
Le menuet de la cour!

Ah, precious Monsters! dear Antiques!
More beautiful to me,
Than modern, fine, affected things,
With classic claws, and beaks, and wings,
("God save the mark!") can be—

How grateful tastes th' infused herb!
How pleasant its perfume!
Some sit and sip, with cup in hand—
One saunters round, when others stand
In knots about the room—

In cozy knots—*there* three and four—
And *here*, one, two, and three—
Here by my little dainty flower—
Oh fragrant thing! Oh pleasant hour!
Oh gentle company!

Come, Idler, set that cup aside,
And tune the flute for me—
Then—there! 't is done. Now, prithee, play
That air I love—"Te bien aimer
Pour toujours, ma Zélie."

Sweet air!—sweet flower!—sweet social
looks!—

Dear friends!—young, happy heart!—
How now!—What! all alone am I?
Came they with cruel mockery
Like shadows to depart?

Aye, shadows all—gone every face

I loved to look upon—

Hush'd every voice I loved to hear,

Or sounding in a distant ear—

"All gone!—all gone!—all gone!"

Some, far away in other lands—

In this—some worse than dead—

Some in their graves laid quietly—

One, slumbering in the deep, deep sea—

All gone!—all lost!—all fled!

And here am I—I live and breathe,

And stand, as *then* I stood,

Beside my little dainty flower—

But *now*, in what an alter'd hour!

In what an alter'd mood!

And yet I love to linger here—

To inhale this od'rous breath—

(Faint as a whisper from the tomb)

To gaze upon this pallid bloom

As on the face of Death.

A VISIT TO NEWSTEAD IN 1828.

IT was on the noon of a cold, bleak day in February, that I set out to visit the memorable Abbey of Newstead, once the property and abode of the immortal Byron. The gloomy state of the weather, and the dreary aspect of the surrounding country, produced impressions more appropriate to the view of such a spot than the cheerful season and scenery of summer. With melancholy feelings, then, did I proceed in search of this noble relic of conventual times, over which the departed spirit of the poet has now thrown the mantle of his genius, and cast a halo of fame, which ages will not dissipate. The estate lies on the left-hand side of the high north road, eight miles beyond Nottingham; but, as I approached the place, I looked in vain for some indication of the Abbey. Nothing is seen but a thick plantation of young larch and firs, bordering the road, until you arrive at the *Hut*, a small public-house by the way-side. Nearly opposite to this is a plain white gate, without lodges, which opens into the park. From the appearance which the Hut makes in Cary's Road-book, one might be led to think it an inn; and being situated so near the entrance to the park, of course a convenient place of accommodation for all visitors to the Abbey. It is, however, only a small pot-house belonging to the

estate, and does not afford even one bed. Before the gate stands a fine, spreading oak, one of the few remaining trees of Sherwood forest, the famous haunt of Robin Hood and his associates, which once covered all this part of the county, and whose centre was about the domain of Newstead. To this oak, the only one of any size on the estate, Byron was very partial. It is pretty well known that his great uncle (to whom he succeeded) cut down almost all the valuable timber, partly to pay gambling debts, and partly for pure mischief's sake, to injure the property which he knew would pass into another branch of the family, all of whom, in consequence of his having killed Mr. Chaworth, had forsaken him. So that when Byron came into possession of the estate, and indeed the whole time he had it, it presented a very bare and desolate appearance. Unluckily he had not fortune enough to do what has since been done on such an enlarged scale, and with so much taste, by the present owner, Lieut. Colonel Wildman, and which alone can render the property intrinsically valuable. The soil is very poor, and fit only for the growth of larch and firs; and of these upwards of 700 acres have been planted. Byron could not afford the first outlay which was necessary in order ultimately to increase its worth, so

that as long as he held it its rental did not exceed £1300 a year. From the gate to the Abbey is a mile. The carriage-road runs straight for about 300 yards through the plantations, when it takes a sudden turn to the right; and on returning to the left, a beautiful and extensive view over the valley and distant hills is opened, with the turrets of the Abbey rising among the dark trees beneath. The effect at this spot is admirably managed, and fully compensates for all the disappointment at not seeing it sooner. To the right of the Abbey is perceived a tower on a hill, in the midst of a grove of firs. From this part the road winds gently to the left, till it reaches the Abbey. About half a mile from the high road is another gate, with a wall running east and west. Here the plantation ceases, and the trees, from this forward, are arranged in small circular patches here and there, as if to cover the nakedness of the land. The Abbey is approached on the north side: it lies in a valley, very low, sheltered to the north and west by rising ground; and to the south, which is now to be considered the front, enjoying a fine prospect over an undulating vale. It can only be called open, properly, to the south-west, as the land on all the other sides is more or less elevated. A more secluded spot could hardly have been chosen for the pious purposes to which it was devoted. To the north and east is a garden walled in; and to the west the upper lake, into which Byron's uncle one day threw his wife; and on the borders of which are seen the baby forts mentioned by Horace Walpole in one of his letters describing a visit to Newstead. It was here that Byron amused himself with his boat and his dogs, the qualities of one of which he has immortalized in his verses. Of the external appearance of the building, a much better idea may, of course, be formed from a glance at a drawing than from pages of description. On the west side the mansion is without any en-

closure or garden drive, and can therefore be approached by any person passing through the park. In this open space is the ancient fountain or cistern of the convent, covered with grotesque carvings, and having water still running into a basin. The old church window, which, in an architectural point of view, is most deserving of observation, is nearly entire, and adjoins the north-west corner of the Abbey. About the mysterious sound produced at certain times by the wind on this arch (as mentioned in the thirteenth canto of *Don Juan*, the whole of which description relates to Newstead,) I could obtain no information. Through the iron gate which opens into the garden under the arch, is seen the dog's tomb: it is on the north side, upon a raised ground, and surrounded by steps. The verses inscribed on one side of the pedestal are well known, being published with his poems; but the lines preceding them are not so—they run thus:

Near this spot
Are deposited the remains of one
Who possessed beauty without vanity,
Strength without insolence,
Courage without ferocity,
And all the virtues of man without his vices.
This praise, which would be unmeaning flattery
If inscribed over human ashes,
Is but a just tribute to the memory of
BOATSWAIN, a dog,
Who was born in Newfoundland, May 1803,
And died at Newstead, November 18th, 1808.

The whole edifice is a quadrangle, enclosing a court, with a reservoir and *jet-d'eau* in the middle, and the cloister, still entire, running round the four sides. At this time the ground was covered with deep snow. The south, now, as I have said, the principal front, looks over a pleasure garden to a small lake, which has been opened from the upper one since Byron's time. There were before two lakes, one on the west, which is the principal, and another supplied by a stream from it, at a considerable distance lower down to the south-east. The entrance-door is on the west, in a small vestibule, and has nothing remarkable in it.

On entering, I came into a large stone hall, and turning to the left, went through it to a smaller, beyond which is the staircase. The whole of this part has been almost entirely rebuilt by Col. Wildman: indeed, during Byron's occupation, the only habitable rooms were some small ones in the south-east angle. Over the cloister, on the four sides of the building, runs the gallery, from which doors open into various apartments, now fitted up with taste and elegance for the accommodation of a family, but then empty, and fast going to decay. In one of the galleries hang two oil paintings of dogs, as large as life: one a red wolf-dog, and the other a black Newfoundland with white legs—the celebrated Boatswain. These are the dogs that used to drag him out of the lake, into which he would purposely fall to try their fidelity. They both died at Newstead. Of the latter, Byron felt the loss as of a dear friend. These are almost the only paintings of Byron's that remain at the Abbey. From the gallery I entered the refectory, now the grand drawing-room—an apartment of great dimensions, facing south, with a fine vaulted roof and polished oak floor, and splendidly furnished in the modern style. The walls are covered with full-length portraits of the old school. As this room has been made fit for use entirely since the days of Byron, there are not those associations connected with it which are to be found in many of the other, though of inferior appearance. Two objects there are, however, which demand observation. The first that caught my attention was the portrait of Byron, by Phillips, over the fire-place, upon which I gazed with strong feelings: it is certainly the handsomest and most pleasing likeness of him I have seen. The other is a thing about which every body has heard, and of which few have any just idea. In a cabinet at the end of the room, carefully preserved and concealed in a sliding case, is kept the celebrated

skull cup, upon which are inscribed those splendid verses:—

“Start not,—nor deem my spirit fled,” &c.

People often suppose, from the name, that the cup retains all the terrific appearances of a death's head, and imagine that they could

“Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,
The gay recess of wisdom and of wit:”

not at all—there is nothing whatever startling in it; nothing can be cleaner and less offensive—in fact, nobody would know, were he not told, that it was not a common bone bowl. It is made of the crown of the head cut straight off, so that all the disgusting portion of a skull is avoided; is well polished; its edge is bound by a broad rim of silver; and it is set in a neat stand of the same metal, which serves as a handle, and upon the four sides of which, and not on the skull itself, the verses are engraved. It is, in short, in appearance, a very handsome utensil, and one from which the most fastidious person might (in my opinion) drink without scruple. It was always produced after dinner when Byron had company at the Abbey, and a bottle of claret poured into it. It was wrought by a man at Nottingham, who was severely reproved by a worthy divine not far from Newstead for this profanation of the dead. The reply of the workman, that he should be happy to make a similar one out of his head after death, upon being equally well paid for the trouble, so alarmed the reverend gentleman, that he was taken seriously ill, and confined for a considerable time to his house. An elegant round library table is the only article of furniture in this room that belonged to Byron, and this he constantly used. It may here be observed as a matter of course, and a thing applicable to the other rooms as well as to this, that the windows of the Abbey originally looked into the cloister or quadrangle, and that the present ones are of modern date. With this exception, and not taking into consi-

deration the destruction of the church and other buildings belonging to the Abbey, it does not appear that the structure has undergone material changes in its external form or internal arrangement. Beyond the refectory, on the same floor, is Byron's study, now used as a temporary dining-room, the entire furniture of which is the same that was used by him: it is all very plain—indeed ordinary. A good painting of a battle, over the sideboard, was also his. This apartment, perhaps beyond all others, deserves the attention of the pilgrim to Newstead, as more intimately connected with the poetical existence of Byron. It was here that he prepared for the press those first effusions of his genius, which were published at Newark under the title of *Hours of Idleness*. It was here that he meditated, planned, and for the most part wrote, that splendid retort to the severe critique they had called down, which placed him at once among the first poets, and stamped him as the keenest satirist of the day. And it was here that his tender and beautiful verses to Mary Chaworth (afterwards and *now* Mrs. Musters,) and many of those sweet pieces found among his miscellaneous poems, were composed. *Then* a place of deep and abstracted thought—*now* of merriment and rejoicing: but the memory of Byron flings over it a charm which attracts more strongly than the most sumptuous banquet. From the study I passed through several other rooms, fitted in the modern style as sitting and bed-rooms for the use of a family of rank: all extremely neat and tasteful, and kept in beautiful order: but having been in his time totally uninhabitable, in no way remarkable as concerns the noble poet. His bed-room is small, and still remains in the same state as when he occupied it. It contains little worthy of notice besides the bed, which is of common size, with gilt posts, surmounted by coronets. Over the fire-place is a picture of Murray the old family servant (now dead,) who

accompanied Byron to Gibraltar when he first went abroad. A picture of Henry VIII., and another portrait in this room, complete the enumeration of all the furniture or paintings of Byron's remaining at the Abbey. In some of the rooms are very curiously carved mantle-pieces with grotesque figures, evidently of old date. In a corner of one of the galleries there still remained the fencing foils, gloves, masks, and single sticks, he used in his youth. A certain honourable M. P., who was once as able a combatant in blows as he has since proved in words, might perchance recognise these implements of war, having received from them raps as severe, perhaps, as any he has had within the walls of St. Stephen's. In a corner of the cloister lies a stone coffin (which may also be remembered by another gentleman, Mr. S—— D——), taken from the burial-ground of the Abbey. The ground floor contains some spacious halls, and divers apartments for domestic offices—many in a state unfit for occupation, and filled with repairing materials. There is a neat little private chapel in the cloister, where service is performed on Sundays. Byron's sole recreation here was his boat and dogs, and boxing and fencing for exercise, and to prevent a tendency to obesity—which he dreaded. His constant employment was writing; for which he used to set up as late as two or three o'clock in the morning. His life here was an entire seclusion, devoted to poetry.

The present servants' hall was then the dining-room; it is a large cold place, paved with stone: but was one of the few rooms impervious to the weather. Byron first sold the estate to Mr. Claughton, for the sum, as I am informed by the then bailiff to it, of 135,000*l.*; and upon the agreement not being completed, Mr. C. paid forfeit of 25,000*l.*;—but I do not vouch for the accuracy of this statement. It was then sold to Lieut. Col. Wildman for 95,000*l.*—much more than its intrinsic value.

Notwithstanding all that has been done, a large sum of money would be required to complete the repairs. During the last five years of Byron's minority, the Abbey was tenanted by Lord De Ruthven for 100*l.* a year, for the purposes of sporting. Besides the principal entrance from the high road, the Abbey may be approached by a bridle road through the park from Papplewick, the nearest village to it—and from Annesley, a village two miles to the west. For a pretty landscape, the way by Papplewick is best: but for effect, that by Annesley is decidedly to be preferred. By the former you pass through a newly planted avenue to the Abbey, having on the left the lower and middle lakes, and see the turrets long before you arrive. Whereas coming from Annesley, nothing is seen till you are at the top of a hill close to the Abbey, when the south front of it bursts suddenly on the sight, frowning in gloomy grandeur from below. It was from this quarter that I first saw it; and, putting aside all association of ideas, I thought a more mournful, dreary-looking place never was beheld. In winter especially, nothing can be more desolate: the bleak country around, the thinness of the population, and the miserable villages,—all impress one with feelings of melancholy. For an abbey, this is so much the better: it would require but little to put it into a state which would realize all our ideas of monastic seclusion. Even now, a warm imagination, more especially on a dismal day, and when no company is there, can easily conjure up the persons and habits of its former tenants, and fancy centuries long

gone by restored to the earth. With the addition of the simple manners of old, the illusion might be complete: but, alas! in this, morally more than physically, how is the abode of sanctity changed! This pile, once the secluded haunt of those who had retired from the world and devoted themselves to God, and here

“Sought a refuge from the worldly shocks
Which stir and sting the soul with hope, that
wooes, then mocks,”

is now the resort of dandy valets and forward grooms—the seat of fashion and its follies, where the corruption of manners of the nineteenth century taints every nobler feeling of the heart, and cold formality takes the place of cordial benevolence. From the total absence of all accommodation in the neighbouring villages, it is very inconvenient for any one not having an invitation to the Abbey to visit Newstead; and but few people unacquainted with the possessor have visited the place, nor is there much encouragement for them to do so.

I can easily conceive the annoyance to which the possessor must be subjected by the obtrusive enthusiasm of the admirers of Byron, and make every allowance for the reluctance manifested to have the place shewn; but surely he might have expected, when he purchased the estate, that, in addition to the numbers who would continue to visit the Abbey as a specimen of architecture, thousands would be attracted thither by the fame of the poet, and would consider it more as a relic bequeathed to the admiration of posterity, than the property of a private individual.

THE EASTERN STORY-TELLERS.

IT is a circumstance, even in a philosophical point of view, by no means undeserving of attention, that at no time has any of the nations, now professing the Mahomedan

faith, possessed a *drama*. The ancient courts of Memphis, Jerusalem, and Susa; the modern of Bagdad, Cairo, Cordova, and Ispahan, though, in every other branch of luxury and

splendour, vying with or surpassing all others of ancient or modern times, never enumerated among their sources of enjoyment the imitation of the scenes of many-coloured life by the combined efforts of several individuals. Yet in Greece and Italy on the one side, in Hindostan and China on the other, the theatre arose in every city and town of eminence. Even the simple islanders of the South Sea had a rude pantomimic mode of representing the events and the business of actual life.

It would be perhaps idle to seek to point out any general cause of this fact; for what argument would apply to the state of society in ancient or modern Persia, or Egypt, that would not be of equal force in the case of India or China? But as, under every form of society, man seeks to be entertained and interested, we may justly inquire what has, with these nations, supplied the place of the drama: and we at once find our reply—the *story-teller*.

Rude nations, such as were our Gothic sires, the Huns of Attila, and the old Romans, according to Niebuhr, used to divert their leisure, after the feast, by listening to the deeds of their fathers sung in measured language to the accompaniment of the harp or pipe, by the poet or minstrel. Fictitious heroes and fictitious events, where magic lent its aid to increase the interest, were also sung; and gradually these essays ripened into the drama. But in the east, by the skill of the narrators, the art of story-telling was brought to a high degree of perfection; and this perhaps it may have been that prevented the growth of the scene and theatre. The story-teller, in fact, is what Matthews is, compared to the regular companies of Drury Lane and Covent Garden. In his own person he combines the talents of many; and his power of interesting and detaining an audience is fully equal to theirs.

Accordingly, throughout the Mahomedan East, the story-tellers are everywhere to be met; and in the

cities, they are so numerous as to form, like the trades, a corporation, under a particular head called the Sheikhul-Meddah, or Sheikh of the coffee-house narrators. In all places, and at all hours, they are ready to produce their wares; and everywhere they are sure to find an eager and attentive audience. "Sail," says Mr. Von Hammer, "down the Tigris, or up the Nile; travel through the deserts of Irak, or the delicious plains of Syria; seek the valleys of the Hejaz, or the delightful solitudes of Yemen; every where you will meet professional story-tellers, in listening to whose tales the people find their greatest amusement. They are to be seen in the tent of the Bedoween and the hut of the Fellah; in the village coffee-houses, as well as in those of Damascus, Cairo, and Bagdad."

But the art is not confined to the story-teller by profession. Private individuals, particularly in the camps of the Arabian deserts, often excel in this talent; and when the cool of evening approaches, the Bedoween crowd around a member of their society who is so gifted, to drink in with eager ears the tales of romance and wonder that flow from his eloquent lips. The celebrated orientalist just quoted gives, on another occasion, an animated and picturesque description—and highly valuable as taken immediately from nature—of a Bedoween audience and narrator; of which description we shall attempt to convey some notion.

To form an accurate idea of the magic power which tales of spirits and enchantment exert over the burning imagination and stormy feelings of the Arab, one must have heard them delivered by the lips of an expert narrator to a circle of Bedoween,—a race who, as their prophet describes them, delight in hearing, seeing, and acting. One must have seen these collected and closely crowded circles, not only in the midst of cities and in the coffee-houses, where idle auditors, effeminately reclined on sofas and pillows,

slowly sipping the juice of the berry of Mocha and the smoke of tobacco, resign themselves to the impressions with which the eloquence of the narrator soothes the ear by well-rounded periods, and by the magic of neatly cadenced prose, richly interspersed with verse. One must also have seen circles of Bedoween crowd with close shoulders around the narrator of the desert, when the burning sun has sunk behind the sandhills, and the thirsty ground sips up the cooling dew. No less eagerly do they devour the tales and fables which they have already perhaps heard a hundred times, but which, nevertheless, thanks to the mobility of their imagination and the skill and talent of the narrator, still operate upon them with all the strength of novelty. One must have seen these children of the desert; how they move and act; how they melt away in tender feelings, and kindle up in rage; how they pant in anxiety and again recover their breath; how they laugh and weep; how they participate with the narrator and the hero of the tale in the magic of the descriptions and the madness of passions. It is a real drama, but one in which the spectators also are actors. Is the hero of the tale threatened with imminent danger?—they all shudder and cry aloud, *La, la, la, Istaghfer Allah*. No! no! no! God prevent it! Is he in the thick of the battle, mowing down, with his sword, the troops of the enemy?—they grasp theirs, and spring up as if they would fly to his aid. Is he betrayed into the snares of treachery and faithlessness?—their forehead contracts in wrinkles of angry displeasure; they cry out, *The curse of God upon the traitors!* Falls he at length beneath the superior numbers of his foes?—then their bosom heaves forth a long and glowing *Ah!*—accompanied by the usual blessing of the dead, *God's mercy be upon him! may he rest in peace!* When, on the other hand,

he comes back victorious and crowned with glory, from the conflict,—loud cries of *Praise God, the Lord of Hosts!* rend the air. Descriptions of the beauties of nature, and especially of the spring are received with a many times repeated *Taib! taib!* Well! well! And nothing can equal the pleasure that sparkles in their eyes when the narrator leisurely and *con amore* draws a full length portrait of female beauty.—They listen with silent and breathless attention, and when at length the story-teller concludes his description with the exclamation, *Praised be God, who has created beautiful woman!* they all cry out in full chorus, with the inspiration of wonder and gratitude, *Praised be God who has created beautiful woman!* Forms like this, frequently interspersed in the course of the discourse, and lengthened out with well-known proverbs and periphrases, answer merely for resting-places to the narrator, or by means of them to spin on the thread of his narrative quietly and composedly, without any new expenditure of memory or imagination. Where the narrator in a European circle would merely say, *And now they continued their journey*, the Arabian orator says, *And now they went over hills and dales, through woods and fields, over meads and deserts, over plains and trackless paths, up hill, down dale, from the dawn of morning till the evening came.* During modes of speech of this kind which flow from his lips unconsciously, he collects his attention and sets forward the stuff of his narrative till the sinking night or his exhausted lungs compel him to break off his tale, which would never come to an end if he were to comply with the wishes of his auditors. A story-teller, moreover, never ends his tale with the evening, but breaks off in one of the most interesting parts of it;* promising to give the continuation or conclusion of it the next eve-

* This will illustrate the division of the Thousand and One Nights, and the artifice of the ingenious sultaness to obtain the respite of another day.

ning ; and if it really ends in the beginning of the next evening, he immediately commences another, of which the continuation is again put off till the following evening, and thus evening and evening are woven together by a series of stories.

These social rings closed around the story-teller, in which the Bedoween, either listening to, or himself relating, tales, passes half the night, and enjoys, after the burning heat of the day, the refreshing coolness, are called, by a peculiar name, *Musamerit*, that is, *Discourse in bright moon, or starlight nights* ; and *Essemir* is the appellation of him who delights or takes a lead in these nocturnal discourses, in which, when the narrative is finished, and not till then, the company converse of it, and its wonderful events. The more wonderful a story is, the surer it is of producing its effects upon the auditors ; and the wonderful, be it ever so incredible, or ever so worn out, always finds a welcome reception.

. . quodcunque volet, poseat sibi fabula credi—
and the narrator never runs any danger of any of the auditors checking him with a

Quodcunque ostendis mihi, sic incredulus odi
in the sense of Horace. In general, several of the precepts in Horace's

Art of Poetry hold good for the Arabian narrators only in a contrary sense ; and diametrically opposed to the entire spirit and character of an Arabian tale is his precept to the poetic narrator.

Semper ad eventum festinal ; et in medias res
Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit ;——

The Arab begins every tale as far back as ever it is possible,—nay, it is even an especial artifice of the narrator, instead of hurrying the auditor into the middle of the scene, to lead him about through two or three halls of entrance, so that he remains for a long time uncertain of where the true approach to the scene of the tale really will be. But if the Arabian narrator follows so little this Horatian precept, he attends so much the more closely to the one immediately after.

Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet,
Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet inum.

The more wonderful and the more varied a tale is from beginning to end, the more it claims the approbation and admiration of the hearers ; and hence the great and well-merited fame of the Thousand and One Nights, the mere translation of which was a valuable enjoyment for the genius of Pope, though it could give no relish to the taste of Warburton.

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE SCRIPTURES.*

THE variety of styles employed by the several writers of the Old Testament Scriptures, renders biblical learning one of the most extensive and difficult studies in which a scholar can be engaged. In the review of particular portions, especially, we meet with all those difficulties which attend the examination of writings, referring to scenes and times whose character is altogether different from those with which we are acquainted. These difficulties,

moreover, are increased by the nature of the narrative or subject in which they occur. The ancient records of religion have frequently a meaning and reference which belong to some peculiarity in the system they were written to develope, and it is these points which are often illustrated by the allusions to objects and circumstances present to the writers of the several books. Thus we have not only to search for the frequently hidden and peculiar mean-

* Scripture Natural History, or an account of the Zoology, Botany, and Geology of the Bible, by William Carpenter. Svo. pp. 608. Wightman and Cramp. London, 1828.

ing of Scripture phraseology, but to examine with the most careful attention the sources themselves from which its metaphors and illustrations have been drawn.

There are, in the sacred writings, difficulties of two kinds; the one purely of a doctrinal character, the other common to the Scriptures with all other ancient compositions. A good biblical scholar therefore must be versed in the works of the great and laborious men who have devoted themselves to the elucidation of both these departments of theological learning. But the assistance which a student possesses in the former object of his pursuit, is incomparably greater than what he can obtain in the latter. Commentary upon commentary meets his attention at every step, and the extensive and valuable collections which are published of the old theological critics, furnish him with all the aids which human learning can afford him. The consequence of this, accordingly, is the readiness with which we find the doctrinal parts of the Scriptures explained by those who pay any attention to the subject, and the extreme want of skill manifested by them in unfolding and displaying the beauties of their peculiar phraseology, or in explaining passages in which the meaning depends on local allusions.

In one respect, we are afraid, this want of skill, in a very important branch of biblical learning, results from an inadequate idea of its consequence. That which can be at once worked up into a sermon or lecture, is duly valued, because it is of more immediate and practical application; but a knowledge, which is principally of importance to the student himself, or which can only be incidentally displayed, is not likely to be sought for, but by the most diligent and acute inquirers after scriptural truth. It must, however, be confessed, that this, in a great measure, results from a want of works of general reference on these points. The publications of many intelligent Eastern travellers, afford invaluable ma-

terials for illustrations of Scripture: but these are not always within the reach of a retired theological student; and when they are, they are not fit for immediate reference. Of the works which have been professedly written on the natural history of Scripture, the greatest and the best is too voluminous and expensive for the ordinary purposes of study. We mean the "*Physica Sacra*" of Scheuchzer, of which there is a French and a German translation. The "*Hierobotanicon*" of Celsius is also extremely valuable; but, in its original form, not likely to be of general use. The same may be said of the scientific remains of Forskål, the Swedish naturalist, who travelled into the East with the celebrated Niebuhr, and died on his journey. Bochart, Professor Paxton, and others, might also be named, as having written on the subject of Scripture Natural History, but their works are very little known to the generality of English readers, or even, we believe, to many professional ones. The "*Natural History of the Bible*," by Doctor Harris, comes under the same observation, and is, in fact, not adapted for general circulation.

To whatever causes, however, we attribute the want of that species of knowledge which is required to the perfect understanding of scriptural phraseology, the low state of biblical learning, in this respect, deserves a serious consideration. The whole force and beauty, and, very often, the most important meaning, of certain passages, can only be perceived by a perfect knowledge of the things to which the writers allude; and the circumstances and peculiar character of different objects which are mentioned in Scripture, are most frequently those not likely to strike a careless or unskilful observer. It should also be remembered, that the language itself, in which the ancient records of our religion are written, is of a nature which almost utterly forbids its being well understood, without the knowledge of which we are speaking. Simple, and confined

in its vocabulary, its very idiom is metaphorical, and there is scarcely a sentence composed in it, without some allusion being made to the objects of external nature, their peculiar habits or qualities.

Convinced, therefore, as we are, that an essential good will be effected by any aid given to the wider diffusion of knowledge on these points, we have taken up Mr. Carpenter's book with considerable pleasure, and we are happy in finding that he has performed his task with much learning and judgment. We give the following specimen of his manner of using the materials he has collected, taken from the zoological part of the volume :

"THE ONAGER, OR WILD ASS.

'Who from the forest ass his collar broke,
And manumised his shoulders to the yoke ?
Wild tenant of the waste, I sent him there
Among the shrubs to breathe in freedom's air.
Swift as an arrow in his speed he flies ;
Sees from afar the smoky city rise ;
Scorns the throng'd street, where slavery drags
his load,

The loud-voiced driver, and his urging goad !
Where'er the mountain waves its lofty wood,
A boundless range, he seeks his verdant food.'

SCOTT.

"This animal, which the Hebrews called *PARA*, and the Greeks *ONAGER*, is a much handsomer and more dignified animal than the common or domestic ass. Oppian describes it as 'handsome, large, vigorous, of stately gait, and his coat of a silvery colour ; having a black band along the spine of his back ; and on his flanks, patches as white as snow.' But it is to Professor Gmelin, who brought a female and a colt from Tartary to St. Petersburg, that we are chiefly indebted for our knowledge of the onager, or wild ass. The length of the male, which was something larger than the female, the Professor states to have been, from the nape of the neck to the origin of the tail, five feet ; his height in front, four feet four inches ; behind, four feet seven inches ; his head, two feet in length ; his ears, one foot ; his tail, including the tuft at the end, two feet three inches. He was less docile and more robust than

the female ; and had a bar or streak crossing at his shoulders, as well as the streak which runs along the back, and which is common to both sexes. On her legs, the female stood higher than the common ass ; they were also more slender and elegant in shape. Notwithstanding the state of exhaustion in which she was at this time, the Professor states that she carried her head higher than the ass, her ears well elevated, and showed a vivacity in all her motions. The colour of the hair on the greater part of the body, and the end of the nose, was silvery white ; the upper part of the head, the sides of the neck, and the body, were flaxen-coloured. The mane was deep brown ; commencing between the ears, and reaching the shoulders. The coat in general, especially in winter, was more silky and softer than that of horses, and resembled that of a camel. The colour of the onager, however, appears to vary, since Sir Robert Ker Porter describes one which he met with during his travels in Persia, the coat of which was of a bright bay colour.

"The onager is an animal adapted for running, and of such swiftness that the best horses cannot equal it. From this quality it is that it derives its Hebrew name ; and, as it prefers the most craggy mountains, it runs with ease on the most difficult ground. All the ancient writers who mention the animal notice his fleetness, especially Xenophon, who says that he has long legs ; is very rapid in running ; swift as a whirlwind, having strong and stout hoofs.

"To give the reader a correct idea of this animal in his natural state, which is essential to appreciate the fidelity with which the writer of the book of Job delineates his character, we cannot do better than transcribe Sir R. K. Porter's account of the one to which he gave chase.

"The sun was just rising over the summits of the Eastern mountains, when my greyhound Cooley suddenly darted off in pursuit of an animal, which, my Persians said, from the glimpse they had of it, was

an antelope. I instantly put spurs to my horse, and, with my attendants, gave chase. After an unrelaxed gallop of full three miles, we came up with the dog, who was then within a short stretch of the creature he pursued; and to my surprise, and at first, vexation, I saw it to be an ass. But, on a moment's reflection, judging from its fleetness it must be a wild one, a species little known in Europe, but which the Persians prize above all other animals, as an object of chase, I determined to approach as near to it as the very swift Arab I was on would carry me. But the single instant of checking my horse to consider, had given our game such a head of us, that, notwithstanding all our speed, we could not recover our ground on him. I, however, happened to be considerably before my companions, when, at a certain distance, the animal in its turn made a pause, and allowed me to approach within pistol shot of him. He then darted off again with the quickness of thought; capering, kicking, and sporting in his flight, as if he were not blown in the least, and the chase were his pastime.

“He appeared to me about ten or twelve hands high; the skin smooth, like a deer's, and of a reddish colour; the belly and hinder parts partaking of a silvery grey; his neck was finer than that of a common ass, being longer, and bending like a stag's, and his legs beautifully slender; the head and ears seemed large in proportion to the gracefulness of these forms, and by them I first recognized that the object of my chase was of the ass tribe. The mane was short and black, as was also a tuft which terminated his tail. No line whatever ran along his back, or crossed his shoulders, as are seen on the tame species with us. When my followers of the country came up, they regretted I had not shot the creature when he was so within my aim, telling me his flesh is one of the greatest delicacies in Persia: but it would not have been to eat him that I should have been glad

to have had him in my possession. The prodigious swiftness and peculiar manner, with which he fled across the plain, coincided exactly with the description that Xenophon gives of the same animal in Arabia. (Vide *Anabasis*, b. i.) But, above all, it reminded me of the striking portrait drawn by the author of the book of Job.

“I was informed by the mehmader, who had been in the desert, when making a pilgrimage to the shrine of Ali, that the wild ass of Irak Arabi differs in nothing from the one I had just seen. He had observed them often, for a short time, in the possession of the Arabs, who told him the creature was perfectly untameable. A few days after this discussion, we saw another of these animals; and pursuing it determinately, had the good fortune, after a hard chase, to kill it and bring it to our quarters. From it I completed my sketch. The Honourable Mountstuart Elphinstone, in his most admirable account of the kingdom of Caubul, mentions this highly picturesque creature under the name of *goorkhur*; describing it as an inhabitant of the desert between India and Afghanistan, or Caubul. It is called *gour* by the Persians, and is usually seen in herds, though often single, straying away, as the one I first saw, in the wantonness of liberty.”

“Let this account be compared with the description in Job:

‘Who hath sent out the wild ass free!
Or who hath loosed the bands of the brayer?
Whose house I have made the wilderness,
And his dwellings the barren lands.
He scorneth the multitude of the city,
And regardeth not the crying of the driver.
The range of the mountain is his pasture,
And he searcheth for every green thing.’

JOB xxxix.

“From the circumstance of the wild ass delighting in the most barren and arid regions, we gather the propriety of a passage in Isaiah, where the extreme desolation of the land of Israel, which was to be occasioned by the troops of Nebuchadnezzar, is foretold:

‘ Upon the land of my people shall come up
thorns and briers ;
Even upon all the houses of joy in the joyous
city :

Because the palaces shall be forsaken,
The multitude of the city shall be left ;
The forts and the towers shall be dens for ever,
A joy of WILD ASSES, a pasture of flocks.’
Ch. xxxii. 13, 14.

“ From the character of his habitation, it is obvious that the wild ass can subsist on the coarsest and scantiest fare. Professor Gmelin states that his female onager sometimes went two days without drinking, and that brackish water was better liked by her than fresh. A few blades of corn, a little withered grass, or the tops of a few scorched shrubs or plants, appear sufficient to satisfy the cravings of his appetite, and render him contented and happy. Hence we may conceive the extreme state of wretchedness to which Judah was exposed, by the dearth which Jeremiah describes in the fourteenth chapter of his book :

‘ The wild asses stood in the high places,
They snuffed up the wind like dragons ;
Their eyes failed because there was no grass.’
Ver. 6.

“ The extreme propensity of the Jews, prior to the Babylonish captivity, to associate themselves with the heathen nations by which they were surrounded, in acts of idolatrous and obscene worship, has given occasion to the prophet to refer to another trait in the character of this animal, namely, the violence of its lust, and its unrestrainable eagerness to satisfy the promptings of desire : ‘ How canst thou say I am not polluted, I have not gone after Baalim ? See thy way in the valley, know what thou hast done : thou art a swift dromedary, traversing her ways ; a wild ass used to the wilderness, that snuffeth up the wind at her pleasure : in her occasion who can turn her away ? All they that seek her, will not weary themselves ; after her season, they will find her.’ ch. ii. 23, 24. Every means used to restrain them from their idolatrous purposes proved unavailing : they

‘ snuffed up the wind at their pleasure,’ and wearied the prophets of the Most High, till the armies of the Chaldeans subdued their spirit, and scattered them abroad for a season.

“ The ignorance and self-conceit of man is strongly asserted in Job xi. 12, by a reference to this animal : ‘ Vain man would be wise, though he be born a wild ass’s colt ;’ *ass-colt*, not *ass’s colt*, for, as Dr. Harris observes, colt is put in opposition to ass, and not in government. The whole is a proverbial expression, denoting extreme perversity and ferocity, and is repeatedly alluded to in the Old Testament. Thus, Gen. xvi. 12, it is prophesied of Ishmael that he should be, a wild-ass man ; rough, untaught, and libertine as a wild ass. So Hosea, xiii. 15, ‘ He (Ephraim) hath *run wild* (literally *assified* himself) amidst the braying monsters.’ So again in ch. viii. 9, the very same character is given of Ephraim, who is called ‘ a solitary wild ass by himself,’ or perhaps a solitary wild ass of the *desert* ; for the original will bear to be so rendered. This proverbial expression has descended among the Arabians to the present day, who still employ, as Schultens has remarked, the expressions ‘ the ass of the desert,’ or ‘ the wild ass,’ to describe an obstinate, indocile, and contumacious person. In Job xxiv. 5, robbers and plunderers are distinguished by the odious term of (*peraim*) wild asses. The passage refers, evidently, says Mr. Good, ‘ not to the proud and baughty tyrants themselves, but to the oppressed and needy wretches, the Bedoweens and other plundering tribes, whom their extortion and violence had driven from society, and compelled in a body to seek for subsistence by public robbery and pillage. In this sense the description is admirably forcible and characteristic.’ So the son of Sirach says (Eccles. xiii. 19) : ‘ As the wild ass (onager) is the lion’s prey in the wilderness, so the rich eat up the poor.’ ”

MISS D. P. CAMPBELL'S POEMS.*

THERE are few things so delightful at any age, or in any point of our passage through life, as novelty ; and, in the present day, it seems to be sought after with singular avidity.

To the traveller, who has roamed through the loveliest and most celebrated scenes, no tidings can be so welcome and exciting as those of an untrodden and interesting country ; however distant, or difficult of access, it matters not : his fancy broods over it with enthusiasm, and he longs to wander there. In the world of literature also, the appearance of genius, of lofty or beautiful sentiment and description, in a spot where we expected only to meet with the weeds and briars, in fine, with the desert of the mind, seldom fails to awake in us kindly and favourable sentiments.

On the rude and tempest-beaten shores of the Shetland Isles, a gentleman of high literary name and attainments, and a friend of the writer, happened, during the last summer, to land, with the view of exploring, at leisure, this remote territory. He traversed the whole of the principal isle, Lerwick, and several of the smaller ones, delighted, it could not be said with the softness or beauty of nature, but with its fearful and magnificent features. Not a bush or shrub, much less any thing resembling a tree, was to be seen in the whole territory. Sad, miserable, and moss-covered hills and wastes were eternally present to the eye ; on the mountain, the valley, or the slopes, sheltered from the biting winds, not a blade of verdure was visible. Mounted on a sheltie, he passed over the melancholy wastes, till he began almost to love their barrenness and silence. For the inland lochs, that are met with at every league, are deep and clear, and stored with abundance of fine fish ; and the voes, or arms of the sea, enter into the

land so frequent and so far, that the traveller, in spite of the great width of the island, never finds himself more than two or three miles from the sea. These voes are in general narrow, and bordered on each side by lofty and savage rocks of every form, amidst which are sometimes scattered the fishermen's huts ; for the most excellent fish of every kind abound in them. These voes would often have the appearance of noble rivers, or inland lakes, were it not for the almost eternal swell and tumble of the water, coming from the north and western oceans on each side. The shores of the isles excel those of almost every other land in grandeur and wildness. Fitful and Sunborough Heads are already well known to every reader of the "Pirate ;" the terrors as well as height of the former have been greatly exaggerated in that beautiful tale. One circumstance of this traveller's journey in the Shetlands gave him more surprise, as well as pleasure, than any part of their strange and impressive features of nature ; it was the discovery, if it may be so called, of a lady of high poetical feeling and talent, a woman who had not only felt keenly the power and charm of her own impressive scenery, but had had the hardihood, even on "Torneo's sullen shore," to woo, gently and successfully, the muses that are thought to be natives of a warmer land. Miss Campbell is a native of Lerwick, the only place that bears the likeness of a town ; her father, who was once the physician there, died some years ago, leaving little heritage to his daughter, save the talents and feelings that heaven had given her. And these have been her sure and almost sole consolation in her own native "world in miniature," (where, however, every passion and pride of the larger one are found,) have cheered her to look

* Poems. By Miss D. P. Campbell, of Zetland. Baldwin. 1828.

forward to futurity, with a faint hope of fame, if not of riches. Alas ! it was faint indeed ! We have heard of more than one being, left desolate on some shore in the midst of the seas, where groves and streams were around him, but no human voice ; having carved his name on the bark of the trees, in the hope that, should any voyager land when he was no more, his name might thus be preserved from perishing. A similar feeling, probably, urged the Shetland poetess to persevere, amidst neglect, obscurity, and the coldness of those who, in her better days, had smiled on her way. A more discouraging situation can hardly be imagined, to a woman still in the prime of life, of a fine imagination and exquisite sensibility, with not a kindred spirit around her, and shut in, by her own stormy sea, from all intercourse with the world beyond. The productions of Miss Campbell are chiefly in verse, and consist of pieces descriptive of the wild scenery of her own isle, of the often equally wild yet simple manners and sentiments of its natives, varied with striking traits of feeling and passion.

The following lines are from a piece called the "Valley of Teu," (a romantic vale in Koningsburgh.) A youth, who has long quitted his native place for a distant voyage, recalls it with passionate regret :

"How dear are the days of the past to my soul ;
How sweet are the scenes of my childhood
and youth !

Roll back, ye blest moments of innocence, roll,
When the bosom was glowing with nature
and truth ;

When my feet fondly roved the bare mountains
among,
And green fertile vale spreading fair to the
view—

Where the mountain-stream rushes in beauty
along,

Like the murmuring burn through the valley
of Teu.

"And there is the path-way along the burn-
side,

Where I wandered with Ellen, sweet flower
of the vale !

Dear, loveliest Ellen ! my long-promised bride,
How cold is thy dwelling, thy beauty how
pale !

When the rising waves dashed on the echoing
shore,

And over the surges the loud tempest blew,
Did'st thou listen with anguish and dread to
the roar,

And think upon William, far distant from
Teu ?

"And I, my beloved one, would seek thy cold
grave,

To share it and join thee again in the sky ;
But honor forbids that a son of the wave

Should shrink, like a coward, when battle is
nigh !

And battle is near, and to-morrow we go ;

Ye scenes of delight, an eternal adieu !

Soon, soon from this bosom the life-blood shall
flow,

And these dim eyes be closed—but far distant
from Teu."

The "Wedding day of Albert, a northern Tale," is one of the most beautiful pieces of this little collection. The festive scene is interrupted by the sudden presence of a girl he had formerly loved :

"Albert ! they said I was betrayed,
Left and abandoned for a wealthier maid ;
But, oh, my love ! I knew it could not be,
And they who told the story knew not thee !
They did not know thy soul—thy faith sincere,
And all that made thee to this heart so dear.
They watched my steps ; they told me I was
wild,

And would not let me go my love to seek.

"But I at length their watchfulness beguiled,
And I am here. But, Albert, I am weak
And sick at heart ; for I had far to roam
On the wild beach where wilder surges foam ;
Eager mid blackening rocks I careless
sprung,

And scared the eagles from their callow
young.

Ah, me ! I wander—lady, I have done,
And will away,"—she turned her to depart—
"The rose he gave is withered quite and gone,
And thou art withered too,—my broken heart."

The following lines from "Inchdarrack" show that the lonely author-
ess images scenes fairer than her
own :

"The wilderness of shrubs and flowers
That drink the balmy summer showers,
And forest branches bending low,
To catch the breezes as they blow ;
These beam alone in fancy's eye,
That views them richly gliding by ;
'Mid barren rocks, and vallies drear,
And the stern precipice of fear.

"Sorrow awoke my earliest lay,
And sorrow shrouds its closing day :
Inchdarrack ! to thy groves adieu !
These eyes no more thy groves shall view ;
Save when, perchance, in midnight dream,
To wander 'neath their shade I seem ;

"Or think I climb thy flowery brae,
Or hear the murmur of thy river :
Alas ! the vision flits with night away,
The storm-beat isle must be my home for ever."

The length of these extracts will, perhaps, be pardoned by the reader, when he reflects that they are the fruits of a mind that has known no

field fairer than "this prison of nature," the Isle of Torneo, to whose shore the words of applause or indulgence have seldom come.

THE ORPHAN.

AT the epoch, when terror covered France with scaffolds and tears, a young lady, equally illustrious by birth and celebrated for beauty, the Princess Fanny Lubomerska, was in Paris. In the midst of the convulsion, she relied for her security on the protection of the law of nations, and devoted her whole attention to the education of her only daughter Rosalia, who was then in her sixth year. Nevertheless, she was denounced to the Revolutionary Committee as a conspirator against the Republic, and was brought before that sanguinary tribunal. To be suspected, accused, and guillotined, was, in a few days, the lot of this interesting victim. On being arrested and separated from all her servants, she was allowed to bring her daughter with her to the Conciergerie, and when the unfortunate mother was dragged to the scaffold, she recommended her child to the care of some of the prisoners who remained behind. These, however, in their turn, soon experiencing the same fate, transferred to others the unfortunate infant, who was in this way bequeathed, *in articulo mortis*, from victim to victim. At last, little Rosalia found a protectress in a good woman, named Bertot, who was the laundress of the prison, who, feeling for the forlorn condition, and charmed by the interesting countenance of this orphan of the dungeons, added her as a sixth to the five children of whom she was already the mother. In this situation, so different from that for which fate seemed to have destined her, Rosalia showed that the qualities of her heart were as valuable, as the graces with which nature had endowed her person were attractive. Her sweet disposition, her eagerness to please her

benefactress, in all of whose labours she shared, made the good laundress feel for her all the affection of a mother, and bestow on her the same tender care as on her own children.

The reign of terror having passed away, the list of the victims of that period, which was published in every country of Europe, informed the friends of the princess, that, in a land called free, an illustrious Polish lady had paid with the forfeit of her life, the confidence she placed in a people whom she considered generous. On receiving this distressing news, Count Rezewonski, brother to the Princess, hastened to Paris. He took lodgings in the Hotel Grange Batelliere, in the street of the same name, and anxiously endeavoured to discover some traces of the daughter of his unfortunate sister; but several weeks were unsuccessfully spent in pursuit of this object. Every means of publicity was resorted to in vain. The poor laundress never read the journals, in which the advertisements, descriptions, and proffered rewards, were inserted. The gaoler of the Conciergerie, who could have given some information respecting the orphan, was dead, and had already had two successors. Nothing now remained to promise a favourable result to the Count's inquiries. However, Providence, which had thought fit to close the period of the young orphan's trials, ordained, that she, who had been the laundress of the Conciergerie, should be employed in the same capacity for the Hotel Grange Batelliere. One morning Rosalia accompanied her second mother, when she had to bring her burthen of linen to the hotel. The Count, who happened to be crossing the court at the time, was

struck with the beauty of the child, whose features brought his sister to his recollection.—“What is your name, my little dear?” said he. “Rosalia, Sir.” “Rosalia, do you say? Good woman, is this your child?” addressing the laundress. “Yes, Sir, I think I have a good right to call her mine, since I have adopted her and maintained her for these three years; but though I say she is mine, I cannot say I am her mother. Her poor mother was a prisoner, and she has now neither father nor mother.” “Her mother a prisoner, did you say?” “Aye, and a grand lady she was, Sir, but she was guillotined along with others in Robespierre’s time.”

The Count was persuaded that he had found his niece; but to be farther convinced, he made the experiment of speaking to her in Polish. On hearing the accents of her native tongue, Rosalia burst into tears, and throwing herself into the Count’s arms, exclaimed, “Ah! I understand you; that is the way my mother used to speak to me.” The Count had no longer any doubt; he pressed the child to his heart, exclaiming, “Rosalia! Rosalia! you are my niece, the daughter of my beloved sister!” Then turning to the laundress, whom surprise had ren-

dered motionless and silent, “Worthy woman,” said he, “be still the mother of your Rosalia, you shall not be separated from her. Since you made her one of your family when she was a destitute orphan, your family shall belong to hers in her prosperity. And now let us begin to share with you.” With these words, he put a purse of gold into her hands, and that very day provided lodgings for her and her children at the Hotel Grange Batelliere. Soon after he left Paris for Poland, whither Rosalia’s second mother and the whole family also went. The children of the laundress were educated under the eyes of the Count with the greatest care. The boys, who were sent to the University of Wilna, afterwards joined the Polish army, and became Aids-de-Camp to Prince Poniatowski. The daughters received handsome portions and were married to Polish gentlemen. As to the Countess Rosalia, she married her cousin, Count Rezewonski; and, when she related to me this affecting anecdote, opulence and felicity had spread their golden wings over her destiny. The good Madame Bertot still lived with the Countess, who called her always her mother.

LONDON.

[From the unpublished Travels of Theodore Elbert, a young Swede.]

THIS, then, is St. Paul’s. What a miracle of man’s pride; but how little does it suggest of man’s humility? Here are proportion, size, strength, all the meaner attributes of beauty, and beauty, too, itself. But how little of fitness? There is nothing of religion. The emblems on the funeral monuments are all of the earth, earthy. The whiteness of the light, the bright, active business of the area, the payment at the door, the hard, stolid worldly look of the Cathedral menials; what have these to do, I will not say with Christianity,

but with any other feeling than curiosity, with any deep sympathy, any trembling aspiration, with faith, or hope, or charity? Nothing—nothing whatsoever. It may be a good Cathedral; I am sure it is a bad church. This wide blank circumference, with the dusty banners above, and the statues of victory, and Neptune, and the stone lions around it, and the pattering feet and loud tones of idle wanderers; it is an exchange, a show-room, a promenade—any thing but a temple. It has nothing of the shadowy magnificence of the Teuto-

nic minster, harmonizing so well with all our higher and more obscure feelings. It was made as a haunt for Deans and Prebendaries; but who would think of bringing to it his prayers, his thanksgivings, and his penitence?

But, leaving the interior of the church, and mounting to one of the outer galleries, there is a change indeed. We lose St. Paul's, and see nothing but London. The building becomes no more than a vantage ground, from which to contemplate the vast city. Far and wide spreads over the earth the huge, dim capital of the world. Look northward over that province of brick, to the dim outlines of the hills, which seem scarce more than a part of the murky atmosphere; and west towards that other realm of houses, outstripping the gaze, and encircling other distant towers, and stretching away to the seats of government and legislation; and again south, where the wilderness of human habitations is cleft by the wide and gleaming river, laden with all its bridges, and flecked with a myriad of keels for wealth or idleness; and see, too, the broad fronts and soaring pinnacles of a hundred churches, and the port that raises against the sky its trellis-work of innumerable masts: and, over all this, is one hue of smoke, and one indistinguishable hum of activity.

It is difficult to reduce one's thoughts and feelings at such a spectacle, to any thing definite. The mind at first, is all vague restless astonishment, while the eye wanders over leagues of building: and sees every where the same working mass of busy vitality. How is it that the scene has been produced, which so fills and stirs us? How is it, that this portion of the world has been so cut off from all the rest, and set apart as the agent of such peculiar impressions? Time has been when there was nothing here but marsh and meadow, and woody knoll, and the idle river rolling down its waters between banks only trodden by the wolf and elk, to a sea, whither no

human eye had ever traced its course. Time was when the shaggy savage first leaned upon his club on yonder northern hill, turning his eager eyes over the green plain, and the broad river; and then led down some straggling horde of barbarians to rear their huts of mud and wicker beside the stream, perhaps upon the very spot now filled by this enormous pile of architecture. The wicker was changed for brick and wood, and the narrow dungeons, which were the homes of the other generations, threw their shadows over the weapons of the Roman legions, and over faces which wore the hues of every climate under the sun. The city became the home of burghers, the haunt of nobles, the seat of kings. The massy bridge, the moated castle rose; and the clumsy boats of those rude centuries began to float hitherward with every tide, till, with the halls of hundreds of Barons, and the guilds of hundreds of trades, now filled with mustering armies, now desolated by plagues and famines, sometimes active with revolt, and again glittering with royal triumphs, London became a mighty city. The growth of many ages, the greatness of a whole people, have made it what it is. Successes, which gave wealth to the nation, gave more than its share to the capital; and misfortunes, which desolated the country, have driven its population hither. The commerce of the world pours into its gates, and circulates through all its streets. Here are the thrones of three kingdoms, and of three-score colonies, of the provinces of the west, and the empires of the east, and hither come the gifts of subject millions. The tides of every sea, and the wheels of every manufactory on earth, speed the current of existence through the veins of London. And thus it is, that I am now surveying at a glance, this whole immense domain of bustle and competition, a kingdom of swarming streets, an enormous concentration of human wealth, power, and misery.

The recollections of London but

little accord with the feeling produced by the sight of it. At a distance, we think of a few resplendently bright, of a few pre-eminently dark, points in its history. The slaughter of Roman Catholic and Protestant martyrs by royal tyranny and sectarian intolerance,—the escape of the five members to the city,—the study of Milton,—the scaffold of Vane. But when we look upon the scene itself, we see little but the widespread collection of vulgar desires and fierce passions,—the size of Mammon's temple, and the number of his worshippers. We scarcely connect the idea of religion with those churches which are so entirely imbedded among worldly structures, and many of which we know to be completely the mere husks and shadows of devotion, scarcely ever entered even by a score out of all those thousands now hurrying past them,—empty pretences, and solemn mockeries! There is little to indicate any nobler intelligence than the mechanical among the crowds all bent upon gain, and surrounded by the ingenious devices of luxury, which mingle in yonder streets for the various rivalries of traffic. Every thing around is so alien from meditation, that we are inclined not to study and think upon it, but to take part in its restlessness, and give ourselves up to its absorbing interests. There is nothing here to which any feeling attaches itself, but the inclusion beneath our eyes of so many hundreds of thousands of our fellow-men. Extent, number, ceaseless and multitudinous occupation,—these are the objects which strike us. The details are only interesting as linked to these. For there is here no crumbling pyramid, or shattered Coliseum; no volcanic mountain filling the atmosphere of a city with the menace of death. But we are face to face with a larger mass of living and busy humanity, than on any other spot of the world's surface.

And is not this enough to think of? If the height on which I stand would enable me to look down into

the hearts of the crowds which pass beneath me, what could earth show of more profound and intense interest? These confluent streams of life are big with a thousand varieties of opinion and feeling, into all of which we can in some degree enter, and which cannot be thought of without an anxious and mysterious curiosity. The greater number of these persons are ignorant, misguided, opposing their will to duty, never to passion, utterly reckless and almost utterly wretched. I have, as it were, beneath my hand, a million of living souls; yet, in fact, to moral purposes, dead and decaying. Nurtured in alternations of toil and vice, they are, through life, bound down by the tyrannous necessities of their daily existence, or only loosed at intervals for the relaxation of debasing excess. Their sympathies are deadened by the want of sympathy around them; for the greedy poverty of the crowd has devoured almost all their love for their neighbour, and the more ravening selfishness of the rich, has, alas! swallowed up the whole of theirs. Many of these myriads know scarce any thing, but the pressure of the hour; the retrospect of the past is similarly painful; and, when they look forward for a moment to the future, they transfer to it the direct suffering or the unsatisfying pretence of pleasure which deforms the present. The dust eats the dust; and the image of God is degraded in man to the likeness of the beasts that perish. Yet wherefore should this be so? There are also in the city I look upon hundreds, at least, of expansive hearts and searching intellects, not indeed arrived at clear satisfaction, yet stirred by the prompting consciousness that there is a higher aim of being than the outward world or our senses and passions can furnish. They vary perhaps on innumerable subjects of prudence, of duty, of religion; but, while there is within a living power, restless and aspiring, there are also hope, and strength, and comfort. But, above all, there may be even

now moving among those undistinguished swarms below me, or dwelling upon that dim eminence which rises in the distance, some great and circular mind, accomplished in endowment, of all-embracing faculties, with a reason that pervades like light, and an imagination that embodies the essence of all truth in the forms of all beauty,—even such an one as C——, the brave, the charitable, the gentle, the pious, the mighty philosopher, the glorious poet. How strange is the bond which unites all these together under the name of man ! Or is not that which they have in common, the very capacity, by the cultivation of which we might exalt the meanest of those I see, into perhaps the highest perfection I have thought of ?

I am now standing on a building which proclaims to every eye in the capital of England the nominal supremacy of Christianity ; yet nine in ten of its inhabitants never turn a thought towards the benevolence and piety of Christ, while many of the remainder, with all the phrases ready in their mouths, which make their speech a confused jargon of worldliness and religion, yet feel, it is to be feared, no whit of love to God or man, but angrily cling to their sect, and idolatrously bow to some lifeless creed. Nor is this to be wondered at. Every thing around us tends to make religion a matter of forms, and names, and lip-service, and thereby to deprive it of all permanent hold upon the hearts of men. All, all is selfishness. Selfishness in the conduct of every one of the corporations which compose or minister to the government : selfishness in the intercourse of society : selfishness in the anxiety of every class to weigh down those below it. But where is the attempt at the moral culture of the people ? Or who the men that, without thought for the feeding of their own vanity, or the spread of their own power, go forth in courage and sincerity for the regeneration of their country ? If such there be, (and *some* such there are,)

where are the signs of their exertions ? Track home to their lanes and cellars many of the craftsmen and the labourers, the servants of our pleasure, and see amid their families the unquiet tempers, the sullen rages, the evil cravings, the mutual unrepentant reproaches, which add a sting to penury, and throw poison into the waters of bitterness. But if, instead of stopping there by the squalid fireside of the poor, we turn away to the dwellings of the rich, how much is changed in the shape, but how little in the material ! Here, too, are jealousies, and hatreds, and malignity, vulgar anxieties, and miserable ambitions. To be sure, the lean cheek of envy is fed from plate instead of earthenware, and self-oblivion is sought for in the costliest, not the cheapest, intoxication ; but the miserable debasement of human nature shows as foul in velvet and jewels as in rags.

Look at that dark roof,—it covers a prison : and there the laws of the country proclaim that the most atrocious guilt is collected,—the worst moral diseases. We do nothing to make men self-denying and conscientious. The Government says, “ If you do not agree with us on every point of doctrine, you have no title to become wise or good, and we will not assist you.” We surround the people with innumerable temptations. We do little towards instructing, nothing towards educating them ; and we set them the perpetual example of secure selfishness. A wretched child, born perhaps in a work-house, and nurtured in a brothel, is taught to gain his daily bread by crime ; and compelled, by the menaces of his protectors and the physical sufferings of hunger, to trample down his moral repugnance, plunders some rich man’s superfluity. Again and again, perhaps, he succeeds : at last comes the sudden vengeance of the law ; and, to remedy the evil, he is thrown into a prison ; probably the only abode on earth worse than his habitual home. He learns still more to glory in criminal enterprise. The

pride of endurance comes to his aid : and with no good feeling strengthened, no new idea of man's social relations or higher duties communicated, he is disgorged, an outcast upon the world, again to prey upon his kind ; until, before he is yet a man, some consummate outrage brings him to the scaffold. Then through all these streets pours the dense throng of eager spectators ; and, while the bell sounds from yonder tower, thousands without a thought either of terror or compassion, but with the same love of excitement which makes them seek the inferior stimulus of a dram, hurry from every corner of London to see the horrible removal from the world of a being, who, perhaps, never heard the name of God or duty, or received the sympathy of one human creature. Such is society. Such is London.

Such scenes as these might well disgust us with cities. It has been often said, and is in some degree true, that the evils of humanity are increased by being brought together in towns ; that corruption thus communicates corruption, and that, in these hot-beds, every vice bears fruit after its kind. But be it remembered, that good has a tendency to spread as well as ill, and is no less living and productive. In the enor-

mous assemblage of minds I now survey, what an object is there for good men to act upon ! Evil as are the arts, and discoveries, and means of enjoyment, heaped up and displayed in this vast store-house of the world and treasury of invention, if they be considered as in themselves final ends ; how immeasurably valuable are they as instruments of real improvement ! And above all, placed here at the central heart and moving springs of the whole social earth, every beneficial impulse we may give will thrill, not merely through all the mass of this, the capital city of mankind, but will be felt in the utmost limits and recesses of the globe ! From this spot, the beneficent energy of a single man may produce good to the future generations of the whole race, which will be felt and celebrated, not merely when his bones are among the graves of the church-yard beneath my eye, but when the church-yard itself shall be encumbered with the ruins of this great structure ; when the remains of a fallen city shall have choked up the channel of yonder river ; when these palaces and towers shall have no inhabitant but the owl, and no visitant but the forest deer ; and silence and desolation shall prevail where once was London.

ASCENT OF A MOUNTAIN IN IRELAND.

LEAVING Mucness, I began the ascent of Mangerton by a mountain path from a little village called Cloghereen. As you ascend, you leave the lakes behind ; but from several points, when one turns about and looks down, the prospect is extremely beautiful. The lakes, studded with little wooded islands, and bounded by huge mountains, whose ample sides are clothed with trees, lie like a delicious picture beneath your feet, while the wreaths of curling smoke mark the town of Killarney in the distance, and new vistas open in the mountains to the right,

disclosing glens, whose gloomy sides are contrasted with the glittering surface of the little lakes that lie deep in their bosoms. At the height of nearly two thousand feet, on turning the shoulder of a slight and abrupt eminence, more perpendicular than the general line of the ascent, you come suddenly upon a still lake of very considerable extent, awfully deep and cold—this is called the “Devil’s Punch Bowl.” The name embodies in it a pithy moral ; for if Satan can boast no better liquor than this, it is an awful warning not to travel his way, nor put up in his

quarters. A Glasgow man, who was here once on a fine summer's evening, after tasting of the cool and crystal flood, exclaimed to his guide, "God-sake, man, what a glorious bowl of punch you would mak, if a buddy could turn intil't, for about half an hour, a stream of rum, like that that runs beneath the New Brig o' Glasgow after a Lammas flood; wi' the juice o' a' the leemons that grew since the creation; and twa lumps o' sugar, the taen as big as the High Kirk, and the tither the size o' the Infirmary!" "Anan?" said the guide, astonished at this speech, of which he hardly understood one word; but the man from the Gorbals, wrapped in the magnificence of his thoughts, heeded him not, and, musing, took his way down the hill-side. On the side of this lake, which you first reach, the hill is barely high enough to keep in the waters, while, on the opposite side, it shoots up in a steep ascent to the summit of the mountain. The climbing here is rather terrific, as the least slip would send you rolling backwards into the deep lake below; but my head was so full of a little experiment I had in view, that I thought not of the danger. I had been mightily taken with that notable new discovery of the celebrated sixpenny philosopher, Brougham, which overturns the antiquated systems of such fellows as Kepler and Newton (whose discoveries formed a part of that "wisdom of our ancestors," which has been lately discovered to be all fudge,) and oversets the "ould" law of gravity, to the incalculable spread of useful knowledge, and the signal honour and glory of the new University. Now, in ascending Mangerton, I had been dreadfully pestered by a set of fellows, each of whom insisted on acting as guide to my honour, and, after many ineffectual efforts to dismiss them, I had changed my plan, and told them, that since no entreaties of mine could induce them to desist, as many might accompany me as chose. Meanwhile, I secretly

pleased myself with the thought of how cleverly I should outwit them. "Gravity," said I, extracting Brougham's treatise from my pocket, and reading therefrom, "gravity varies with the distance exactly in the proportion of the squares, lessening as the distance increases: at two miles from the earth, it is four times less than at one mile; at three miles, nine times less, and so forth." Very well, I continued, if, at one hundred yards high, these men weigh ten stone each, (and I am sure they were not more, for they were small light-limb'd fellows,) when we get up two hundred yards, that weight will be diminished in the ratio of one to four; and when we shall get eight hundred yards up the hill, which is near the top, their weight will be to ten stone each, but as one square is to eight square, that is, one to sixty-four; in short, they will be little more than two pounds a-piece. Here then was my scheme—the fresh mountain breeze made me feel as vigorous as ever I did in my life—So, thought I, I shall, on some pretence, range my guides in a row along the top of the mountain, at intervals of twelve paces, which will allow room for a tidy little run between each: then, taking my race, I shall give each, in succession, a kick so vigorous, that, as they will be then little heavier than so many blown bladders, I shall see them severally wafted down the hill, to at least half a mile from the point of impact, and I can get clear off at my leisure. On the brow of the hill then, over Satan's bowl of toddy as aforesaid, I ranged my men in order, and commenced operations; but, judge of my astonishment and dismay, when the first man, instead of floating swiftly down the hill-side, with an initial velocity proportionate to the impetus communicated by the lever power of my dexter toe, exhibited such an unphilosophical *vis inertiae*, as actually to withstand the shock, and collar me in an instant, demanding, with a volley of oaths, and in language somewhat of the

plainest, what the d—l I meant. The altercation soon turned the rest, who hastily inquired what was the matter. "The matter!" said he of the wounded seat, "I never got such a kick in my life; an' I'll take the law of him, so I will."

I never felt so convinced of the excellence of the metaphysical definition of solidity—it is, that resistance which we find in a body to the entrance of any other body into its place, until the former one has been removed. This resistance I had experienced to my cost; and it so completely overset my centre of gravity, that had not the fellow collared me so quickly, I should have been laid sprawling on my mother earth, floored by the equality of reaction to action; whereas I had expected but to beat the air. I looked as blank as a friar at a feast on a Friday; but as a man cannot have everything his own way in this world, like a bull in a china shop, I was fain to ascribe my proceeding to an occasional flightiness to which I was subject, and got off by tendering a golden remedy of sovereign efficacy for the sore place, and a full day's pay to all the rest. Then, muttering an anathema as mild as Doctor Slop's malediction on Obadiah, against all Jews, Whigs, atheists, lying philosophers, and other atrocious persons, I crept to the topmost summit of Mangerton.

Pardon, as Mr. Locke says, this little excursion into physics. The failure of my first essay in natural philosophy, left me in that frame of heavenly pensive contemplation best suited for relishing and appreciating the beauties of external nature; and now, indeed, a scene of inimitable grandeur burst upon my astonished sight. As I faced towards the east, I beheld a wide reach of the Atlantic, with the little islands, called the Blasquets, in the distance; farthest to my right the bays of Castlemaine and Dingle, with the hills above them, were visible on the southern horizon; while far upon my left, Bantry Bay was distinctly discerni-

ble; and more near me, in the same direction, the bay and river of Kenmare. Right beneath lay all the glories of Killarney—groups of mountains, richly wooded, dwindled into conical, or fantastically shaped hills from the height at which I stood, while sections of the different lakes stealing in amongst them in every direction, and reflecting the dancing sunbeams, gave light and effect down to the very base of every group. The whole scene more resembled one of "those painted clouds that beautify our days," and deck the sunny skies of imagination, than anything one is accustomed to in nature and reality. Then came a change—a thick mist suddenly spread itself over the valley, and soon, in volumed masses, came rolling up the mountain's side, with a fearful and astonishing rapidity, and then sweeping across the whole line of view, shut the scene, as though it were a curtain drawn by the hand of God across the face of his most glorious creation. One minute all was sparkling in the sun, the next enveloped everything in a cold wet cloud, which I distinctly saw rushing towards me, till it struck me in the face, and clothed me like a wet garment. Shortly afterwards came on a shower of sharp, hard, little hailstones, that penetrated like needle points, and soon it turned to a mixture of snow and sleet. Under this I wended my way along a mountain path that overhangs the Punch-Bowl and Gleana Cappul, or the Horse's Glyn. When the shower began to clear away, and the mist occasionally broke up, so as to transmit a gleam of light, it was almost fearful to look down the precipitous steep upon the sullen water, or the huge void of the deep glyn; while, from every jagged eminence, depended a fleece of fog, streaming like the torn banners from some castle's height, after the rush of the battle is over.

By the time I had slowly descended, with the assistance of the guide, to the bottom of the slippery and almost perpendicular bank, to the

level of the loch, the mist had passed away, and left only the fleecy rack careering with the wind; so that, after I had addressed myself with earnest diligence to my sandwiches, and repeated draughts of neat Hollands, I bounded down the mountain to Turk waterfall, with the vigour and agility of a native red deer; took the water at Glenah, and rowed across to Ross Castle, touching only at the island of Innisfallen, a delicious, quiet, little spot of soft green, and full of trees of Nature's own planting. The Abbey here has nothing to offend one, nor truly anything very much to interest either, though it be I know not how many ages older than that of Mucness. I must except one spot, to which the fair-haired gilly who showed the lions directed my attention in a manner rather to be imagined than described. The stone-wall was there

stripped of its ivy covering, and seared, evidently with the traces of recent fire; the scattered wood-ashes, too, on which the pensive eye of the lad rested, as his lip moistened, and his whole countenance assumed the pleasing melancholy cast of well-remembered pleasure—all, all betokened "that man had been here." "That, sir," said the lad, at length breaking silence, with a sigh of deep emotion, "that is the place where they brile the salmon wid branches of arbutus—just as they takes it out of the wather, they splits it, sir, and fixes it up wid arbutus skivers." "And is it excellent?" "D—l a bether in the nayslins."—(Nations.) Here was *food* for meditation! How idly do philosophers dispute whether man should be defined a rational, or a cooking animal! There needs but half an eye to see that the terms are synonymous.

HUTCHINSON'S HISTORY OF MASSACHUSETTS.*

EVERYBODY has heard or read the history of the war of independence in America; but an intimate knowledge of the causes which estranged our transatlantic colonies from the parent state, and of the various transformations through which dissatisfaction passed ere it became rebellion, is by no means common. Governor Hutchinson, the historian of the province of Massachusetts, and author of the work now before us, was a distinguished actor in those troubled scenes, which he has described with an able and apparently faithful pen, though, from various causes, he was unfavourable to the independence of America, and discovers a strong prejudice against many of the popular leaders. His character, however, both as a man and as an author, appears to be held in great estimation in the republic; and indeed, the present work, which may

be regarded as the third volume of his "History of Massachusetts," seems to have been published in consequence of the pressing entreaties of several citizens of the United States. To show the opinion entertained of Governor Hutchinson in America, and the value set upon his literary productions, we shall select from the editor's preface what may be regarded as the history of the publication, convinced that whoever is likely to feel an interest in the work will be pleased with learning to whose exertions and care he owes it.

"The appearance of a work fifty years after being completed for the press, renders it necessary to explain both the occasion of the delay, and the grounds on which it is still deemed suitable for publication. When the government of England had acquiesced in the dismemberment of the empire, the editor's venerated

* The History of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, from 1749 to 1774, comprising a detailed Narrative of the Origin and Early Stages of the American Revolution. By Thomas Hutchinson, Esq. LL.D., formerly Governor of the Province. Edited from the Author's MS. by his Grandson, the Rev. John Hutchinson, M.A. London, 1828. Murray.

uncle and father resisted every inducement to give to the public the following pages, at a time when they were eagerly sought, lest the publication of such a work, on their part, should, notwithstanding its unimbittered tone, have a tendency to deepen discordant feelings between countries, finally separated, indeed, as parent and colony, but reallied, as independent powers, by the treaty of peace in 1783. Such, in fact, had been Governor Hutchinson's own reluctance to give personal offence, that, though he wrote his work five or six years before the treaty, which he did not survive to witness, yet, when about to describe the characters of some of the leading revolutionists, he left a discretionary power with his representatives, of introducing or omitting the passage (page 293—298,) having prefaced it with the words; 'Here insert as follows, if thought proper.' A vote, however, of the Massachusetts Historical Society, passed in 1818, to solicit the immediate appearance of this work; and the earnest applications of literary gentlemen in America, which were forwarded, with the vote, to the editor's father, furnished decisive evidence that the lapse of years had thrown the events of the revolutionary period sufficiently into distance, to put an end to the only important obstacle to publication. Subsequent delay has been merely accidental.

"Conjointly with the removal of the principal impediment, fresh inducement to publish presented itself: for the communications from America, whilst they clearly evinced that political excitement was at an end, bore also the strongest testimony to the high estimation in which the author was held, as the historian of his native country. In proof of this, the vote alluded to is here introduced.

"At a meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society,

"October 29, 1818.

"Voted, That the President be desired, in the name of the Society, to make application to Elisha Hutch-

inson, Esq., of Birmingham, and other descendants and representatives of the late Thomas Hutchinson, Esq., formerly Governor of Massachusetts Bay, to obtain the continuation, or unpublished part, of his History, and to express the sense of the Society on the great value of that work, and the desire of the community on this side of the Atlantic to enjoy the complete labours of that distinguished antiquary.

"Attest. CHA. LOWELL,

"Recording Secretary.

"The President of the Historical Society, Judge Davis, in forwarding the above vote, also expressed his own sentiments in a letter to Mr. H.

"This letter was accompanied by another, from the former President of the Society, Christopher Gore, Esq., LL.D. containing a similar request.

"On the same occasion, the Rev. John Thornton Kirkland, D.D., President of Harvard College, Cambridge, addressed a letter to the editor's father, who graduated in that University in 1762.

"These testimonies, proceeding from men whose sentiments on the leading subject of this volume are naturally much at variance with those of its author, taken in connexion with the circumstance, that the literary zeal of an individual member of the Historical Society, James Savage, Esq., of Boston, has secured the private circulation of five hundred copies of the present edition in America, will, it is hoped, add interest to the work, in the eyes of that portion of English readers, whose favourable regard is especially solicited." pref. p. v.—x.

The historian commences his historical gallery of portraits with Mr. Bowdoin. Next come the portraits of Mr. Samuel Adams and Mr. Hawley; and those of Mr. John Adams and Mr. Hancock close the list.

We have only room to extract from this work the following curious account of the trial of a man at Boston, for piracy.

"The trial of a person for piracy,

committed upon the high seas properly, though at but a few leagues distance from Boston, deserves to be mentioned; if for no other reason, for the unparalleled cruelty and inhumanity of the fact; but there were, besides, circumstances attending the prosecution and trial, which show the prejudices of party in a very strong light.

"In the autumn of 1772, the crew of a small fishing schooner, and one passenger in her, sailed from Boston, bound to Chatham, a harbour on the back of Cape Cod. The next morning she was discovered between the harbour and the island of Nantucket, having nobody on board but the passenger, who made a signal of distress, and who gave an account, that, after leaving Boston, the vessel was boarded in the evening by a large boat, rowed with twelve oars, which came from an armed schooner lying to at a distance; that the boat's crew had murdered the whole company of the fishing vessel, consisting of three men and a boy, had plundered the vessel, and then left her, with her helm lashed, and her sails standing, and properly trimmed; that the passenger, supposing it to be a boat from one of the king's schooners, and that he should be impressed, had concealed himself, by hanging by his hands over the taffarel, and that, when the boat left the fishing vessel, he returned within board, and, as soon as the large schooner was out of sight, made sail and stood out to sea. There was much blood upon deck, and traces of blood which had run out at the scuppers, and marks of plunder, by broken boxes, stove casks, &c. The fishing vessel being carried into harbour, the passenger was examined by a justice of peace, who gave so much credit to his story as to suffer him to go at large, but thought it necessary to send a copy of his examination to the governor at Boston. Some were ready enough to charge the piracy and murder to a king's schooner, then expected from Rhode Island, and it was suggested that the crew might have risen upon the com-

mander and officers, and have become pirates. The admiral thought fit to send out one of the king's ships to cruise, which returned in eight or ten days without any discovery. Every part of the passenger's account appeared to the governor incredible, and, as a commissioner for the trial of piracies, &c. he issued a warrant to apprehend him, and bring him to Boston, and, after examination, committed him to prison for trial. A special court of vice-admiralty was soon after held in Boston, at which the prisoner was brought upon trial for the murder of the persons who, as was proved upon the fullest evidence, sailed in the vessel with him from Boston; but the counsel for the prisoner moving for further time, and urging that intelligence might probably be obtained of a pirate schooner having been in the bay, and it appearing that a large armed schooner sailed from Boston, bound to the coast of Guinea, at the same time with the fishing vessel, the court thought proper to adjourn the trial for six months.

"Before this time expired, the governor had received from the secretary of state the opinion of the attorney and solicitor-general, taken ten years before, upon the construction of the statute of king William for trial of piracies, &c. in America. And although jurisdiction was given in piracies, robberies, and other 'felonies,' yet, according to this opinion, murder, being a 'felony' of a higher nature than piracy, was not a 'felony' intended by the statute. It therefore became necessary to send the prisoner to England for trial there; or to try him in America for the 'piracy' only; or, otherwise, to discharge him. It was not practicable to have the evidence in England, necessary to conviction. He was therefore charged with the piracy only; but the advocate-general having set forth, in the libel, the murder of the four persons on board, as perpetrated by him in order to the piratical taking and carrying away of the vessel and goods—the offence for

which he was brought upon trial,—four of the eight judges who constituted the court, were of opinion that the crimes of murder and piracy were so blended together in the libel, as that, by convicting the prisoner of the one, they must convict him of the other also: the president and three other judges were of a contrary opinion, but not being the majority of the court, the prisoner escaped the punishment due to murder, greatly aggravated by circumstances attending it, three of the persons being near relations of the prisoner, and the other a boy, who seemed to have been killed, only to prevent discovery; the temptation to the act being the obtaining of the money which the crew had received at Boston, for the earnings of their vessel the year preceding.

“In common times, where there are violent marks of guilt of so horrid a crime, there is danger of prejudice so strong as not to admit of the weight justly due to circumstances which might tend to favour the person charged with being the perpetrator; but the prejudice arising from civil discord seems to predominate over all other prejudices to which the mind of man is liable.

“From the first knowledge of the account given by the prisoner, that the crew of a boat from a large schooner had committed the act,

some of the heads of the sons of liberty took part with him, and professed to make no doubt of its being a man of war schooner; and the governor was charged in the public prints with too critical and severe an examination of the prisoner, whose innocence, it was said, would appear. He was often visited in prison by some of the most active persons in opposition; and the people were taught, that, although pirates had been tried by a special court of admiralty, in this and other colonies, for fourscore years together, they had, nevertheless, been all this time deprived of the rights of Englishmen, a trial by jury, and brought upon trial before a court consisting wholly of crown officers, and many of them employed in the colonies for unconstitutional and oppressive purposes. And there was too great an appearance of a pleasing satisfaction, from the prisoner's having escaped punishment of a murder, which may be ranked among the most atrocious ever committed.” p. 417—422.

In conclusion, we recommend the “History of Massachusetts Bay” to every person in England and America, who feels an interest in the cause of Freedom, convinced that, whatever may have been the opinions of the writer, the work cannot fail to be productive of unmixed good.

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

MY child, my child, how couldst thou fade
Beneath a mother's smile?
Oh, God! that death should even make
Its pageantry beguile!

Like dew upon the withering flower
I mark'd the hectic bloom,
Yet never dreamt there dwelt beneath
A summons to the tomb.

Oh no, such radiance in those eyes,
Such brightness seem'd to blaze,
One moment—then the livid hue
Of death's sepulchral gaze!

I might have seen, I might have felt
The warning sent from Heaven—
I might have known such brightness ne'er
To earthly-born was given.

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I might have mark'd in beauty's height
The feverish accents spoken;
But who, when sweetly sounds the harp,
Could guess its strings were broken?

I might have known, I might have felt,
How frail each fleeting dream,
The flower once cropp'd can ne'er survive,
Though freshen'd by the stream.

But oh! I never would believe,
What some had dared to tell,
I would not think those smiling lips
Could utter one farewell!

And oh! my child, years, years have flown,
And life's decay is mine,
And many a sun hath bow'd beneath
Affection's hallow'd shrine.

Yet still, when blithest soars the song
From freedom's festive bower,
I ever hear the knell, the grief
Of thy sad funeral hour!

Of thy sad funeral hour! my child!
When every hope had flown:
Now every breeze but sadly brings
The thought, that I'm alone.

And oft alone, in eve's sweet calm,
With raptured gaze on high,
I think in each warm cloud I may
Thy fleeting form descry.

But no! ah no, I gaze in vain,
Where mortal eyes intrude,
Then turn away to drop the tear
In utter solitude!

THE DREAMER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

There is no such thing as *forgetting* possible to the mind; a thousand accidents may, and will, interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions on the mind; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains for ever.—*English Opium-eater.*

Rest from thy griefs!—thou art sleeping now;
The moonlight's peace is upon thy brow:
All the deep love that o'erflows thy breast
Lies, 'midst the hush of thy heart, at rest;
Like the scent of a flower in its folded bell,
When Eve through the woodlands hath sighed farewell.

Rest!—the sad memories that through the day
With a weight on thy lonely bosom lay;
The sudden thoughts of the changed and dead,
That bowed thee, as winds bow the willow's head;
The yearnings for voices and faces gone;—
All are forgotten! Sleep on—sleep on!

Are they forgotten? It is not so!
Slumber divides not our hearts from their woe;
E'en now o'er thine aspect swift changes pass,
Like lights and shades over wavy grass:
Tremblest thou, Dreamer? O Love and Grief!
Ye have storms that shake e'en the closed-up leaf!

On thy parted lips there's a quivering thrill,
As on a lyre ere its chords are still;
On the long silk lashes that fringe thine eye
There's a large tear gathering heavily;
A rain from the clouds of thy spirit press'd!—
Sorrowful Dreamer! this is not rest.

It is Thought, at work amidst busied hours;
It is Love, keeping vigil o'er perished flowers.
—Oh! we bear within us mysterious things,
Of memory and anguish unfathomed springs,
And passion, those gulfs of the heart to fill
With bitter waves, which it ne'er may still!

Well might we pause ere we gave them sway,
Flinging the peace of our couch away!
Well might we look on our souls in fear;
They find no fount of oblivion here!
They forget not, the mantle of sleep beneath—
How know we, if under the wings of Death?

FASHIONABLE VISITING.

THERE is nothing in the world more wonderful than the pains which people take to make themselves uncomfortable. The desire displays itself in a thousand ways, in the stiff stocks and tight boots of the gentlemen, and in the still tighter stays of the ladies. But in no instance is this strange passion more conspicuous than in the VISITING

SYSTEM of modern times. A man marries, and takes a comfortable house in Spring Gardens,—one would suppose his object was to live there quietly and happily—to devote his mornings to the occupations which require his attention—to take a walk through the parks before dinner, and to spend the evening quietly and tranquilly at home. Nothing of the kind. He has scarcely lived long enough in his new habitation to find the way out of the drawing-room in the dark, when his lady thus addresses him—“I think, my dear Frederick, that it is quite time for us to see some of our friends : we shall really be reckoned quite rude. I met my old Irish friend, Lady Killcomfort, yesterday in the Park, and she complained that she had seen nothing of us since we came to town. My cousins, the B——’s, too, are staying in Harley-street, and we must really have them. Then I told Capt. and Mrs. Tattleton, whom we met at the Opera on Saturday, that I hoped very soon to see them in Spring Gardens. Shall I send out a few cards ?”

The unfortunate object of this address, of course, grants an immediate assent ; and on that day three weeks Mrs. —— is “at home” to one hundred and fifty of her friends. The fatal war of extermination (the extermination of all domestic tranquillity,) is now commenced. In revenge for dragging them from their peaceful homes, and exposing them to the suffocation of your crowded rooms, the parties injured invite you in return, and compel you (deserting the comfortable sofa, by your own fire-side,) to go through the same dreadful process. Engagement succeeds engagement, till, in the height of the season, the system reaches its climax. “Would you like, my love,” says the dispirited husband, “to visit the country for a week or two : suppose we set off on Monday ?” “I should like it very well ; but I fear our engagements will not permit it.” “I thought,” replies the sighing husband, “that we had no engagements for next week.” “Indeed, I fear you

are mistaken. On Monday we dine with General D’Escalade ; on Tuesday, I have promised Amelia to take her to the Opera ; on Wednesday, Lady Killcomfort gives her fancy-ball, (you know you said I should go as Psyche, Frederick) ; on Thursday, we are invited to a concert at Lord Braham’s ; and, on Friday, you know, my dear Frederick, you consented that I should give my first ball.” “Did I, my Caroline ?” murmurs the languid, loving husband : “well, I suppose we must defer our visit to the country.”

The week passes on—the General’s dinner is superb—Amelia is delighted with Medea—Psyche looks more lovely than her beautiful prototype—Lord Braham exceeds himself, and even “the ancients” burn with envy—and at last arrives the eventful day of the “first ball.”

Annoyed with the sound of hammers, and the perpetual tramp of upholsterers and their assistants, the wretched master of the house (if, indeed, he can any longer be so called,) quits the little study in which he had taken refuge, and saunters through the town for want of a home. He returns to dinner : he walks into the drawing-rooms ; they are denuded of their carpets, and two of Greensill’s men are fixing a magnificent chandelier. He seeks the dining-room ; it is filled with horse-shoe tables, and a splendid cold supper. He asks where he is to dine, and is told there is some cold meat in the servants’-hall. He retreats into his little study : his books are covered with crimson drapery, and the scholar’s peaceful habitation is converted into a *firting-room*, hung round with a hundred pretty prints of “the Proposal,” “the Acceptance,” “the Love-Letter,” and “the Forsaken.” The hour arrives, and the crowds assemble. People whom he has half seen, and whom he has never seen, fill his rooms till they overflow into the gallery, and cluster on the stairs. The torrent increases, and the terrified husband seeks his wife. “My dear love,” he whispers, “how many peo-

ple do you expect? Our rooms are quite full already." "To tell you the truth," she replies, "I have invited three hundred, expecting that only two-thirds of them would come; but I declare I think they are all here already. But never mind, my dear Frederick, it is going off very well.—Count Altenberg! I am very glad to see you. My dear Mrs. Percy, how do you do? When did you leave the Hills? Mr. Alfred Percy has just passed. When did you hear from Capt. Percy? We expect Lady Jane Greville to-night; but I have not yet seen her." Delighted and delightful, the lady of the house thus shines with undiminished brilliancy through the evening, while her unfortunate husband is sighing at the recollection of his formerly peaceful hearth.

Oh the misery of a great dinner! Having survived the dreadful interval between your first arrival, and "dinner is on the table," you are desired to hand the Dowager Lady O'Flaherty down stairs. Seated between her Ladyship and the senior Alderman of Farringdon Without, what a situation is yours! As you sit down the dreadful conviction flashes across your mind, that you are imprisoned, without the slightest chance of being let out on bail, for the full term of four hours. In vain do you direct your attention and conversation to the Dowager Lady O'Flaherty. There is no sympathy between you—no "common of talk"—no "debateable land." You have never visited Ballyslattery; to you the Phoenix Park is a mere sound; and even Merrion-square conveys not the definite ideas of magnificence, with which her ladyship desires to impress you. On your other side, the prospect is still darker. Before you have exchanged five words with the Alderman, you are involved in the history of the new "Joint-stock Carrion Company," and you suspect, with horror, that you are seated next to a member of Butchers' Hall. Having impartially bestowed your common-places on your right hand and on

your left, there is no other refuge than silence, and in sulky taciturnity, you "cram and blaspheme your feeder." With what feelings of bitter regret do you think upon the fried sole and boiled leg of mutton of yesterday, which you enjoyed in the freedom and obscurity of your own little dining-room, far—far removed from all dowagers and aldermen! What inward vows do you make, that, when once released from your present odious thralldom, you will never in future subject yourself to it again. But no; the world will have its martyrs; fresh invitations are given and accepted, and the hateful system is continued to the last.

Surely, in no country was that system ever carried to such a ruinous excess as in ours. We are never satisfied unless we entertain, in a handsomer manner than our neighbours, and find at our tables, persons in whom it is a condescension to appear there. "Men would be angels, angels would be gods." Mr. A. rests not till Sir B. C. promises to dine with him; and Sir B. C. insists upon entertaining Lord D. His Lordship is uneasy till the Duke of E. pays him his long-promised Christmas visit; and his Grace of E., in the last resort, petitions for the countenance of royalty. For distinctions like these will people sacrifice their time, and their money, and their independence, led on by the powerful passion of making themselves uncomfortable.

What should a sensible man do? Take the oath of abjuration. Abjure, renounce, deny, and detest, as utterly abominable and uncomfortable, all great dinners, evening parties, routs, riots, and other unlawful assemblies. When he wants to see his friends at his own house, let him invite a party of four, or (at most) of six, to dinner. If he wishes to see his friends at *their* houses, let him make them do the same. Let him never permit his wife to be "at home," for she is "never less at home, than when at home." Let him pay off Cliftonier and Squab, the upholsterers. Let him cut Lady

Killcomfort, and retreat before the advances of General D'Escalade. So shall he never find his drawing-rooms uncarpeted, his dining-tables covered with a cold supper, or his study filled with flirtations.

VARIETIES.

CORSICAN HONOUR.

A SINGULAR circumstance has lately taken place in the Island of Corsica, which strongly indicates the character of the ruder inhabitants of the island. Two soldiers of a French regiment, stationed at Ajaccio, having deserted, their Colonel, in pursuing the pleasure *de la chasse*, met with one of the mountain shepherds, who acquainted him with the spot where the two soldiers had sought a retreat. The man was immediately rewarded for this intelligence by a gift of four Louis, and the colonel despatched a party in search of the delinquents, who were apprehended, conducted to headquarters, and tried by a court-martial, and condemned to death. The relations of the shepherd becoming acquainted with the circumstance, assembled, and pronounced that he had for ever dishonoured his family by receiving the price of blood; they seized and bound him, and, on the day and hour when the unfortunate soldiers were shot at Ajaccio, the same death was inflicted by them on the shepherd. After the execution of the two military offenders, a priest (who had been obliged by the mountaineers to confess and shrive the shepherd, prior to his quitting the world) appeared upon the parade, and returned to the colonel the four Louis, in acquainting him of the mode adopted by those who had employed him to avenge their injured honour.

THE BLIND BOOKSELLER OF AUGSBOURG.

Perhaps one of the greatest curiosities in the city of Augsburg is a bookseller, of the name of Wimprecht, who had the misfortune to be born blind, but whose enterprising spirit has enabled him to struggle success-

fully against the melancholy privations he was doomed to sustain, and to procure, by his industry and intelligence, a respectable and comfortable support for a large family dependent upon him. His library consists of more than eight thousand volumes, which are, of course, frequently subject to change and renewal; but, as soon as he acquires a new stock, the particulars of each book are read to him by his wife, and his discrimination permits him to fix its value; his touch, to recognise it at any period, however distant; and his memory never fails him in regard to its arrangement in his shop. His readiness to oblige, his honesty, and information on books in general, have procured him a large custom; and, under such extraordinary natural disadvantages, he has become a useful, and haply will render himself a wealthy member of the society to which he belongs.

MUSTACHES.

The Duke of Cumberland's order to his regiment of horse-guards to stain their mustaches of a prescribed and uniform colour, has revived in the convivial parties of that corps, the brave Wolfe's favourite song:—

“Why, soldiers, why
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Whose business is to dye!”

THE EARWIG.

The name of this insect, in most European languages, has given it a character which causes a feeling of alarm even at the sight of it. Whether or not they ever did enter the human ear is doubtful—that they might endeavour to do so under the influence of fear, is very probable; and this, perhaps, has been the origin of their name, and the universal preju-

dice against them. As it is said that anatomists deny the possibility of their deep or dangerous entrance into the ear, it is a pity that this is not generally known, as it might defend the constitutionally timid from unnecessary alarm, and give a more favourable idea of a part of animal creation, which forms a most necessary link in the chain of being.

CAMILLUS AND THE GAULS.

The romantic story of Camillus coming up and defeating the Gauls, as they were receiving the ransom gold of Rome, is now regarded as a tale void of foundation; but more modern times have seen a deed which strongly resembles, and yet exceeds it. About the year 1000, sixty Norman knights were on their return from a pilgrimage to St. Michael of Gargans, and they happened to arrive at Salerno just at the time when that town, closely pressed by an army of Arabs, had purchased their retreat with a sum of money. They found the inhabitants engaged in collecting the price of their ransom, and the army of the Musulmauns devoid of apprehension. This troop of knights, aided by the most courageous of the inhabitants, took advantage of the dark to fall on the camp of the enemy, and put to the route the 15,000 Arabs whom it contained. The Duke of Salerno wished to reward his deliverers, but they, magnanimous as brave, refused all honours and all recompense.

MR. THOMAS PARK.

The death of this African traveller, the son of Mungo Park, having been attributed to poison, administered by the priests, in revenge for his interference with some religious ceremony of the natives—a gentleman of Selkirk (the residence of his family and friends) has addressed a letter to the *Edinburgh Journal*, in which he rescues the memory of young Park from the imputation of this imprudence, and states that he died on the 31st of October, of the yellow fever, after an illness of nine days,

during which, Akitto, the king of Aquambo, treated him with the greatest kindness. His papers and effects had been sent to Captain Fry, the commandant of Accra, and have arrived in England by the *Esk*.

TRANSFUSION.

Some successful experiments are now making, by a gentleman in Herefordshire, with the view of preserving valuable fruit-trees from decay, by planting young trees in the vicinity, and transfusing the sap of the young plants through the bark of the decaying tree, and thus uniting the circulation of both.

CURE FOR THE SMALLPOX.

At a meeting of the French Royal Academy of Medicine, M. Valpean read an essay to prove that if the pustules in this disease be cauterized within two days after the eruption, they die away entirely, and if even later, their duration is abridged, and no traces of them are left. The caustic which he used, was a solution of nitrate of silver, into which he dipped a probe, with which he pierced the centre of each pustule; this remedy he had tried in numerous cases with a very good effect.

LIVERY SEIZIN.

Two men of the village of Burney, in the department of the Loire, had very recently a dispute on their respective rights to a small piece of marshy ground; one claiming a moiety, the other totality. Two *experts* were summoned, and the litigants argued their respective claims with the utmost energy. He who demanded a half, was a grenadier; while the other was of a middling stature; but, notwithstanding the latter's disparity in point of size, his tongue was far the more active of the two. The grenadier at last, vexed and wearied with the discussion, exclaimed, taking his opponent in his arms, "If you will have it, take it;" at the same time, putting him in possession, by lodging him up to his neck in the bog, where he left him to speculate

at his leisure on the *nature* of his *property*, and profit by his lesson in this novel practice of the law. Preston surely could not have made a more effectual *conveyance of the soil*.

LA FAYETTE.

While La Fayette was lying recently on a sick bed, and supposed by his physicians to be asleep, one of the latter observed to a colleague, "that the Parisians were all furnishing themselves with the uniform of the National Guards to attend his funeral." La Fayette was, however, awake, and turning to them, observed, "*Au moins l'on ne m'accusera pas d'être de cette conspiration.*"

LORD NELSON'S NIGHT-CAP.

Dr. Burney, who wrote the celebrated anagram on Lord Nelson, after his victory of the Nile, "*Honor est a Nilo*," (Horatio Nelson,) was shortly after on a visit to his lordship, at his beautiful villa, at Merton. From his usual absence of mind, he forgot to put a night-cap into his portmanteau, and consequently, borrowed one from his lordship. Previously to his retiring to rest, he sat down to study, as was his common practice, and was shortly after alarmed by finding the cap in flames; he immediately collected the burnt remains, and returned them to his lordship, with the following lines:—

"Take your night-cap again, my good lord, I desire,
I would not detain it a minute;
What belongs to a Nelson, wherever there's fire,
Is sure to be instantly in it."

BOMBAST: MORE OR LESS.

The French Minister of Marine, M. Hyde de Neuville, presented the other day to the Chamber of Deputies a bill for granting a pension of 60*l.* per annum to Mlle. Bisson, the sister of Lieutenant Bisson, who blew up his vessel to prevent her being taken by the Greek pirates. After a florid, poetical speech, in which he described fifteen Frenchmen combating one hundred and thirty Greeks, he added, "the superiority of num-

bers alone decided the fate of the day. The brave Bisson had prepared every thing: he escaped from the fight, said, 'Adieu, pilot, it is time to finish:' he put a match to the powder; the sacrifice is consummated; and France counts a hero the *more*!" One would have fancied that the hero being killed, made a hero the less.

FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

The funeral ceremonies of the Sereres, an African tribe, are singular. The corpse being seated, and richly attired, is thus addressed by a relation: "Why will you leave us? Have we not among us every thing that you could wish for? Who is the sorcerer, the enemy, who has destroyed you?" Another person, placed behind the corpse, civilly answers for it, that it merely desires to be buried. Exclamations of grief then commence; but as soon as the body is interred, joy succeeds; the persons present sing and dance, and the *fete* lasts for nine days.

RETURN OF COMETS.

Were the astronomical doctrine of comets correct, we should be no less certain of the return of any particular comet, than of the revolution of any particular planet. The orbits of comets are mathematically calculated, and their returns are confidently predicted; yet the fact is certain, that out of above 500 comets recorded to have appeared, not more than two or three are supposed to have returned regularly; we say *supposed*, for, even when a comet has appeared *nearly* at the time astronomically foretold, it has not been satisfactorily proved, in any case, to be the identical comet expected. Professor Encke, indeed, has determined the orbit of what he designates a comet, which returns in three years, and has already been seen twice, if not three times; but we are inclined to suspect, that Encke's comet has more affinity to the planets Ceres, Juno, Pallas, and Vesta, than to the comets hitherto observed.

LONDON BRIDGE.

The following is an account of the number of vehicles which passed over London bridge on the days specified :—

On Friday, May 16th, 1828.

From the Borough to the City.

* Carts and wagons	2,260
† Coaches, &c.	826
	<hr/>
	3,086

From the City to the Borough.

* Carts and wagons	2,407
† Coaches, &c.	897
	<hr/>
	3,304
	<hr/>
	3,086

Total 6,390

Saturday, May 17th, 1828.

From the Borough to the City.

* Carts and wagons	2,253
† Coaches, &c.	1,063
	<hr/>
	3,321

From the City to the Borough.

* Carts and wagons	2,510
† Coaches, &c.	710
	<hr/>
	3,220
	<hr/>
	3,321

Total 6,541

This account was taken with great care, to be laid before the Lords of the Treasury.

CURIOUS BIRD.

A bird called the *emu*, frequently weighing 100 lb. is hunted by the settlers of New South Wales for the sake of its oil. Its taste, when cooked, more resembles beef than fowl.

POPULATION OF GREAT BRITAIN.

The population of Great Britain, from data afforded by the three decennial enumerations of 1801, 1811, and 1821, may be safely taken to have increased at the rate of 200,000 in each year from 1815 to 1827, or in the period since the peace, to the amount of 2,400,000.

COFFEE.

It was owing in some measure to a distinguished French botanist, that we are so abundantly furnished with the coffee berry. Two plants were, under his care, taken to the West Indies, from the botanic gardens at Paris, but on the voyage the supply of water became nearly exhausted; this person was so anxious to preserve the plants that he deprived himself of his allowance in order to water the coffee-plants. From these two, all the coffee grown in the West Indies has sprung. Formerly, coffee could only be got at a great expense from Mocha in Arabia.

PRIDE.

A German lord left orders in his will not to be interred, but that he might be enclosed upright in a pillar, which he had ordered to be hollowed and fastened to a post in the parish, in order to prevent any peasant or slave from walking over his body.

NEW WORKS.

The *Puffiad*; a Satire, by Robert Montgomery, author of the *Omnipresence of the Deity*, is just published.

Notions of the Americans, by Mr. Cooper, the admired novelist, will appear immediately. In this work, a genuine picture of American life and manners will be given, which, it is supposed, will have the effect of counteracting some of the superficial and erroneous accounts of recent English travellers.

The *Bride*, a Tragedy, from the pen of Joanna Baillie, the celebrated dramatic poetess, will speedily be published.

Mr. Aglio, who has travelled over the greater parts of Europe, for the purpose of collecting the manuscripts of ancient Mexico, is on the eve of publishing the fruits of his researches. The work will be illustrated by a copious text, and by several lithographic drawings of various Mexican monuments.

* Including vans and other vehicles for merchandise, drawn by horses.

† Including chaises, stage-coaches, and other vehicles for passengers.

SPIRIT

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[VOL. 9, N. S.]

ANTHROPOLOGY.

“ O what a miracle to man is man !
How poor, how rich, how abject, how august !
A worm, a' God.”

SURELY in the whole compass of creation there are no two things so like or so unlike as man is to man. Similar wants and infirmities, similar hopes and prospects, a common origin and a common end, would seem to imply a similarity in the feelings and desires of our minds, while our having, in most instances, two eyes, a nose, and a mouth furnished with four parallel upper fore-teeth, our walking erect on our hinder paws, and being unprovided with a tail, would appear to constitute strong personal resemblance. Yet extrinsic and accidental circumstances operate so powerfully upon both our bodies and our minds, that an elephant and a humming-bird, an ostrich and a cuttle-fish, are scarcely more different in their appearance, their haunts, tastes, and employments, than thousands of the human race are to each other. We generalize too much in our language, we call any thing a nose which is set in the middle of the face, and has two apertures in it, without considering that a little, almost invisible dot of flesh, and a symmetrical arch rising high and conspicuous, are very different things ; and if we contend for similarity of name on account of similarity of use, we ought to remember that some noses cannot distinguish hyacinths from asafœtida, while others are affected agreeably by the

breezes that have passed over a distant tuft of violets, and instantly detect the existence of the slightest particle of offensive matter ; that some nasal organs, again, receive daily with snuffling eagerness and delight ounces of Irish Blackguard or Harding's thirty-seven, while the passage of an open *tabatiere*, along the opposite side of a table, will set others in an agony of sternutation. It is the same with our other features, the same with the sums total of our frames,—it is education and habit, not reason and observation, which persuade us to call every one we meet by the same specific appellation ; the noble faculty of comparing and judging, if properly used, would lead to very different results ; and if our zoologists had not been blinded by early prejudices, they would have divided the human race into as many genera as are attributed to birds and fish, and not applied the sweeping term *Homo* alike to the sparrows and eagles, the salmon and flounders of our kind.

Walking a few evenings since through one of the most eastern streets of the western world, in my progress towards the regions of trade, riches, and vulgarity, an equipage distinguished by splendid trappings and smart attendants, and by the leafy symbol of high nobility placed above most illustrious arms, rattled

past me with a truly aristocratical air. Within it sat a lovely creature in that highly-privileged, short-lived period of female existence when girlhood and womanhood form a partnership of charms, and

"Summer's matron day
Wears thy rich virgin hues, delicious May!"

There are scenes and countenances at which a single glance appears sufficient to insure their recollection, and which, either from their own peculiar attractions, or the state of the spectator's mind at the moment, imprint themselves instantaneously and indelibly on the memory, and hold their place when more familiar objects have faded into indistinctness or oblivion. Such was the beautiful being who passed like a fair vision, but left a pleasing remembrance behind,

"Like silvery moonbeams on the nighted deep
When Heaven's blest sun is gone."

She was drawing on one of her gloves, and my eye rested for a moment on her white and polished arm, encircled by a bracelet of precious stones; I saw the graceful bend of her slender, snowy throat, the fresh bloom of her cheeks,

"Painted, 'tis true, by the same hand that
throws
It's brilliant colours on the blushing rose,"—

the pure gloss of her light ringlets, from which all dust and tarnish seemed banished by irreversible decree; above all, I remarked that noble port, that indefinable expression of native dignity, which told of a long line of high-born fathers, and of mothers chosen from the fairest of the land. This lovely apparition set my imagination in a glow; and most sincerely do I wish that every lady of my acquaintance could at that moment have read my thoughts. If ever, in an hour of spleen, I had been negligent and ungallant, ever too idle to dance, too preoccupied to admire, too reasonable to approve caprice, too sincere to praise imperfections, my present train of ideas would have furnished a *Palinodia* sufficiently ample to appease the

most unforgiving of her sex; that sex on which I was now showering every imaginable grace, on whose charms I was meditating with the rapturous veneration of a knight-errant. While wrapped in this gallant reverie, my soliloquy was suddenly interrupted by a violent push; and almost before I could raise my eyes to discover its cause, my ears were assailed by the loudest and grossest language, by imprecations and abuse too shocking to repeat. I looked up, and beheld—a woman. And what a woman! She had set down a tub of oysters, in order to place her arms in an attitude of defiance, and abuse at leisure the unlucky mortal whose ardent meditations on the attractions of her sex had occasioned him inadvertently to obstruct her progress. Those arms swelled and flaming, her countenance coarse and bloated and red with intoxication and anger, her triple chin, huge sinewy throat, and most unseemly neck, her swagging gait and dirty attire, her air of unshrinking daring, of vice, vulgarity, and wretchedness, produced a whole of almost terrific effect. I hurried on to escape the disgusting spectacle, and woman seemed to fall in a moment from the high pinnacle of honour on which my devotion had so lately placed her. She, to whom I had been attributing so many charms, whose very nature I had felt inclined to deify, and to whom all that was fair, and lovely, and gentle, seemed essential and necessary accompaniments, appeared now to be indebted to chance alone for her advantages; to be the sport of circumstances and accidents, a Helen or a Hecate, an angel or a demon, as these may happen to decide. Naturalists will tell us that the oyster-wench was only a variety of the fair sex, as a flower planted in a coarse soil loses the delicacy of its form and brilliancy of its colours; and will try to induce us to believe that the difference between the lovely daughter of nobility and the female fury from whose presence I had fled with loathing, was only pro-

duced by a dissimilar *habitat*. Yet this difference comprises every outward circumstance, every inward feeling,—not only language, appearance, clothing, food, abode, but the ideas, pleasures, and wishes of the one would be totally incomprehensible to the other ; the memory of one a gay bazaar of all that is bright and delicate, of fineries, fêtes, and pleasures, of elegant amusements and refined pursuits, of gentle sorrows soothed by tenderness, and fleeting cares dispersed by wealth and indulgence,—while the mind of the other must be a dark and fearful chaos of ignorance, wretchedness, and crime. Perhaps it would be nearly impossible to select a circumstance which would excite the smiles or tears of both these beings ; a viand which would be equally pleasing to both their palates. How would one shrink from raw onions and gin ! how insipid would the other find omelettes and Moselle ! How useless would it be to read Byron and Pope to the oyster-woman ! and with what horror would her fair sister close her offended ears to the ribaldry which convulsed the former with laughter ! Each, indeed, shrinks from pain, each eats to satisfy hunger, and drinks when she is dry ; but in these particulars there is no closer resemblance than exists between cows and sheep, and other animals to which distinct specific appellations are given on account of their wide dissimilarity in other respects. Surely in this age of precise classification, when genera in botany and entomology are divided and subdivided, on account of a notch in the leaf of a calyx, or an additional joint in an antenna, some steps will ere long be taken towards a more accurate arrangement of the human race. We must at first be contented with broad and conspicuous lines of separation, divisions comprehensive as the types of Cuvier ; but as the infant science gains strength, it will become gradually more precise, and the student in Anthropology, on returning from an entertainment, will be able to con-

vey to his absent friends the most lively and distinct idea of the company, will enumerate rapidly the various genera present, state which were the predominating species, and what varieties sat next him at dinner, or were his partners in a quadrille. Some few difficulties might be occasioned by the human animal consisting of both body and mind, and requiring in consequence two different classifications according to the constitution and qualities of each ; but these would be removed by time and practice, and the quick, experienced eye of a real lover of the study would soon learn to detect a curious species oppressed by the customs and *comme il faut* of fashionable life, with the same rapidity with which the botanist spies a rare plant half concealed among the coarse and tangled luxuriance of a hedge-row. Society, too, would probably be improved by this new science : a general ambition would be excited to assemble different species and curious varieties in our parties : it would no longer be the fashion for every one to do his utmost to look, speak, and think like the rest of the world ; and it would not be considered more absurd or tasteless to have nothing but cockles in your cabinet of shells, no flower but balsams in your green-house, or “*toujours perdrix*” for dinner, than to fill your rooms with only the flirts and coxcombs of the human race. In the beginning of the science many mistakes would be made, and much wrong classification occur from theameleon properties of mankind, which render the same individual to-morrow so unlike what he seemed to be yesterday. Take, for instance, our young Guardsmen, many of whom are to me inexplicable anomalies which baffle all previous calculation, make me doubt the axioms of the wise on the power of habit, and suspect that his delay at Cannæ had little influence on the fate of Hannibal. Behold their foppish dress, effeminate air, and affected manners ; see them loiter away the day in triding

pursuits, sit long and late at the most *recherché* dinner, discuss with fastidious criticism every foreign dish, spend half the night in simpering with pretty women, or yawning at the opera; their greatest excitation is found at the gaming-table, their deepest study in perusing a vapid novel. Is it possible to imagine a mode of life more likely to generate effeminacy and cowardice, to make a Sybarite of Mars himself! Yet let a war arise, and send these perfumed fops to join our armies, they shoot at one start from puppies into heroes; hardships are unheeded, dangers courted, death despised; they are ready to march all day and watch all night; they sleep where and when they can, feed like dogs, fight like devils. I remember to have seen a colonel of the Guards, perhaps the most complete specimen of a fop who ever existed, a few hours after he had landed at Portsmouth on his return from the battle of Corunna; and young and inexperienced as I then was, nothing could exceed my astonishment at the unaffected carelessness with which he spoke of all he had done and suffered; his easy unconcern under the most unusual accompaniments of a torn shirt, a soiled coat, and dishevelled hair, and his complete transformation from an affected, delicate, scented coxcomb, whom it was impossible not to despise, into a hardy, undaunted, daring soldier, whom I was compelled to admire and respect. A few months afterwards I saw him again completely restored to his former self, but I could not again enjoy the satisfaction of unhesitating and supreme contempt, nor have I ever since then met in society any of his brethren in arms, and in folly, without thinking it likely that, in the midst of their grimaces and absurdities, they might suddenly choose to throw off their monkey disguise, and turn into men. Specimens of this description would doubtless puzzle our natural philosophers, but uncertainties of the same kind are to be

found in all departments of Zoology; the hen-pheasant will occasionally assume the plumage of the male; the maggot, from which in ordinary states of the bee-republic a common worker would proceed, will, in seasons of difficulty, produce a queen, and from the chrysalis out of which we expected to see a timid moth emerge, will sometimes fly a fierce and cannibal Ichneumon.

Other difficulties would arise to the Anthropologist from the more permanent but scarcely less surprising changes which time and society produce in our minds, dispositions, habits, and opinions. When we have "skipped from sixteen years to sixty, and turned our leaping-time into a crutch," it is not upon our persons only that time has exercised its influence, and a looking-glass for the mind would reflect far greater dissimilarity in character and feelings than in complexion and feature. Some would shrink from and loathe the mental image of their youth, while others would have reason to regret that its warm affections, its open-hearted confidence, its open-handed generosity had fled, and that no maturer virtues had taken their place. One would look in vain for the fruit so fondly prophesied by those who had seen with delight that "the blossom of all manly virtues made his boyhood beautiful," and another would perceive that the licentiousness and selfishness which had once been excused to himself and the world, by sprightliness and good-humour, had outlived the gay foliage by which they had formerly been decked and disguised, and that

"All that gave gloss to sin, all gay
Light folly pass'd with youth away,
And rooted stood in manhood's hour,
The weeds of vice without their flower."

Here too would be a deep and curious study for the admirer of our new science, and, in conjunction with the phrenologist, he might hope, by patient investigation and repeated experiments, to discover not only the present disposition and character of his fellow-mortals, but the em-

bryo, and as yet undeveloped traits which time will eventually unfold, as the botanist foresees the poisonous fruit which some fair flower will produce, or the entomologist glories in the radiant butterfly, while its beauties are still concealed within the dull unsightly chrysalis. Then, indeed, would Boileau's words be true, that

"Jamais, quoi qu'il fasse, un Mortel ici-bas
Ne peut aux yeux du monde être ce qu'il n'est pas."

Then would hypocrisy commit *felo de se* in a fit of despair, and then a course of Anthropology would be the indispensable preparative of every prudent person for the state of

matrimony. But alas! the science which is to produce such important effects is not even in its infancy; it is yet unborn; centuries will be requisite fully to develope and mature it, and it is but too probable that during my short life I may never be able to obtain the warrant of philosophy and custom, as well as that of feeling and reason, to give a different zoological denomination to the most disgusting virago who issues from a cellar to disfigure and disgrace our streets, and the fair and gentle being who is the theme of poetry, the darling of our fancy, and the delight of our eyes.

NATURE'S FAREWELL.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"The beautiful is vanished, and returns not."—COLERIDGE'S *Wallenstein*.

A YOUTH rode forth from his childhood's home,
Through the crowded paths of the world to roam,
And the green leaves whisper'd, as he pass'd,
"Wherefore, thou dreamer! away so fast?"

"Knew'st thou with what thou art parting here,
Long would'st thou linger in doubt and fear;
Thy heart's free laughter, thy sunny hours,
Thou hast left in our shades with the Spring's wild flowers.

"Under the arch by our mingling made,
Thou and thy brother have gaily play'd;
Ye may meet again where ye roved of yore,
But as ye *have* met there—oh! never more."

On rode the youth—and the boughs among,
Thus the wild birds o'er his pathway sung:—
"Wherefore so fast unto life away?
Thou art leaving for ever thy joy in our lay!

"Thou may'st come to the Summer woods again,
And thy heart have no echo to greet this strain;
Afar from the foliage its love will dwell,
A change must pass o'er thee—Farewell, farewell!"

On rode the youth; and the founts and streams
Thus mingled a voice with his joyous dreams:—
"We have been thy playmates through many a day,
Wherefore thus leave us?—Oh! yet delay!

"Listen but once to the sound of our mirth;
For thee 'tis a melody passing from earth!
Never again wilt thou find in its flow
The peace it could once on thy heart bestow.

"Thou wilt visit the scenes of thy childhood's glee,
With the breath of the world on thy spirit free;
Passion and sorrow its depths will have stirr'd,
And the singing of waters be vainly heard.

"Thou wilt bear in our gladsome laugh no part ;
 What should it do for a burning heart ?
 Thou wilt bring to the banks of our freshest rill,
 Thirst which no fountain on earth may still !

"Farewell !—when thou comest again to thine own,
 Thou wilt miss from our music its loveliest tone !
 Mournfully true is the tale we tell—
 Yet on, fiery dreamer !—Farewell, farewell !"

And a something of gloom on his spirit weigh'd,
 As he caught the last sounds of his native shade ;
 But he knew not, till many a bright spell broke,
 How deep were the oracles nature spoke !

THE GERMAN GIBBET.

Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes.—*RICHARD III.*

IT was evening, towards the latter end of autumn, when the warmth of the midday sun reminds us of the summer just gone, and the coolness of the evening plainly assures us that winter is fast approaching ; that I was proceeding homewards on horseback, fortified by a strong great coat against the weather without, and refreshed with a glass of eau-de-vie, that I might feel equally secure within. My road lay for some time along an extensive plain, at the extremity of which there rose a small and thickly overspreading wood, which the road skirted for some distance ; and, on a slight eminence, at an angle where the last rays of the setting sun threw their gleam across the path, were suspended the remains of a malefactor in chains. They had been hanging there at least ten years ; the whole of the flesh was consumed ; and here and there, where the coarse dark cloth in which the figure had been wrapped had decayed, the bones, bleached by the weather, protruded.

I confess I am rather superstitious, and certainly did push on, in order that, if possible, I might pass the place before the sun should have set ; to accomplish which, I put my horse upon a fast trot, which I afterwards increased into a hand gallop. The sun, however, had set, and twilight was fast changing into darkness as I rode up. I could not keep my eyes off the spot, for the figure swung slowly backwards and forwards, ac-

companied by the low harsh creaking of the irons, as it moved to the breeze.

What with exertion, and I may add fear, or something very like it, the perspiration fell in large drops from my forehead, and nearly blinded me, so that I could not refrain from imagining that the white bony arm (hand it had none) of the figure, relieved against the dark wood behind, was beckoning to me, as it waved in the wind. On passing it, I put my horse to full speed, and did not once check his pace, or look around, until I had left the German Gibbet (for so it was called) a good mile behind.

It was now a fine, clear, moonlight night, and I had not gone far when I heard the sound of horses' feet at a little distance behind, and about the same time began to feel myself unusually cold. I buttoned up my coat, but that did not make much difference ; I took a large comforter from my pocket, and put it round my neck. I felt still colder ; and urging my horse forward, I hoped that exercise would warm me ; but no, I was still cold. However fast I galloped, I still heard the sound of horses' feet behind, at apparently the same distance, and though I looked around several times, I could not see a living soul ! The sound got faster and faster, nearer and nearer, till at last a small grey pony trotted up, on which sat a tall, thin, melancholy

looking man, with a long pointed nose, and dull heavy eyelids, which hung so low, that at first he appeared to be asleep. His countenance, which was extremely pale and cadaverous, was overshadowed by a quantity of long thin white hair, which hung down to his shoulders. He was dressed in a thin white jacket, which he wore open, white fustian trowsers, a white hat, his shirt collar open, and no cravat round his neck !

We rode for some time side by side, the stranger never once turning round, or lifting up his eyes to look at me ; I could not help regarding him intently, until my eyes ached with the cold. I was obliged every now and then to let go the reins to blow my fingers, which I thought would drop off ; and, on touching my horse, I found he was as cold as myself ! Yet the stranger looked not the least affected by it, for his cloak remained strapped to the saddle behind him, and, indeed, his jacket was flying open, and his shirt-collar unbuttoned as before !

This looked very strange !—there was something mysterious about him ; so I resolved to be quit of him as soon as possible ; but the faster I rode, the faster rode he ; and though my horse appeared as powerful again as the one he was riding, yet I found that when it came to the push, his pony could have passed me easily. But that was not his intention ; for when I slackened my pace, he slackened,—and on my pulling up, he pulled up also : still he never looked at me, and there we remained side by side, and I nearly frozen to death with the cold.

Every thing around us was perfectly quiet ; and I felt this silence becoming quite appalling ; at length, I exclaimed, “ Sir ! you seem determined we shall not part company, however it may be the wish of one of us.” The stranger, after making a slight inclination of his head, expressed, in the most gentlemanly manner, his sorrow that it should be thought he had intruded himself upon me, and his earnest desire that

we might proceed together (seeing that our course was the same) on better terms. This was said with so much politeness, that I really could not refuse : being moreover convinced that, if I had, it was totally out of my power to enforce my refusal ; so we trotted on together.

The stranger immediately began talking most fluently, but continually shifted the subject, and at length coming to a full stop, he suddenly asked me what was my opinion of all this ? I, who had been dreadfully afflicted by the cold, so as to have been disabled from giving any attention, felt quite at a loss what to say :—at length, as well as I was able (for my teeth chattered so much I could scarcely speak plain), I stammered out, “ whether he did not think it was very cold ?” Immediately his dull eyes lighted up, and I shall never forget their fiery and unnatural light, as, turning suddenly round, he stared me full in the face, saying, in the most joyous, mild, and melodious tone of voice, “ Perhaps you will accept of my cloak ?” and adding, with peculiar emphasis, “ he was sure I should be warm enough then,” instantly began to unstrap it from behind him. In vain I declared I could not think of accepting it, especially as he was more thinly clad than myself : he began to inform me, with the same peculiar expression, “ that *he* never felt *cold*,”—and that he would be most happy if I would do him the honour to put it on. I kept refusing, and he persisting, till at last he became so importunate, that I rudely pushed it from me, saying, that “ I would not accept of it.” O ! if you could have seen the change in his manner and appearance !—instead of the mild, placid look he had hitherto worn, his face was contracted by the strongest feelings of rage and disappointment : his eyes flashed fire from under his heavy knit brows ; his mouth was curled with a kind of “ sardonic” grin : and, hastily adjusting the cloak about him, he said with the most sinister expression, “ perhaps I would do him the honour *another* time ?”

Then dashing the spurs into his beast, he was out of sight in a moment.

I felt much relieved by his departure : he was no sooner gone, than I got by degrees warmer and warmer ; even my horse appeared to feel a difference, for he pranced and neighed as if freed from some restraint, and in a very little time was as warm as myself.

I began to think there was something—there was really something—horribly unnatural about the stranger ;—his hollow voice, pale complexion, and heavy eye,—above all, the strange coldness that came over me ! I felt rejoiced that I was thus rid of him ; and that I had not accepted his offer of the cloak (as then, in all probability, we should not have parted so soon) ; and now, so little did I need it, that I was compelled to unbutton my coat, and take my thick lambs' wool comforter from my neck.

Who could the stranger be ?

I remembered to have heard, that the German who was hung in chains, and whose gibbet I had passed, had suffered the sentence of the law for having burnt a house and murdered in the most cruel and shocking manner, a person, whom he strangled with his cloak. Now, it was also currently reported, (but only believed by the idle and superstitious) that this man did not then die : for it was said, that the devil, to whom after his condemnation he had sold himself, had, while he was suspended, in some way or other, supported him ; and had afterwards fed him on the gibbet, in the form of a raven, until the fastenings decayed, so that he could release himself, when he substituted the body of a person whom he murdered for the purpose !

There were many persons now alive who had sworn to having seen the raven there, morning, noon, and to have heard its croaking even at midnight. Many accounted for this, by saying it came there to feed on the body ; but one of the villagers, who was known to be a stout fellow, having occasion to go by the gibbet

one twilight, declared, that he heard the man talking with the raven, but in a language he could not understand ; that at first he supposed he was deceived by his own fancy, or the creaking of the iron fastenings, but on approaching nearer, he distinctly saw the eyes of the man looking intently at him ; and he verily believed had he stopped he would have spoken to him, but that he was so alarmed he took to his heels, and never once looked behind or stopped to take breath, until he reached the end of the plain, a distance of above five miles. And it was further said, the German, when released from the gibbet, was obliged, in fulfilment of his vow, to do the devil's will on earth—that he was most dreadfully pale, owing to the blood never having flowed into his face since his strangulation, for the devil, it is said, had only just kept his word ; that the German, as he was called, had since often been seen riding up and down the road, and that he entered very freely into conversation, and endeavoured to entrap the unwary to put them in the power of his master.

Could it be possible that this was the German ? Tut ! an idle thought ; and yet—I remember there was something foreign in his accent ;—then the paleness of his face,—the strange circumstances that accompanied his presence,—the pressing and extraordinary manner in which he offered his cloak, which might have been some device to get me within his power,—the extreme cold with which I was afflicted,—the ominous beckoning, too, of the figure on the gibbet ; each circumstance came forcibly before me ; and were he the German or not, I more than ever rejoiced that I had thus easily got rid of him.

I now rode briskly on to a small inn, that was situated about half way between the commencement and end of my journey, and arrived there about half-past eight o'clock. On alighting, the host, a fat jolly fellow, with a perpetual smile on his face,

came out and welcomed me. "Shew me into a private room," said I, "and bring me some refreshment." The landlord replied he was very sorry his only room was at present occupied by a gentleman who had been there about ten minutes, but he was sure he would have no objection to my company. He departed to obtain his permission, and returned with the gentleman's compliments, and that he would be most happy in my company : so I followed mine host to the room ; but what was my confusion, when, on opening the door, I discovered seated, the mysterious stranger, whose presence had before caused me such annoyance ! A sort of chillness instantly came over me, and I would have retired, when the stranger got up, and bowing politely, said " he was exceedingly happy to accede to my request of allowing me to occupy the same room, and at the same time handed me a chair. It was impossible for me now to refuse ; so, thanking him for his offer, I seated myself, and, as I before said, being rather chilly, asked him if he had any objection to a fire ? I immediately perceived a strong alteration in his features, but it was only momentary ; he instantly recovered himself, and said, " that for his part, his cloak, pointing to one which hung on the back of his chair, was quite enough for him, however cold the weather might be," and added, " if I would but put it on for one moment, he was sure I should be *warm enough then*." I had a sort of instinctive dread of this cloak, and I determined not to put it on ; so starting up, I rang the bell, and on the landlord's entering, asked his permission to have a fire. The stranger bowed his head, and fixing his eyes on the wall, remained quite silent. The landlord, I observed, rubbed his hands as he went out, saying, this was one of the coldest nights he had felt this year.

While they were about preparing to light the fire, the stranger sat quite silent ; for my part, I got colder and colder ; a sort of melancholy chill-

ness seemed to pervade the place ; the large clock that was in the room had stopped, from some cause or other, about ten minutes before I arrived ; and on the maid coming in, though before a merry, cheerful-looking damsel, she presently became as melancholy and as grave as either of us, especially as, after numerous attempts, she was obliged to confess her inability to light the fire. It was now very cold, so the landlady came and did her best endeavours to light a fire, but in vain ; afterwards the landlord, boots, hostler, and the cook, who never having been out of a perspiration for the last ten years of her life, was nearly killed by the sudden effect of cold she experienced on coming into the room : last of all I myself tried, but unsuccessfully. They all looked surprised, and the landlord observed it was very strange—it was not so cold, he was sure, any where else. The stranger all this time remained as quiet and immoveable as before.

I now desired the landlord to bring in tea, hoping by that means to warm myself. When the tea things were brought, the stranger drew a chair for himself to the table, and requested I would make tea ; I desired the maid to pour some water into the teapot, from a kettle which she held in her hand, apparently just from the fire : however, on pouring in some water no steam arose ; so far from it, the water appeared to be scarcely warm. I questioned her what she meant by it, and how she expected I could make tea with cold water ? she declared that it boiled when it left the kitchen fire, and she did not know how it could get cold since. I then told her to take the teapot and fill it from the large kettle, which she assured me was boiling on the kitchen fire ; she returned, and on my tilting it up to pour out the tea, it ran gently for a few moments, and then congealed into a long icicle ! The maid looked first at me and then at the stranger, and then went quickly out of the room.

I remained some time sitting in-

tently gazing on the stranger, who sat with his dull heavy eyes still intently fixed on the wall. I can scarcely describe what I felt ; I shook so dreadfully both with fear and cold, that I could hardly keep my seat—my teeth chattered—my knees shook—in short, I began to fear that if I staid any longer, I should be frozen to death. At length he noticed my confusion, and starting up, he again said, “perhaps I would accept of his cloak.” Now I was really dying with cold, and the cloak looked so warm and so tempting, that I could not help eyeing it wistfully ; this the stranger perceived, and opening it, shewed the lining, which was of the finest lamb’s wool, looking infinitely warmer as well as softer, and more comfortable than anything I had ever seen. He then, in the most obliging manner, requested that I would put it on, adding, in his own expressive way, he was sure I should be *warm enough then*. I felt myself wavering ; but, summoning up my resolution, I determined I would not yield, so quitting him abruptly, I ordered my horse, and being resolved, once and for ever, to rid myself of this odious stranger, I mounted as quickly as possible, and putting spurs to his side, for I heard the stranger calling loudly for his horse, I galloped the whole of the way home ; and I can safely swear that nothing whatever passed me on the road.

Now, said I, at any rate I have distanced him : and knocking at my door, it was quickly opened by my wife, who had been anxiously expecting me. After our usual salutation, she informed me I should meet an old friend up stairs who had been waiting my arrival. “With an old friend, a good bottle of wine, and a warm fire,” said I, “I can forget every thing ;” and hastening up stairs—it would be impossible to describe my confusion—before me was seated the identical stranger, with the mysterious cloak hanging over the arm of the chair on which he sat !—He rose as I entered—rage prevented me from uttering a word. He bowed

politely, saying, “that he hoped he was not an intruder ; but, after our having passed some hours together on our journey, he thought he might make bold to beg a night’s lodging, having found himself benighted, close to my house.” I was so thunder-struck that I could not say a word in answer. My wife now entered the room, and complained of the cold. She said the fire had gone out soon after my friend arrived, “and, what is very strange,” added she, “we were unable to light it again. I have been to order a bed to be made for your friend—and I have ordered the sheets to be aired, as the night is rather cold.” “Oh !” said the stranger, “you need not mind that—I *always sleep warm enough !*” and pointing to his cloak, he gave a most expressive but sarcastic smile. This was almost too much ; yet what could I do ? I had no excuse to turn him out. Suppose it should be the German ?—tush ! nonsense !—but however I tried to rid myself of this thought, I never could succeed in entirely banishing it ; such strong hold has the idea of supernatural interference on a superstitious mind. I resolved, however, in mere contradiction to my opinion, to put up with his company this once ;—and, endeavouring to appear as unconcerned as possible, I made suitable acknowledgments in the best way I could.

After a painful silence, which was only disturbed by the chattering of our teeth, supper was announced, and hastily despatched, for every thing was cold. Silence again ensued ; till at length I caught up a candle, for I could bear it no longer, and asked the stranger if I should shew him his room ; he consented, and bowing to my wife, took his cloak and followed me.

When we came into his room, I observed the water was frozen in the ewer ; “I will order the servant,” said I, “to bring you some warm water in the morning to shave with.” He replied, “that he had rather I would not give myself so much trouble on his account, for that he could lather his face with snow !” He then

asked me if I slept warm ? “ I am afraid,” said I, “ I shall not do so to-night.” He placed his cloak in my hand, saying, with a chuckle, “ I had only to throw it over me and my wife, and he was sure we should be *warm enough then !*”—I threw down the cloak, and rushed out of the room.

I joined my wife down stairs, who, on my upbraiding her with the folly of inviting a perfect stranger to sleep in the house, told me, that he had introduced himself as an old friend of mine, who wished to see me on particular business. I went to bed—but not to sleep,—not all the blankets in the world could ever have made me warm. I hesitated whether I should not go and turn the stranger out, thus late as it was ;—but I might be mistaken, after all ;—he was very gentlemanly, and behaved throughout with the greatest propriety, so that I could have no excuse for so doing. And though there were many strange circumstances attending his presence, still they might be accidental. I resolved, at least, to wait patiently for the morning, though I felt as if I was exposed to the air on a cold winter’s night ; but I was doomed again to be disturbed. I had locked my room door (my constant custom upon going to bed), when, about one o’clock, as I was lying, wide awake,—the stranger,—the German,—the fiend !—for I believe he was all three,—entered my room !—how, I know not,—I heard no noise. A horrid trembling immediately came over me,—my

knees knocked together,—my teeth chattered,—my hair stood on end,—I could scarcely draw my breath. What could be his purpose ? to murder me ?—no—no, I see it all,—the cloak,—the mysterious cloak, the source of all my fears and apprehensions ;—he thinks by that to gain his purpose, and fancying I am asleep, he comes, no doubt, to cast that upon me, and thus give the fiend, his master, in some way or other, a power over me ! He approached the bed ;—my tongue clave to the roof of my parched mouth, and fear, an all absorbing fear, had nearly choked me. He opened the cloak—another moment—and then—but rage, fear, despair, gave me strength :—I started up ;—“ Villain !” said I, “ I will not tamely bear it :” and grappling with him, I threw the cloak from me. I now cared not what I did or said. “ Hence,” roared I, “ and seek the fiend you serve !” and accidentally in the scuffle I caught hold of his long pointed nose ;—he shrieked aloud with rage and pain. “ For mercy’s sake, Mr. T—,” said my wife, “ what are you about ?” I received a heavy fall :—immediately the whole was gone. I assisted my wife into bed ; for it seems that I had lain half the night with the clothes completely off me ; which, as often as she had endeavoured to replace, I had resisted ; and on her persisting, I had eventually seized her by the nose, and we both tumbled out of bed together.

SKETCHES OF CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS.

No. VI.—SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

THE reputation of this writer is very disproportionate to the extent of his definite and tangible performances. He stands, in general estimation, among the highest names of our day for speculative science, for politics, legislation, history and rhetoric. Yet the works which have gained for him this high character are few and small—two or three

pamphlets, a score of speeches, and as many anonymous papers in the Edinburgh Review. The merit of these, both for ability of thought and beauty of composition, is a sufficient warrant for the nature of the source from which they came ; and we only lament that so bright a water should flow forth in such scanty streams. These writings have been

sufficient to convince the world that Sir James Mackintosh is one of a small and neglected class, the lovers of wisdom. But men have done him more justice than they ordinarily render to his brethren; for he is thought of, almost on all hands, not as a dreamer of dreams, a wanderer through a limbo of vanity, but as rich in all recorded knowledge, and an honest and eloquent teacher. This fame has been obtained, not by the size of his writings, but the loftiness of the ground on which they are placed, that pure and philosophical elevation from which even the smallest object will project its shadow over an empire;* and, though vigour and perseverance are necessary to attain that height, how much larger does it make the circle of vision, than, when, standing among the paths of common men, our eyes are strained by gazing into the distance. It is not merely by the talent displayed in his works, brilliant and powerful as it is, nor by the quantity of his information, however various and profound, that he has obtained his present celebrity; but, in a great degree, by the tone of dignity and candour, which is so conspicuous a characteristic of his mind. He has less of the spirit of party than almost any *partisan* we remember.

His greatest talent is the power of acquiring knowledge from the thoughts of others. Of the politicians of our day, if not of all living Englishmen whatever, he is incomparably the most learned. His acquaintance with the history of the human mind, both in the study of its own laws, and in action, is greater than that of any contemporary writer of our country: and his intimacy with the revolutions and progress of modern Europe, both in politics and literature, is, indeed, perfectly marvellous. He is also the more to be trusted in his writings on these points, because he is not very exclusively wedded to any peculiar

system or even science. Many of the chroniclers or commentators of particular tracts in the wide empire of knowledge, seem to consider that their own department is the only important one, or, even that their own view of it is incalculably and beyond dispute, the most deserving of attention; their works thus resemble some oriental maps, in which the Indian ocean is a creek of the Persian gulf, and Europe, Asia, and Africa, are paltry appendages to Arabia. Sir James Mackintosh is, in a great degree, free from this error: and we are inclined to think, that the most valuable service he has it in his power to render to the world, would be by publishing a history of philosophy from the tenth to the seventeenth century; not because he has thought the thoughts, or felt the feelings, of those ages, but because he would give us fair and candid abstracts of the books which he had studied, and would supply questions to be answered by the oracle, of which he is not himself a priest; so that men of a more catholic, and less latitudinarian spirit, might find in his pages the elements of a wisdom to which he can minister, though he cannot teach it. He knows whatever has been produced in other men by the strong and restless workings of the principles of their nature. But he seems himself to have felt but little of such prompting. The original sincerity and goodness of his mind, display themselves unconsciously in much of his writing; but they do not appear to have given him that earnest impulsion which would have made him an apostle of truth, and a reformer of mankind. He is in all things a follower of some previously recognised opinions, because he has neither the boldness which would carry him beyond the limits consecrated by habit, nor the feeling of a moral want unsatisfied, which would have urged him thus to take a wider range. But having an acute intel-

* If we remember right, it is said, that, from one of the Swiss mountains, the traveller may see his own shadow thrown at sunrise to a distance of many leagues.

lectual vision, and a wish to arrive at conviction, he has chosen the best of what was before him, *within* the region of precedent and authority. He has plucked the fairest produce of the domain of our ancestors from the trees that they planted, and which have been cultivated till now in their accustomed methods. But he has not leaped the boundaries, and gone forth to search for nobler plants and richer fruit, nor has he dared to touch even the tree of knowledge which flourishes within the garden. He has looked for truth among the speculations of a thousand minds, and he has found little but its outward forms. He has abstracted something here, and added something there; he has classed opinions, and brought them into comparison; and picked out this from one, and joined on that to another; now wavered to the right, now faltered to the left; and scarce rejecting or believing any thing strongly, has become learned with unprofitable learning, and filled his mind with elaborate and costly furniture, which chokes up its passages, and darkens its windows. He has slain a hundred systems, and united their lifeless limbs into a single figure. But the vital spirit is not his to give. It is not the living hand of Plato or Bacon, which points out to him the sanctuary; but the monuments and dead statues of philosophers block up the entrance to the Temple of Wisdom. His mind is made up of the shreds and parings of other thinkers. The body of his philosophic garment is half taken from the gown of Locke, and half from the cassock of Butler; the sleeves are torn from the robe of Leibnitz, and the cape is of the ermine of Shaftesbury; and wearing the cowl of Aquinas, and shod in the sandals of Aristotle, he comes out before the world with the trumpet of Cicero at his lips, the club of Hobbes in one hand, and the mace of Bacon in the other.

Having thus formed his opinions from books, without having nourished any predominant feeling or belief

in his own mind,—his creed is far too much a matter of subtleties and difficulties, and nicely balanced system. It is all arranged and polished, and prepared against objection, and carefully compacted together like a delicate Mosaic; but it is not a portion of the living substance of his mind. It is easy to perceive, to learn, to talk about a principle, and the man of the highest talent will do this best. But, to know it, it must be felt. And here the man of talent is often at fault, while some one without instruction, or even intellectual power, may not only apprehend the truth, as if by intuition, rather than by thought, but embrace and cherish it in his inmost heart, and make it the spring of his whole being. Sir James Mackintosh has, unfortunately, buried the seeds of this kind of wisdom under heaps of learned research and difficult casuistry. He has given no way to the free expansion of his nature; nor rendered himself up to be the minister and organ of good, which will needs speak boldly wherever there are lips willing to interpret it. This, perhaps, is not seen clearly by the world. But the want is felt; and the most disciplined metaphysician, be the strength and width of his comprehension what it may, will inevitably find, that men can reap no comfort nor hope in doubts and speculations, however ingenious, or however brilliant, unless they hear a diviner power breathing in the voices of their teachers. The understanding can speak only to the understanding. The memory can enrich only the memory. But there is that within us, of which both understanding and memory are instruments; and he who addresses it can alone be certain that his words will thrill through all the borders of the world, and utter consolation to all his kind.

He seems to us to be a man of doubting and qualifying mind, who would willingly find out the best if he had courage to despise the throng, to desert their paths, and boldly go in search of it. He heads the crowd

in the road they are travelling ; but he will not seek to lead them in a new direction. Nor is it only in any one particular department of thought that he seeks to support himself by the doctrines of his predecessors, and the prejudices of his contemporaries ; in short, to move the future by the rotten lever of the past. It is a propensity which guides and governs him in all his labours. In politics, he is a professed whig ; that is, a man who, provided no great and startling improvements are attempted, is perfectly willing that mankind, as they creep onward, should fling off, grain by grain, the load with which they now are burdened : though he holds it certain that we are doomed by nature to sweat and groan for ever under by far the larger portion of our present fardels. He will not venture to conclude that the whole of a political system is bad ; but his reason and his good feelings tell him that the separate parts are all indefensible. He halts perpetually between two opinions ; and while decidedly a friend to the people, he is not near so certainly an enemy to bad government. He is too wise and too virtuous not to know that reform must begin ; but he is too cautious and timid to pronounce how far it shall be allowed to go. What he would do in politics, is all good ; but he seems afraid to proceed to extremity, even in improvement. This propensity arises in part from his natural hesitation and weakness of temperament : but is strengthened, and in his view sanctioned, by the effects of his historical studies. For he seems to have been very much influenced by the feeling of exclusive respect for the past, which is so apt to creep unconsciously and gradually, like the rust of time upon a coin, over the minds of those who devote themselves chiefly to by-gone ages. They do not see how far the path is open before us, because their eyes are constantly turned backwards ; and, from the same cause, they are liable, in moving onward, to stumble

over the slightest impediment. Sir James Mackintosh has obviously escaped (thanks to his speculative and benevolent habit of feeling) from the worst degree of this tendency ; and, in charging him with it at all, we are not sure that his attempt to reform the criminal law might not be held up to us as a sufficient and complete answer. But it certainly does seem, that it has acted upon him in a certain degree, in connection with the bent of his moral and metaphysical opinions, to prevent him from hoping, and therefore from attempting, any great amelioration of mankind. He is, moreover, from his habits of research and study, far too much of the professor, to be all that he ought to be of the statesman. With his eloquence, his knowledge of the laws, his station in general opinion, and his seat in Parliament, he might make himself an instrument of the widest good. But, alas ! he retreats from the senate to the library, and, when he casually emerges into affairs, he, who might be the guiding star of his country, if he be not a mere partisan, appears as little better than a book-worm.

It is truly wonderful to consider, recognised by all as are the talents and acquirements of Sir James Mackintosh, how little effect he produces upon the public mind. Every body is willing to respect his judgment, and to learn from his knowledge ; but the prophet will not speak. He holds a sceptre which he will not wield, and is gifted with a futile supremacy. He is one of the many able men who do nothing, because they cannot do all. He seems to spend his time in storing up information for the "moth and rust to corrupt." He has none of the eager earnestness of mind, which would make him impatient at seeing the great and mingling currents of human life flow past him, without himself plunging into the stream. He forgets that, if he had written ten times as much, it would probably be only a few degrees less precious than what he has accomplished : and the world

would have been influenced nearly ten times more by his abilities and knowledge. He would, doubtless, then have been prevented from heaping into his memory so much of the deeds and sayings of other men; but he would have done more good, and said more truth, himself. He would not so thoroughly have known past history; but he would have been a nobler subject for future historians. Even his opinions on the constitution and laws of the human mind, he has never put forth boldly and formally; nor would it be easy to prove, from either his avowed or his anonymous productions, at what point he stands between Kant and Hume. On one great subject, namely, the essential difference between right and wrong, he has more than once declared himself; and as this point is at present of great interest, and larger masses of belief seem daily ranging themselves on opposite sides, it is one with regard to which we will venture to say a very few words. It is the theory of Sir James Mackintosh that expediency is the foundation of morality, but a large and universal expediency, which embodies itself in rules that admit of no question or compromise. He thus stands among the advocates of "utility," but on the border nearest to their antagonists. His principle is obviously much less liable to fluctuation and uncertainty, than that of the reasoners who, like him, basing their system on expediency, perpetually recur to the first principle of the doctrine, and will never take for granted, however general may be the assent of mankind, that any rule of conduct is right, unless they can demonstrate its beneficial consequence. The whole question, however, is evidently one of fact, and it would be futile to say that a different notion from that of the "Utilitarians" would be more useful than theirs, supposing that, as they pretend, their creed can be proved to be the true one. But on this ground we are content to place the matter; and we are just as certain, as of the existence of our

senses, that there is, in the human mind, a simple and primary idea of the distinction between right and wrong, not produced by experience, but developing itself in proportion to the growth of the mind. We do not say that the contrary belief is false, because it produces the state of moral disease which, we think, we can observe in the greater number of its supporters; but we maintain, that it is at once the result and the evidence, in short, the symptom, of that unhealthy condition. It is one of the characteristics of that mental habit in which there is so much of narrowness both in thought and feeling, and which has so strong a tendency to repress all that there is within us of nobler and more hopeful power. It seems certain that the habitual recurrence to expediency, as the standard of our conduct, must have the tendency to make us less and less moral, and more and more selfish beings; until it has completely extinguished those sympathies which unite us to all our race, and which never were acted upon uniformly by any one who was accustomed to calculate their re-action upon himself.

That Sir James Mackintosh holds the theory of expediency in such a manner as to diminish his benevolence, we certainly do not believe. Like all the good men who have adopted this system, he probably feels a power which his intellect denies; and it is this which adds all the sanction and glory, which he and they are conscious of, to the relations that connect them with their species. But that his denial of any other basis of moral distinction than expediency has tended very much to cramp the general strain of his speculations, we are just as certain; and we think that the traces of this result, or rather of the character of mind which produced both evils, may be observed in his earliest production. The "*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*" is a very clever book to have been written by a very young man. There is in it a completeness and vigour of reason-

ing, and a fulness and almost eloquence of style, which would do credit to any time of life, and justly brought distinction to the youth of Sir James Mackintosh. But there is perhaps in that very nearness to excellence an evidence that there could be no closer approach. A child of three feet high, and of the exact proportions of a man, is a miracle in boyhood; but he will never grow, and the man will be a dwarf. The mind, exhibited in the work in question, is not in the immaturity of greatness, but second-rate power in its highest development. There are in it none of the eager rushings to a truth, which is yet beyond our reach,—none of those unsuccessful graspings at wide principles, and abortive exertions to make manifest those ideas of which as yet we only feel the first stirrings,—none of those defeated attempts, the best warrant of future success, which we find in the earlier works of master intellects. It is not that he has an imperfect view of an extensive field, but that he seems circumscribed by a boundary, within which all is clear to him, but beyond which he does not attempt to look. There are no chasms, such as in thinking over a

subject almost every young man must have felt that he did not know how to fill up, but which he knew, at the same time, required to be closed by some idea which he could not at the time command. There is nothing of this sort from beginning to end of the book; and therefore a philosopher might have predicted even then that the writer would never reform a science, or create a system. The department of thought in which, from the time he is understood to have given to it, and from its own exceeding imperfection, he would have been most likely to work out some great regeneration, is the philosophy of international law. Yet it stands very nearly where it did: and Sir James Mackintosh does not seem even to have attempted to introduce new principles, into a mass of rule and custom that is still, in a great degree, what it was made by the necessities or ignorance of our semi-barbarous forefathers. He seems to us, in short, to be distinguished chiefly by readiness in accumulating the thoughts of others, by subtlety in discerning differences, and by the greatest power of expression which can exist without any thing of poetical imagination.

ON A BOAT AT SEA, SEEN FROM THE NEEDLES' LIGHT-HOUSE.

My heart goes with thee, little boat,
Along that sparkling sea,
And oh! methinks 'tis sweet to float
On those fair waves like thee.

Thou seem'st to have a pulse of life,
A gentle thrill of pleasure,—
But nought of tumult, toil, or strife
To break thy sportive leisure.

Thy sunny sail and tilting prow
Flit gaily o'er the ocean,
And through its swell their shadow throw
With fond and graceful motion:

But airy though thou seem'st, and light
As butterfly in heaven,
As forest leaf—or elfin sprite,—
A toy to young winds given,

The sea's white blossom as thou art,
Or bubble of its foam,

That boundless world, a human heart,
In thee hath found a home.

I see not him thy helm who guides,
And triest thy tiny sail,
Thou gladd'st my gaze, but nought besides,
Tells me thy steersman's tale.

And yet in thee are hopes and fears,
The yearnings Nature gives,
Remembrances of joys and tears,
Which cling to all that lives,—

And thoughts perhaps of holy mood,
And aspirations high,
The inward sense of Truth and Good,
And human sympathy;—

The image these of him whose voice
Ordain'd the ark should be,—
Therefore, O little boat, rejoice,—
God also is with thee.

THE MOLE-CATCHER.

BY MISS MITFORD.

THERE are no more delightful or unfailing associations than those afforded by the various operations of the husbandman, and the changes on the fair face of nature. We all know that busy troops of reapers come with the yellow corn ; whilst the yellow leaf brings a no less busy train of ploughmen and seedsmen preparing the ground for fresh harvests ; that woodbines and wild roses, flaunting in the blossomy hedgerows, give token of the gay bands of haymakers which enliven the meadows ; and that the primroses, which begin to unfold their pale stars by the side of the green lanes, bear marks of the slow and weary female processions, the gangs of tired yet talkative bean-setters, who defile twice a day through the intricate mazes of our cross-country roads. These are general associations, as well known and as universally recognised as the union of mince-pies and Christmas. I have one, more private and peculiar—one, perhaps, the more strongly impressed on my mind, because the impression may be almost confined to myself. The full flush of violets which, about the middle of March, seldom fails to perfume the whole country, always brings to my recollection one solitary and silent coadjutor of the husbandman's labours, as unlike a violet as possible — Isaac Bint, the mole-catcher.

I used to meet him every spring, when we lived at our old house, whose park-like paddock, with its finely clumped oaks and elms, and its richly timbered hedgerows, edging into wild, rude, and solemn fir-plantations, dark, and rough, and hoary, formed for so many years my constant and favourite walk. Here, especially under the great horse-chestnut, and where the bank rose high and naked above the lane, crowned only with a tuft of golden

broom—here the sweetest and prettiest of wild flowers, whose very name hath a charm, grew like a carpet under one's feet, enamelling the young green grass with their white and purple blossoms, and loading the very air with their delicious fragrance—here I used to come almost every morning, during the violet-tide—and here almost every morning I was sure to meet Isaac Bint.

I think that he fixed himself the more firmly in my memory by his singular discrepancy with the beauty and cheerfulness of the scenery and the season. Isaac is a tall, lean, gloomy personage, with whom the clock of life seems to stand still. He has looked sixty-five for these last twenty years, although his dark hair and beard, and firm manly stride, almost contradict the evidence of his sunken cheeks and deeply lined forehead. The stride is awful : he hath the stalk of a ghost. His whole air and demeanour savour of one that comes from under-ground. His appearance is “ of the earth, earthy.” His clothes, hands, and face are of the colour of the mould in which he delves. The little round traps which hang behind him over one shoulder, as well as the strings of dead moles which embellish the other, are encrusted with dirt like a tombstone ; and the staff which he plunges into the little hillocks, by which he traces the course of his small quarry, returns a hollow sound, as if tapping on the lid of a coffin. Images of the churchyard come, one does not know how, with his presence. Indeed he does officiate as assistant to the sexton in his capacity of grave-digger, chosen, as it should seem, from a natural fitness—a fine sense of congruity in good Joseph Reed, the functionary in question, who felt, without knowing why, that, of all men in the parish, Isaac Bint was best fitted to that solemn office.

His remarkable gift of silence adds much to the impression made by this remarkable figure. I don't think that I ever heard him speak three words in my life. An approach of that bony hand to that earthy leather cap was the greatest effort of courtesy that my daily salutations could extort from him. For this silence, Isaac has reasons good. He hath a reputation to support. His words are too precious to be wasted. Our mole-catcher, ragged as he looks, is the wise man of the village, the oracle of the village-inn, foresees the weather, charms away agues, tells fortunes by the stars, and writes notes upon the almanack—turning and twisting about the predictions after a fashion so ingenious, that it's a moot point which is oftenest wrong—Isaac Bint, or Francis Moore. In one eminent instance, our friend was, however, eminently right. He had the good luck to prophesy, before sundry witnesses—some of them sober—in the tap-room of the Bell—he then sitting, pipe in mouth, on the settle at the right-hand side of the fire, whilst Jacob Frost occupied the left;—he had the good fortune to foretel, on New Year's Day 1812, the downfall of Napoleon Buonaparte—a piece of soothsayership which has established his reputation, and dumbfounded all doubters and cavers ever since; but which would certainly have been more striking if he had not annually uttered the same prediction from the same place, from the time the aforesaid Napoleon became first consul. But this small circumstance is entirely overlooked by Isaac and his admirers, and they believe in him, and he believes in the stars, more firmly than ever.

Our mole-catcher is, as might be conjectured, an old bachelor. Your married man hath more of this world about him—is less, so to say, planet-struck. A thorough old bachelor is Isaac, a contemner and maligner of the sex, a complete and decided woman-hater. Female frailty is the only subject on which he hath ever been known to dilate: he will not

even charm away their agues, or tell their fortunes, and, indeed, holds them to be unworthy the notice of the stars.

No woman contaminates his household. He lives on the edge of a pretty bit of woodland scenery, called the Penge, in a snug cottage of two rooms, of his own building, surrounded by a garden cribbed from the waste, well fenced with quickset, and well stocked with fruit-trees, herbs, and flowers. One large apple-tree extends over the roof—a pretty bit of colour when in blossom, contrasted with the thatch of the little dwelling, and relieved by the dark wood behind. Although the owner be solitary, his demesne is sufficiently populous. A long row of bee-hives extends along the warmest side of the garden—for Isaac's honey is celebrated far and near; a pig occupies a commodious sty at one corner; and large flocks of ducks and geese (for which the Penge, whose glades are intersected by water, is famous) are generally waiting round a back gate leading to a spacious shed, far larger than Isaac's own cottage, which serves for their feeding and roosting-place. The great tameness of all these creatures—for the ducks and geese flutter round him the moment he approaches, and the very pig follows him like a dog—gives no equivocal testimony of the kindness of our mole-catcher's nature. A circumstance of recent occurrence puts his humanity beyond doubt.

Amongst the probable causes of Isaac's dislike to women, may be reckoned the fact of his living in a female neighbourhood (for the Penge is almost peopled with duck-rearers and goose-craminers of the duck and goose gender), and being himself exceedingly unpopular amongst the fair poultry-feeders of that watery vicinity. He beat them at their own weapons; produced at Midsummer geese fit for Michaelmas; and raised ducks so precocious, that the gardeners complained of them as forerunning their vegetable accompaniments; and “panting *peas* toiled after them

in vain." In short, the Naiads of the Penge had the mortification to find themselves driven out of B—— market by an interloper, and that interloper a man, who had no manner of right to possess any skill in an accomplishment so exclusively feminine as duck-rearing ; and being no ways inferior in another female accomplishment, called scolding, to their sister-nymphs of Billingsgate, they set up a clamour and a cackle which might rival the din of their own gooseries at feeding-time, and which would have driven from the field any competitor less impenetrable than our hero. But Isaac is not a man to shrink from so small an evil as female objurgation. He stalked through it all in mute disdain—looking now at his mole-traps, and now at the stars—pretending not to hear, and very probably not hearing. At first this scorn, more provoking than any retort, only excited his enemies to fresh attacks ; but one cannot be always answering another person's silence. The flame which had blazed so fiercely, at last burnt itself out, and peace reigned once more in the green alleys of Penge wood.

One, however, of his adversaries—his nearest neighbour—still remained unsilenced.

Margery Grover was a very old and poor woman, whom age and disease had bent almost to the earth ; shaken by palsy, pinched by penury, and soured by misfortune—a moving bundle of misery and rags. Two centuries ago she would have been burnt for a witch ; now she starved and grumbled on the parish allowance ; trying to eke out a scanty subsistence by the dubious profits gained from the produce of two geese and a lame gander, once the unmo-lested tenants of a greenish pool, situate right between her dwelling and Isaac's ; but whose watery dominion had been invaded by his flourishing colony.

This was the cause of feud ; and although Isaac would willingly, from a mingled sense of justice and of pity, have yielded the point to the

poor old creature, especially as ponds are there almost as plentiful as blackberries, yet it was not so easy to control the habits and inclinations of their feathered subjects, who all perversely fancied that particular pool ; and various accidents and skirmishes occurred, in which the ill-fed and weak birds of Margery had generally the worst of the fray. One of her early goslings was drowned—an accident which may happen even to water-fowl ; and her lame gander, a sort of pet with the poor old woman, injured in his well leg ; and Margery vented curses as bitter as those of Sycorax ; and Isaac, certainly the most superstitious personage in the parish—the most thorough believer in his own gifts and predictions—was fain to nail a horse-shoe on his door for the defence of his property, and to wear one of his own ague-charms about his neck for his personal protection.

Poor old Margery ! A hard winter came ; and the feeble, tottering creature shook in the frosty air like an aspen-leaf ; and the hovel in which she dwelt—for nothing could prevail on her to try the shelter of the work-house—shook like herself at every blast. She was not quite alone either in the world or in her poor hut : husband, children, and grandchildren had passed away ; but one young and innocent being—a great grandson, the last of her descendants—remained a helpless dependent on one almost as helpless as himself.

Little Harry Grover was a shrunk-en, stunted boy, of five years old—tattered and squalid, like his grandame, and, at first sight, presented almost as miserable a specimen of childhood, as Margery herself did of age. There was even a likeness between them ; although the fierce blue eye of Margery had, in the boy, a mild appealing look, which entirely changed the whole expression of the countenance. A gentle and a peaceful boy was Harry, and, above all, a useful. It was wonderful how many ears of corn in the autumn, and sticks in the winter, his little hands

could pick up ! how well he could make a fire, and boil the kettle, and sweep the hearth, and cram the goslings ! Never was a handier boy or a trustier ; and when the united effects of cold, and age, and rheumatism confined poor Margery to her poor bed, the child continued to perform his accustomed offices—fetching the money from the vestry, buying the loaf at the baker's, keeping house, and nursing the sick woman with a kindness and thoughtfulness, which none but those who know the careful ways to which necessity trains cottage children would deem credible ; and Margery, a woman of strong passions, strong prejudices, and strong affections, who had lived in and for the desolate boy, felt the approach of death embittered by the certainty that the workhouse, always the scene of her dread and loathing, would be the only refuge for the poor orphan.

Death, however, came on visibly and rapidly ; and she sent for the overseer to beseech him to put Harry to board in some decent cottage ; she

could not die in peace until he had promised ; the fear of the innocent child's being contaminated by wicked boys and godless women preyed upon her soul ; she implored—she conjured. The overseer, a kind but timid man, hesitated, and was beginning a puzzled speech about the bench and the vestry, when another voice was heard from the door of the cottage.

"Margery," said our friend Isaac, "will you trust Harry to me ? I am a poor man, to be sure ; but, between earning and saving, there'll be enough for me and little Harry. 'Tis as good a boy as ever lived, and I'll try to keep him so. Trust him to me, and I'll be a father to him. I can't say more."

"God bless thee, Isaac Bint ! God bless thee !" was all poor Margery could reply.

They were the last words she ever spoke. And little Harry is living with our good mole-catcher, and is growing plump and rosy ; and Margery's other pet, the lame gander, lives and thrives with them too.

VERSES

By Mrs. C. E. Richardson.

ADAPTED TO A FAVOURITE HINDOOSTANEE AIR, WRITTEN BY T. BAYLEY, ESQ. BEGINNING

"She never blamed him—never !"

The following were almost literally the expressions of a Mahometan mother bewailing her child. She was a servant of the author's, and, for an Arab, a person of superior intellect. From her association with Europeans, she had begun to question the purity and infallibility of her Prophet's creed, and her child's fate naturally gave birth to a new solicitude.

WHERE went my sweet Amcerin
When the angel's summons came ?
Well I know she is not hearing !
But I love to speak her name.
She knew that she was dying,
For she falter'd, "Do not grieve !
Mother dearest ! I am trying
Moussul Ali to believe."

False Imaum ! could the purest,
Gentlest, sweetest of her kind,
In the world to which thou lurest,
Meet companions hope to find ?

Oh forgive ! what am I saying—
Whither has my phrenzy led ?
Through forbidden wilds I'm straying,
Only knowing—she is dead !

She was my pride and treasure—
Youth and beauty crown'd her brow ;
She was happy beyond measure—
Oh ! is she happy now ?
See ! scatter'd round are lying
Gems that mock'd her brighter bloom,
Useless—worthless !—nought replying
But the silence of the tomb.

KIATIB-OGLOO, AND THE SMYRNA RESIDENTS.

ASIA MINOR has with much truth been denominated, by many a traveller, the garden of the world. The peculiar beauty and variety of the scenery with which it abounds, the perfection of its regular and temperate climate, the richness and fertility of its soil—all combine in forming of this country a terrestrial paradise, to complete which the polishing hand of civilization is alone wanting. Smyrna, its capital, situated not far from the spot which gave birth to Homer, boasts of commercial advantages which have made it a place of the first importance to the mercantile world. The convenient anchorage of its spacious bay, and the facility of its communications with the remotest parts of the interior, have naturally pointed out this city as the general mart of home productions, of European manufactures, and of colonial produce. Its trade with England alone is tenfold more considerable than that which is carried on with all the other ports of Turkey together. Its population, including the Franks, (as they call there all the Europeans, and others wearing their costume,) is computed at two hundred thousand. It was for a long series of years governed by a Moossellim, or civil governor, and a municipal council composed of eight Ayans, or magistrates, presided over by a Mollah, or judge, and called the Mehkiemmay. A Moossellim, being invested merely with annual authority, has not the power of putting to death the Sultan's subjects, without the legal sanction of the Mehkiemmay. It is the possession of horse-tails which alone confers an arbitrary exercise of that odious power, so liable to abuses in the hands of barbarians; and the number of the tails, from one to three, defines the rank of a Pasha, and also indicates the number of heads he is allowed to dispose of per diem, without the liability of being called upon for any explanation of motives. Smyrna

was the only place of importance in Turkey, which was allowed for any series of years to be governed upon principles of a constitutional tendency; and it owed this advantage to the influence and power of the old established house of the Kara-Osman-Ogloos, whose ancient rights of feudalism, in this province, had never been, till very lately, disputed by the Porte. With the fall of the last remnant of that celebrated race, in 1818, the system has changed, and a Pasha of three tails has been appointed to govern this city and its dependencies for the future.

The mercantile and industrious habits of the Smyrniots, and their constant intercourse with Europeans from an early period of their lives, have given a greater polish to their manners, and a readier disposition to good fellowship with strangers, than are observable among the Turks of other parts. Disturbances have indeed sometimes taken place at Smyrna, but they were invariably occasioned by disorderly recruits coming from the interior of Asia Minor for the purpose of embarkation, and by ferocious Candiot adventurers, over whom the Moossellims could exercise but little control. The property and persons of Europeans were, however, always scrupulously respected on similar occasions, and the depredations of the licentious rabble were confined to the defenceless Greeks, Jews, and Armenians. One exception, however, to the good feeling generally manifested towards the Franks, is too remarkable not to be here noticed; but it will be seen that great provocation was given, and as the occurrence alluded to took place so far back as the year 1797, the time which has since elapsed, if not sufficient to operate any great change in the character of the Turks, has, at least, improved its polish in a remarkable degree.

A strolling company of rope-dancers arrived at Smyrna in the

year above mentioned, and immediately hired an appropriate space, surrounded with high palings, in which they commenced their exhibitions. A set of Janissaries, acting as the customary guard of honour to one of the foreign consuls, had been stationed at the entrance of the enclosure for the purpose of keeping order; and the interposition of their authority was rendered necessary by the clamours of several sailors, who were attempting to force their way through without payment. They were at last beaten off, and, enraged at the treatment they had received, determined on revenge. Their vessel (an Ionian, then under the protection of the Venetian republic) being close at hand, they speedily repaired on board, armed themselves with pistols and blunderbusses, returned to the spot, and fired a volley on the unsuspecting Janissaries, one of whom alone was killed; after performing this valorous exploit, they ran off and took refuge in the Venetian consul's house. This *fracas* naturally disturbed the numerous audience within, composed of Franks and Turks, and when the particulars became known among them, the greatest confusion took place. The former were seized with the apprehension that the Turks, all armed, (according to the fashion of that period,) would, in the heat of the moment, fall on them, and revenge upon their heads the death of the Mahometan. There was, therefore, such a general scampering off, such rushing for safety under benches, such a precipitate climbing over the palings, that the Turks themselves, forgetting the cause, stood gazing on the comic scene with feelings of merriment. The next day, however, the whole populace made common cause against the unjustifiable outrage, and proceeded *en masse* to the Melhkiemmay, where they insisted that the most guilty party should be claimed of his consul, in order to receive that public punishment which alone could atone for the murder of a Mahometan. But the Venetian consul, fearful lest

the privileges to which his countrymen in Turkey were entitled, should be compromised by too speedy a compliance with the just demand of the Turks, and overawed, perhaps, by the threats of the very Ionians themselves, who had taken refuge in his house, endeavoured to gain time, and proposed that the matter should be referred to the higher powers at Constantinople for decision. The people, however, were not easily to be diverted from their purpose; the delays opposed to them by the consul's hesitation irritated them the more, and threats of destruction were held out to the whole European community, if justice were not speedily done. In vain did the consuls of other nations press their Venetian colleague to give way to the dictates of a justly irritated and infuriated populace; finding their pressing remonstrances not likely to avert the threatened danger, every one then bethought himself of his own safety, and the foreign merchant vessels in the harbour (for unluckily there was no European ship-of-war present at that moment) were soon filled with Frank families and their removeable property. On the fourth day of the fruitless negotiation, the Frank part of the town was, as early as five o'clock in the morning, filled with several thousands of armed Turks; their first act of violence was setting fire to the Venetian consul's house, but it had been evacuated on the previous night, and all the neighbouring houses being equally empty, the fire soon spread itself to a frightful extent. It raged with unabated fury for three days and nights, and at last extinguished itself after having destroyed the greater portion of the European houses. During this time many skirmishes took place between parties of Slavonian and Ionian sailors, who came from their ships for the purpose of amusing themselves with sport, against the numerous bands of Turks; the latter were invariably forced to retire with precipitation from the field of battle, after leaving behind them many dead and

wounded, whom the victors took up and threw into the nearest flames. The Turks being at last satisfied with their vengeance, and tired of a state of warfare in which they had so seldom the advantage, retired to their quarters as soon as the fire had consumed almost every thing devoted to it. The Franks then gradually ventured on shore: most of them possessing country houses, repaired thither, and a week after the most profound tranquillity was re-established. From that time to the present day, the British Government has made of Smyrna bay a fixed station for a ship-of-war, and the utility of that measure has been seen not only when war broke out in 1806, between England and Turkey, but also during the disturbances which took place at the commencement of the Greek insurrection, when many English and other Franks might have been confounded with Greeks, and treated accordingly, had not a naval force overawed the seditious rabble, and made them careful of committing any such wilful mistakes. It ought to be mentioned here that the excesses to which the rage of the populace carried them on this occasion were loudly condemned by all the respectable Turks, who not only used every possible effort to prevent them, but, when they found it impossible to preserve the public peace, gave secret warning to all their Frank acquaintances of what was likely to take place, opened their houses to them, and treated all those who accepted the offer of their protection with the kindest hospitality during the whole time of danger.

Among the most forward in testifying their anxiety for the safety of their European friends, was the late highly and deservedly popular Moosselim, Kiatib-Ogloo, the particulars of whose subsequent life have filled an important page in the history of Smyrna. He was then a young man; and, being brought up in the business of a general merchant, his intercourse with the Franks had been such as to give him a taste for their more en-

lightened ways, and to remove from him in no small degree the roughness of those habits and manners which is almost inherent in Mahometanism. His wealth, and the consideration it gave him in the place, enabled him in 1807 to offer himself as a candidate for the government; and as it came to the knowledge of the Porte that he was rich, it was proposed to him that he should purchase the investment of that authority for the space of three years, and pay for the whole period in anticipation. Kiatib-Ogloo agreed to this with much willingness. The mildness and equitable principles of his administration were soon felt by every description of the inhabitants, and it was supposed that the Porte would allow him to retain the Moosselimlick so long as he chose to remain in office. But it was soon found on this occasion, as, indeed, it ought to have been discovered on many preceding ones, that the views of a Turkish Sultan's government have no reference to the welfare of his subjects. In that country the great foundation of Imperial rule is in the subserviency of others. The Sultan reigns for his own personal purposes and gratification, and looks upon all others as beings formed for his convenience and pleasure; nothing can be more foreign to the notions of this arrogant despot than the propriety or utility of any measure consonant with the wishes of his people, or tending to their prosperity.

Towards the close of the second year of Kiatib-Ogloo's government, it was officially notified to him from Constantinople, that a person had been appointed to succeed him for the following year. Kiatib-Ogloo immediately submitted to the Porte that as he had purchased the office for three years, either he should be allowed to finish his time, or a proportionable amount of the purchase-money be returned to him. Upon which he was told that the Vizier of that period (since dead) had received his money, and he must claim it of him; and that the Sultan's orders

must, meanwhile, be obeyed. A petition to the Sultan was now got up at Smyrna, which prayed that Kiatib-Ogloo, for the reasons of his justly acquired popularity and the wisdom of his government, should be confirmed in his office : it was signed by every Turk within the city and its jurisdiction, and supported by the all-powerful Kara-Osman-Ogloo himself. The Sultan, however, remained inexorable ; and the Janissaries of Smyrna, enraged at his obstinacy in refusing to listen to representations in behalf of their favourite chief, all rose, and publicly declared that no one else should be suffered by them to take his place. This turn had not been anticipated in the *seraglio* ; and as the country was then involved in a disastrous war against the Russians, which necessarily absorbed all the military resources of the state, it was deemed necessary to give way. In order to make it appear that this concession had not been extorted by popular clamour, and the better to conceal any intention of future vengeance on the author of it, the governor's confirmation was notified to Kiatib-Ogloo by means of a *Hattisheriff*, or autograph letter of the Sultan ; a mode which, in Turkey, implies the highest possible enjoyment of sovereign favour that can fall to the lot of a subject. Sultan Mahmood was at that period young on the throne ; his personal character, and the principles of his internal policy, were not yet understood by his people ; and Kiatib-Ogloo, as well as every other Turk in Smyrna, accounted in various ways for the sudden change of his sentiments on this occasion, without, however, thinking of any detraction from the respect due to the character of a *Hattisheriff*, which contains the sacred word of Mahomet's descendant. A repeated confirmation of Kiatib-Ogloo for several years after, induced him to place confidence in the favour of his sovereign, which he neglected nothing, consistent with his duty to the public, to appear worthy of. One day, during the summer of 1817, a

Turkish fleet, composed of eight ships of the line, several frigates, brigs, and transports, unexpectedly arrived at Smyrna from Constantinople, and anchored close to the shore. The Captain-Pasha, or High-Admiral, who commanded it in person, was (as most frequently happens with men in power in Turkey) a man of small beginnings, and had formerly been a *protégé* of Kiatib-Ogloo, to whose assistance and good offices he was, indeed, indebted for the high station he now held. The Turks are habitually as profuse in their testimonies of gratitude, as they are ready to turn treacherously against their benefactors when their own interest requires it, or the will of their superiors ordains it. This man had, in the height of his prosperity, so frequently evinced his grateful recollection of the services he had formerly received from Kiatib-Ogloo, that the latter could not look upon him otherwise than as one who was sincerely devoted to him through sentiments of gratitude and friendship. His sudden arrival, therefore, far from being a cause of alarm to the unsuspecting governor, was a subject of congratulation, and he hastened on board to welcome the Pasha. He met with the friendly reception he had been taught to expect, and was invited to renew his visit at an appointed hour the next day, in order to accompany the admiral on his landing. The extraordinary authority with which the Captain-Pasha is invested, gives him the power of absolute sovereignty in every place in the empire to which he repairs, and where the Sultan is not present ; the local government is invariably resigned to him for the time of his stay. Conformably to this well-known custom, on the very night of his arrival at Smyrna, he landed six thousand men, who scattered themselves in strong and well-armed parties throughout the town, and also garrisoned the fortress. Kiatib-Ogloo was still far from suspecting any sinister intentions from these preparations of rather an unusual magnitude, and confidently

returned to the admiral's vessel on the following day. The instant he set his foot upon deck, he was seized, bound, and hurried to the other side of the vessel, where a boat, which was in readiness, received him, and conveyed him to a frigate anchored at some distance from the fleet. Here he was immediately put in irons, and confined to a solitary cabin. Whilst he was left to ruminate on the sudden change of his fortunes and condition, and on the fate which seemed to await him, his friend the Pasha landed in state, convoked the municipal authorities and foreign consuls, made known to them that it was the will and pleasure of the Sultan that Kiatib-Ogloo should suffer death, and informed them that from that time forward the city should be governed by a Pasha of three tails.

Kiatib-Ogloo, whose intercourse with the Frank society had considerably increased since his accession to the governorship, had made himself a great favourite among them by the affability of his manners, divested entirely of Mahometan pomp, gravity, and etiquette. No ball, concert, or assembly, was given by the consuls and principal foreign merchants, to which he was not invited; and in return, he gave them magnificent fêtes at his country seat, situated not far from the Frank quarter. His catastrophe was, therefore, to all the Franks, a subject of such deep regret, that his more intimate friends, Mr. Werry, the British Consul, and Mr. Wilkinson, the Swedish Consul-General, were easily prevailed upon to wait on the Pasha in the name of the whole European community, and offer any terms for his life. The Pasha assured these gentlemen that what had been done was as much against his own wish as theirs; that the Sultan had reserved this punishment to Kiatib-Ogloo until a favourable opportunity occurred, ever since his disobedience in refusing to give up the government of the place; that the Sultan was inflexible in this matter, and in ordering this formidable expedition to insure the execution of

his will, had made him (the Pasha) answerable for the slightest deviation from his instructions. Thus poor Kiatib-Ogloo was unavoidably left to his fate. The frigate took him to an uninhabited part of the coast of Mitylene, where he was landed and strangled on the beach. His head was then severed from its body, and sent to figure at the gates of the *seraglio* with the usual inscription affixed to those of "disobedient slaves" and traitors. All his property at Smyrna was confiscated on behalf of the Porte, his harem exiled, and his two brothers (also holding public offices in the place) spoliated, ordered to go and reside elsewhere, and forbidden ever to return to Smyrna without the express permission of the court.

Having adverted to the sacred character attached to a *Hattisherrif*, and the profound veneration in which it has ever been held by the Turks of all ranks, it may not be out of place that I should briefly relate here the particulars of another curious instance of the deceptive purposes for which the Sultan Mahmood thinks it so apt to serve.

Remiz-Pasha had been promoted to the eminent post of High-Admiral during the short reign of Mahmood's brother and predecessor Sultan Moustapha, and had directed the bombardment of the Janissar'-Aga's palace at Constantinople during the insurrection of the Janissaries, which, in 1808, led to the accession of the present Sultan to the throne. Having thus rendered himself obnoxious to the then triumphant faction, it became of course necessary that he should be removed from the capital, and he was sent to the Grand Vizier's camp at Shoomla with the title of Lieutenant-general of the army. Here he distinguished himself in several skirmishes with the Russians; and his bravery made him so careless of his own safety that he was at last taken prisoner and sent to St. Petersburg. After the conclusion of peace, Remiz-Pasha felt by no means sure of returning with any se-

curity to Constantinople, and he wrote to some of his friends there, requesting they would lay his case before the Sultan and take his opinion on it. The answer he received was a *Hattisheriff*, in which the Sultan not only assured him he had no longer to fear the hatred of the Janissaries, but notified to him his appointment to the post of Grand Vizier, and desired him to hasten to the capital in order to assume the functions of that eminent station. The Pasha obeyed his sovereign's commands without hesitation, and soon appeared at the frontiers of the Ottoman States. For some reason, however, which has never been properly known, it was by no means the Sultan's wish that Remiz-Pasha should ever reach again his capital; and the *Hattisheriff*, as well as the nomination it announced, was expressly employed as a snare for him. Instructions had been at the same time despatched to the Hospodars of Moldavia and Wallachia; and a company of a hundred Turks sent to each of them, with orders that they should act exactly as the princes should find it advisable from circumstances to direct. The commission entrusted to the late humane and excellent Prince Callimachi of Moldavia,* was one in which he felt by no means disposed to act, and he artfully contrived to let the execution of it fall into the hands of his less scrupulous colleague of Wallachia. Remiz-Pasha, therefore, after having met at Yassi with the reception due to his rank, passed on to Buckarest. A numerous guard of honour, in which the hundred Turks were included, with secret instructions to put the Pasha to death, went a few miles out of town to meet him, and the state carriage of the Hospodar was also sent to receive him. This carriage is one of peculiar construc-

tion, and does not conceal any part of the persons sitting in it. The Turks took up a favourable position, stationing themselves in such a manner as to be certain of not missing their aim. When the coach, with the Vizier in it, came abreast of them, a volley of no less than a hundred muskets was fired into it, which not only pierced the unfortunate victim with several balls, but also killed the Hospodar's Greek master of ceremonies, who attended him in it, the coachman, and several other attendants, as well as horses. The confusion which ensued may easily be imagined. I was among the immense number of spectators, of all ranks and conditions, who had come out of the city to witness the ceremony of the Grand Vizier's approach; and, seated on horseback, I was conversing with a very beautiful Greek young lady, betrothed to the master of ceremonies who had gone on to meet the Pasha in the Hospodar's coach. We were in sight of the scene of this horrid butchery; and perceiving the confusion and cries which followed the unexpected firing, it was impossible for us not to guess at once the cause. The poor girl instantly leaped out of her landau, and, with frantic screams, ran towards the spot, to learn the fatal truth of what had taken place. Several persons went after her, and could not stop her without using force. She was, with great difficulty, conveyed back to her carriage, where she fell into a swoon, and in that condition she was hurried home. When her fears, on the next day, received the dreaded confirmation, she shut herself up in her room, and remained there for two years, receiving no visits but those of her nearest relatives, and hardly taking food †

Remiz-Pasha's body was taken to Roosstchiok, a Turkish town on the

* He was beheaded with the immense number of his countrymen who perished by the Turkish sabre at the breaking out of the Greek insurrection, accused of no other crime than that of being Greeks!

† This beautiful girl, who had from her infancy felt an attachment for the Greek killed on this occasion, was the sister of Michael Sutzo, who, subsequently appointed Hospodar of Moldavia, joined the Prince Alexander Ypsilanti in the early part of the Greek Revolution.

right bank of the Danube, to receive burial; but his head was not, as is customary, sent to Constantinople to figure at the gates of the seraglio; from this peculiar circumstance it is inferred that the Sultan's hatred of him arose from some personal cause to which the sanction of political expediency could not be publicly given.

There are other instances without number which occur in Mahmood's reign, of *Hattisheriffs* written with no other view than to disguise real intentions, and to convert well-grounded suspicion into confidence, in order to strike unawares, and with more certainty of success. A history of them would certainly fill up a good-sized quarto, and might prove a great curiosity in literature, and in the annals of Mahometan barbarism.* That the Sultan should continue to have recourse to such a system of perfidy, is not so much to be wondered at, as the infatuation and wilful blindness of many of his subjects, who still suffer themselves to be the dupes of an artifice so often exploded.

It is a fact not less positive than it may seem incredible to those who have had no ocular demonstration of it, that the existence of the most perfect model of a Republic is to be traced in the very country where despotism reigns with most unbounded sway, and in the very midst of the most hideous abuses of arbitrary power. Such, however, is to be denominated the political condition of the European subjects of different states, who have colonised a portion of the city of Smyrna, where they are found occupying a town almost entirely their own, in which the flags of all the maritime powers of Europe daily flow over foreign consulates, as if to assert a jurisdiction distinct from that of the legal possessors of the land. Independent, by ancient treaties with the Porte,

of Turkish laws and local authorities, they are exempted from all kinds of taxes and contributions; and even their landed property is allowed to partake of these as well as other privileges. Amenable to no other judicial tribunals than those of the consuls of their respective nations, through their official channel alone have they to answer the claims of the native subjects, and the grievances of the Turkish magistrates. Their children, and farther descendants born in Turkey, are not on that account considered as subjects of the Sultan; and unless they have once consented to pay the *haratsh*, or capitation-tax, they are acknowledged and respected as subjects of their fathers' sovereign. A great number of English, French, Dutch, and Italian merchants, and others, have long been established residents at Smyrna.† They have constituted themselves into factories, under the sanction of their respective governments, presided by their consuls, having their own public notaries, treasurers, chaplains, churches, hospitals, and burial-places; and many individuals among them possess freehold estates in lands, houses, and other buildings. The means of education afforded by the place not being such as to inculcate in their children those national predilections which it is proper they should entertain for the mother-country, they are invariably sent there for a certain number of years; most of them return to the place of their parents' residence, and devote themselves to the profession of commerce. The close intimacy and intercourse this state of things has naturally occasioned among the Franks, has given rise to international marriages, which have, in the course of time, almost formed one extensive family of them; and if new residents did not outnumber the deceased, there would be few persons who by this time were not closely related to

* Such a work might serve as an answer to the many advocates that "our ancient ally" has lately met with in England.

† The Dutch Consulship at Smyrna has been made hereditary in the family of Count de Hochepeid more than a hundred years since.

each other. The language universally adopted in this society is the French, and it is spoken with extraordinary correctness; but all the Frank children are brought up in the habit of speaking Greek Turkish, and Italian besides, and many, of course, are taught English. Their manners and customs have become a mixture of those of every European country; and their spacious and commodious houses are fitted up on the same principle. During the winter season, dinners, musical *soirées*, card-parties, balls, and private theatricals, are the principal amusements. There is a casino, or splendid club-house, where its members, composed of the most respectable Franks of the place, resort of an evening to read the daily and periodical journals of every part of Europe, to play at whist or billiards, or to pass the time in conversation. Balls are given here once a week throughout the carnival at the expense of the members, each of whom is at liberty to introduce as many strangers as he pleases. The number of persons who attend them often exceeds six hundred.

Without seeming aware of the political form which a society so constituted has gradually assumed, the Franks have unconsciously acquired the habits of republicans; and their love of freedom, so far from having been affected by the manifestation of those excesses of despotism which they are every day doomed to witness, on the contrary, gathers new force from the hatred that so frequent a display of it is calculated to inspire.

Such are the peaceable and worthy members of the Frank commonwealth at Smyrna, whose kind hospitality I have frequently experienced, and among whom I have spent the happiest days of my life. In thus expressing the affectionate recollection I shall ever be bound to entertain for the generality of them,

I owe it to truth not to overlook the fact, that there are among them persons who, long invested with the consular authority, and many years accustomed to the trust more extensively reposed in them in Turkey than in other countries, from peculiar circumstances already mentioned, have acquired habits of arrogance and command very inconsistent with the limited nature of their official attributes. But if this propensity of some consuls for an encroachment of power receive not that check to which it is legally liable from the very persons whom it is most calculated to affect, it must be confessed that the fault lies chiefly with the latter. Whilst I was at Smyrna in 1824, a remarkable occurrence took place, the curious particulars of which will perhaps tend to give strength to the above remarks:—

A Greek Rayah merchant, long persecuted by the Pasha (as had been almost all the Greeks of the place after the breaking out of the insurrection in Greece) received information one day that he was to be immediately seized and beheaded. He lost no time in putting his person in safety by repairing on board his Majesty's ship the *Hind*, at that moment the only British ship of war in port, commanded by Captain Lord John Churchill. Some days after, an Ionian vessel lying close to the *Hind*, being on the point of sailing, Lord John sent the Greek refugee on board, with directions that he should be landed at the nearest place of safety in the Archipelago. A Turkish guard accompanied by an officer attached to the British consulate, soon after came to the Ionian vessel for the purpose of examining the list of her passengers, and their written permits to leave the port.* The refugee, not having taken the precaution of concealing himself during this visit, and, having no permit to exhibit, was seized by the Turks and thrust into their boat. Whilst

* This regulation has only been established since the Greek insurrection, for the purpose, I suppose, of preventing the unfortunate persecuted Greeks from making their escape.

they were conveying him on shore to the office of the Consul, Lord John Churchill, who had watched all these proceedings from his quarter-deck, speedily sent his own boat, well manned, after the Turks, from whose hands the poor Greek was rescued without difficulty, and brought back safe to the Hind. When the report of what had taken place was made to his Britannic Majesty's Consul, this gentleman thought proper to fly into a violent passion. He summoned the Ionian captain before him, and after upbraiding him for disobedience to his commands, in having received into his vessel a person not legally authorised to depart, ordered him to prison as a punishment for this violation of his duty. Now, it is necessary to say here that the prison of the English consulate at Smyrna is a small, dark cell, in which confinement for any time is a punishment sufficient for crimes much heavier than the mere deviation from a consul's regulations. Lord John, on hearing what had befallen the Ionian, immediately addressed a letter to the Consul in explanation of what had taken place; and as his Lordship was properly the responsible person, he requested that the Ionian should be set at liberty, and a complaint addressed to himself, should there appear any sufficient ground for one. Not receiving any answer from the Consul, he repeated his application, and then a verbal message was returned, purporting that the Consul was performing his own duty, which he understood perfectly, and he saw no reason for Lord John Churchill's interference. The naval commander, offended at the injustice of the proceeding itself, and at the contemptuous manner in which his representation was treated, replied in writing that if the prisoner was not set at liberty within a given time, he would land with his marines and take him by force. He was again verbally informed that the

Consul should put himself at the head of his own *Turkish Janissaries*, and give his Lordship and his marines the reception they deserved. The landing was therefore resolved upon, and took place at eight o'clock at night. Meanwhile every preparation was made in the consular-house to oppose a determined resistance to the attack. Lord John knocked at the marine gate, and was told that it should be opened to no one but himself; a parley ensued, in which it was finally agreed that his Lordship and his attending officer should be alone admitted. A violent dispute now arose between the parties, who resorted to high words. The Consul's anger, it seems, was raised above all means of control. He told Lord John that if his ancestor, the great Duke of Marlborough himself, had used him in a similar manner, he would have met with the same return. They separated, however, without taking any decisive step; and Lord John, whose sole object had been to intimidate the Consul into compliance by the display of a military force, returned on board with his marines to meditate on farther proceedings. It happened very opportunely that the *Euryalus* frigate came in early on the following morning, and Captain Clifford, who commanded her, being senior officer to Lord John, undertook the discussion of this extraordinary business. It was finally settled on the conditions that the Ionian captain should be liberated and allowed to proceed on his voyage; and that the Greek, among whose creditors were several merchants of the British factory, should be delivered up to the Consul, to remain in his safe custody until he made a satisfactory arrangement with his English creditors, after which, instead of being allowed to be placed again in the power of the Turks, he should be sent away from Smyrna in an English ship of war.

OLD AGE.

WHAT a blessed order of Nature it is, that the footsteps of Time are "inaudible and noiseless," and that the seasons of life are like those of the year, so indistinguishably brought on, in gentle progress, and imperceptibly blended the one with the other, that the human being scarcely knows, except from a faint and not unpleasant feeling, that he is growing old ! The boy looks on the youth, the youth on the man, the man in his prime on the grey-headed sire, each on the other, as on a separate existence in a separate world. It seems sometimes as if they had no sympathies, no thoughts in common, that each smiled and wept on account of things for which the other cared not, and that such smiles and tears were all foolish, idle, and most vain ; but as the hours, days, weeks, months and years go by, how changes the one into the other, till, without any violence, lo ! as if close together at last, the cradle and the grave ! In this how Nature and Man agree, pacing on and on to the completion of a year—of a life ! The Spring how soft and tender indeed, with its buds and blossoms, and the blessedness of the light of heaven so fresh, young, and new, a blessedness to feel, to hear, to see, and to breathe ! Yet the Spring is often touched by frost—as if it had its own Winter, and is felt to urge and be urged on upon that Summer, of which the green earth, as it murmurs, seems to have some secret forethought. The Summer, as it lies on the broad blooming bosom of the earth, is yet faintly conscious of the coming-on of Autumn with "sere and yellow leaf,"—the sunshine owns the presence of the shade—and there is at times a pause as of melancholy amid the transitory mirth ! Autumn comes with its full or decaying ripeness, and its colours grave or gorgeous—the noise of song and sickle—of the wheels of wains

—and all the busy toils of prophetic man gathering up against the bare cold Winter, provision for the body and for the soul ! Winter ! and cold and bare as fancy pictured—yet not without beauty and joy of its own, while something belonging to the other seasons that are fled, some gleanings as of Spring-light, and flowers fair as of Spring among the snow—meridians bright as Summer morns, and woods bearing the magnificent hues of Autumn on into the Christmas frost—clothe the Old Year with beauty and with glory, not his own—and just so with Old Age, the Winter, the last season of man's ever-varying, yet never wholly changed Life !

Then blessings on the Sages and the Bards who, in the strength of the trust that was within them, have feared not to crown Old Age with a diadem of flowers and light ! Shame on the satirists, who, in their vain regret, and worse ingratitude, have sought to strip it of all "impulses of soul and sense," and leave it a sorry and shivering sight, almost too degraded for pity's tears ! True, that to outward things the eye may be dim, the ear deaf, and the touch dull ; but there are lights that die not away with the dying sunbeams—there are sounds that cease not when the singing of birds is silent—there are motions that still stir the soul, delightful as the thrill of a daughter's hand pressing her father's knee in prayer ; and therefore, how calm, how happy, how reverend, beneath unoffended Heaven, is the head of Old Age ! Walk on the mountain, wander down the valley, enter the humble hut,—the scarcely less humble kirk,—and you will know how sacred a thing is the hoary hair that lies on the temples of him who, during his long journey, forgot not his Maker, and feels that his Old Age shall be renewed into immortal youth !

LONDON NOISES.

IN no respect has the liberty of the subject degenerated to such outrageous license as in the particular of noise. It should seem as if dissonance was a fundamental article of Magna Charta, and silence as unconstitutional as ship-money. A man of any delicacy of ear can hardly endure to live within the bills of mortality. Folks may talk as they will of the fogs of London, and of its canopy of smoke ; but what are these to the vile congregation of acoustic abominations that prevails "from night to morn, from morn till dewy eve," in the great city ? Every itinerant mender of kettles, and every rascally knife-grinder, presumes that he has a right to assassinate you,—like Hamlet's uncle,—through the "porches of your ears;" and "Meolch below," as wicked as Macbeth, hath "murdered sleep" uninterruptedly from the days of our Saxon progenitors.* From the shrill pipe of the morning sweep, to the deep bass of the Hebrew old clothesman, there is a gamut of discordant sounds perpetually exercised, in which every trade and calling has its share. During the late war, when victories came in as regularly as the post, (I wish they had not, like our letters, cost such heavy postage) and when our generals and admirals might have said "no day without a despatch," the nuisance of newsmen's horns so far transcended the united noises of all other vociferations, that the magistrates of the city, those sage grave men, found it necessary to legislate specially against them. No other trade could gain a hearing, so incessant and obstreperous were their blasts. The wits of that day, I am aware, would have it that the *ears* were not the part of the head which our aldermen desired to protect from insult ; but what will not a wit say

or do to make good his point ? One may pay for gold too dearly ; and even the joys which a good batch of "bloody news" must afford to the snug citizen, who "lives at home at ease," and knows nothing of the *pleasures* of war beyond taxation and a gazette, were dearly bought by the head-splitting tantararara of the gentlemen of the tin tube.

Another "simple sin," which no less requires legislative interference, is the big-drum. Tambourines and triangles are bad enough, heaven knows,—mere noise for the sake of noise,—monotonous, and subversive of all music ; but they are nothing to the big drum, that eternal rattler of windows and shaker of houses—that everlasting street accompaniment to the grave and the gay, the martial and the tender, the sentimental and the sprightly. Let any one, who is an admirer of the very popular air, "Home, sweet home," imagine—no, that is not the word,—let him remember (for he must have heard it a thousand times) the ambulant performance of the *refrain*, "home, home, sweet, sweet home," squirted through the husky Pan's pipe, and enforced by five confounded bangs, like so many discharges of artillery, and five vibrations of all the glass in the parish, that seem to speak of an earthquake. To ladies indisposed, and gentlemen with sick-headaches, these proceedings are most distressing. Have the drummers, moreover, no pity on the poor babes, who may be thrown into convulsions by the slightest of their thumps ? Alas, "they have no children, butchers." Infinitely more painful still is it to the wounded spirit of him who is full of the melody of Pasta or of Paton, to be compelled to listen to thump—thump thump—thumpa thumpa—thump, by way of a new edition of

* It is a curious fact, that this pronunciation of "milk" answers precisely to the Anglo-Saxon spelling, "meolce;" it is most probably the original sound of the word, that has survived the progressive refinements in speech of the upper classes.

"*Di tanti palpiti*;" or to "*Di più bang mi balza bang*;" it is enough to make a man commit suicide. Having entered fully into the contemplation of this evil, just conceive it, reader, at the end of some forty minutes, melting into distance, and your aching head left free to receive the varied attack of a *debutant* from a garret window, beginning to learn the bugle!! It might reconcile even Swift himself to deafness! Not all the alphabets in the world could express the horrible combinations of sound attendant on this truculent massacre of Guido of Arezzo. As-tolpho's horn is a faint and insufficient type of the stupifying blast. Well, you will scarcely have gotten rid of this plague, when you will be beset by a scoundrel performing your favourite melody on a barrel organ, in which, if there is one note more out of tune than all the rest, it is that on which there is a long pause, to bring you back to the *ritornelle*. The filing of a saw is gracious to that scream. Then succeeds an itinerant clarinet, squeaking out the mutilated remains of a Scotch reel; or, worse than all, some Highland Orpheus of a bagpiper, whose accursed pibroch would of itself suffice to batter down the walls of another Jericho, or relieve the moon from the pangs of an eclipse. After such instrumental nuisances, it may appear to smack of the bathos to dwell upon vocal misdoings; but how shall I pass over the deep, hoarse, bass of the sham sailor roaring "*Cease, rude Boreas*," and telling in unearthly sounds how "*his precious sight*" was electrified out of his eyes in a West India thunder-storm, or carried away by the wind of a cannon-ball? What think you also of a French ballad-singer, with a voice like a penny trumpet,

and as tunable "as a pig in a gale, or a hog in a high wind," chanting "*La garde nationale*," or "*C'est l'amour*;" or of that other pious nuisance, the woman who lays siege to your halfpence, by drawling out a never-ending repetition of the hundred and fourth Psalm. To add, however, to the charm, these delectable strains are from time to time crossed by the competing vociferations of two rival mackerel-venders, screaming like emulous parrots from the opposite sides of the street. Then at night you are indulged by a trio of watchmen crying the hour concurrently in C natural, C sharp, and E flat, and showing how little concert there is in their efforts to preserve the peace. This last insult on our ears is the more forcibly impressed upon my memory, because a very professor of music, who is rather choleric, and who, moreover, had served Napoleon in the wars, when walking home with me one night from the opera, was so worked upon by the discord, that he actually knocked down the untunely Charley nearest at hand to teach him counter-point. This fantasia of the enraged musician brought us both to the watch-house till we could get bail; and the next morning Sir R. Birnie read us a most luminous lecture on the moral difference between beating time and beating the time-keeper. Thus brought to the bar for an odd crotchet, after having lost our rest, we were forced, after a distressing pause, to conclude the broken (headed) cadence, by sliding a few notes into the hand of the guardian of the night, whom we had rendered too flat, but who, being now the dominant, allowed us to resolve the discord, and so get back to the key, which was no longer turned upon us.

THE MOSS ROSE.

An angel of the flow'rs one day,
Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay,—
That spirit to whose charge is given
To bathe young buds in dews from heaven.
Awaking from his light repose,

The angel whisper'd to the rose,
"Oh! fondest object of my care,
Still fairest found where all are fair,
For the sweetest shade thou'st given to me,
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee!"

Then said the rose, with deepen'd glow,
 "On me another grace bestow."
 The spirit paus'd in silent thought—
 What grace was there that flow'r had not?

'Twas but a moment—o'er the rose
 A veil of moss the angel throws,
 And rob'd in Nature's simplest weed,
 Could there a flow'r that rose exceed?

HAJJI BABA IN ENGLAND.*

THE work before us—the second series of Hajji Baba's adventures, by Mr. Morier, has some faults (and some merits) which the first production had not: but, on the whole, it is very amusingly written. There can scarcely be said to be any plot about it, in the sense in which that term is used by novelists, but a constant source of excitement is kept up by the shifting of the characters—even if they be such as take no great hold upon us—into new and singular situations: and, without becoming subject to that sort of novelistic lien which arises out of a care for the individuals before us, we have a running curiosity to see what, in particular positions, particular people will think and do.

The work sets out with the nomination of Hajji Baba, as appointed and peculiar officer of the Persian shah, to select and take up in the provinces of his master's empire, a collection of presents which are to accompany an embassy to the king of England. These gifts are to consist (as becomes the honour of the shah and the purpose of the embassy) of the choicest specimens of art and splendour that Persia can afford, and especially of such matters as are likely to be acceptable to the illustrious monarch for whose use they are designed. Horses, slaves of all descriptions, and an eunuch dwarf, are among the gifts.

These presents, according to Persian etiquette, previous to their transmission to Frangistan, are submitted to the inspection of the English ambassador resident at the court of the shah; and immense surprise is created when that officer suggests that "the slaves will none of them be ac-

ceptable." The objection to the eunuch dwarf, and the statement that the King of England does not lock up his wife—and moreover that he has but *one*, creates a burst of merriment and incredulity through the court, "*La illahah illallah!*" cries the vizier—astonished even into forgetfulness of the place in which he stands—"only one wife? Suppose he gets tired of her, what then?" The delight, however, expressed at the gift of the horses, somewhat covers these disappointments. The English ambassador is luckily "no great judge; and, therefore, the animals which a Persian would most likely have rejected, he accepts with joy." "With a warning to learn all the languages of Frangistan, to express no surprise at any thing which they may hear or see, and to do every thing in England for the shah's honour, that his face may be white in the eyes of the infidels;" the mission, accompanied by a young Englishman, who is to act as interpreter, quits Isphahan on its way to St. James's.

The chief ambassador from Persia, Mirza Firouz, is by no means devoted to the task assigned him. In fact, he receives the honour at the suggestion of a vizier, who is jealous of his favour with the sultan, and thinks it advisable to get him out of the way. Hajji Baba, whose fortune it is to be protected by the jealous vizier, (and who goes "to England as secretary of the embassy") therefore stands in no great odour in the nostrils of his superior officer.

The inferior persons of the embassy, as well as their chief, are a good deal at a loss what to think of a journey to Europe:—

"One asked, 'How shall we get

* The Adventures of Hajji Baba in England, 2 vols. 12mo., Murray, London. 1828.
 50 ATHENEUM, VOL. 9, 2d series.

there? underground, or how?"—Another, 'We hear that their only food is the unlawful beast; how can a Mussulman exist there?'—A third said, 'At least we shall get wine, for we are told they drink nothing else, and that all their water is salt.'"

In passing through Turkey, the usual heartburnings break out, between the Turks and the Persians; and in "the capital of the Blood-drinker" (Constantinople), even the hatred of both sides to the Franks appears not strong enough to control this disposition to mutual offence. At length the Persians get on board the English ships prepared for their voyage to Great Britain. And here we shall let the historian speak a little for himself:—

"We had reached the frigate all but about one *mailan*, when, wonderful to behold, at the sound of a shrill whistle, out jumped hundreds of what we took to be rope-dancers; for none but the celebrated Kheez-Ali of Shiraz, inimitable throughout Asia for his feats on the tight rope, could have done what they did. They appeared to balance themselves in rows upon ropes scarcely perceptible to the eye, ascending higher and higher in graduated lines, until on the very tip-top of the mast stood, what we imagined to be either a *gin* or a *dive*, for nothing mortal surely ever attempted such a feat. We had no sooner reached the deck, whither we had all been whisked up (the blessed Ali best knows how), than instantly such discharges of cannon took place, that, with excess of amazement, our livers turned into water, and our brains were dried up.

"'In the name of Allah!' exclaimed the elchi, 'what does this mean? Is this hell? or is it meant for heaven? What news are arrived?' All this he was exclaiming, whilst the captain, standing before him, made low bows, and seemed to claim his admiration. And it was only when the firing had ceased, and that our ears had somewhat recovered the shocks they had received, that the mehmander stepped up and said, this

was done in honour of his excellency, and was the acknowledged mode in England of treating persons of distinction.—'May your shadow never be less!' rejoined the ambassador. 'I am very sensible of the honour,' at the same time thrusting his fingers into his ears; 'and I assure you that this mark of distinction will leave a lasting impression upon me. But what is the use of discharging so many cannon, and wasting so much precious gunpowder? You have fired away more powder than our shah did at the celebrated siege of Tus, when, with three balls and one cannon, he discomfited a host of Yuzbeks, and kept the whole of their kingdom in fear of his power for ever after.'

"The captain then brought his *naibs*, or lieutenants and officers, introducing them to the ambassador, and, among the number, he specially presented a doctor, who was enjoined to take care of our health. He, moreover, led a Frank priest before us, who was the only living sign we had yet seen of religion amongst infidels—for never had we seen one of them even stand still and pray.

"One of the men was a son of the road, as the wandering Arabs say, a traveller. He was evidently a person of experience; for his hair was white, which he might have kept from the gaze of the world had he always worn a turban or head-dress, according to our Eastern fashion. The account which he gave of himself was to us incomprehensible; for it seems he was travelling about the world, at his own expense, for a Frank king, to collect birds, beasts, and fishes, which, as fast as he caught, he stuffed. The moment he perceived us, he eyed us from head to foot, as if he were inspecting horses or camels; and his curiosity was afterwards explained by the knowledge we acquired of his pursuits;—it was evident that, looking upon us as foreign animals, he longed to kill and to stuff us."

The most admirable affair of all, however, seems to the Orientals to

be, the seeing the "idle young men on board the ship" [the midshipmen] appear all at noon, each with an "astrolabe" [a quadrant] in his hands! To see boys handling this instrument of wisdom, and apparently with a purpose to ascertain if the heavens are propitious to the voyage, excites an inexpressible wonder on the part of the ambassador! and having contemplated the exhibition of a little rhubarb on that day, he sends a message, to know from the Frank soothsayers, whether the time is propitious for taking physic. In the mean time the whole party apply themselves diligently to the study of all European peculiarities, and especially of the English language; and, after the chief ambassador has nearly cut off one finger in learning to use the knife at dinner, and Hajji Baba nearly committed a greater mischance, by running his fork into his eye; with no farther calamities than these, the ship reaches the English coast in safety, and the embassy is disembarked at Plymouth:—

"What was our astonishment, when we alighted at the door of a house, at the gate of which stood several denominations of Franks, without their hats, and two or three women unveiled, all ready to receive us, and who, placing themselves in a sort of procession, preceded the ambassador until they reached a room, fitted up with looking-glasses, and surrounded by many contrivances, too numerous now to mention. The mehmander then told us, that this was to be our habitation for the present; and added, that, whenever we wanted any thing, we had only to pull a string pendant from the wall, when slaves, ready to obey our orders, would appear, quicker than ever the *gins* did to Aladin.

"The shah's throne, on which he sits to administer justice, and to make the extremities of the world tremble, was not more magnificent than the bed intended for the ambassador. It must have been constructed upon the famous peacock throne of the Moguls. Upon four pillars of curiously-

wrought wood was raised a canopy of rich stuffs, from which were suspended curtains as ample as those which screen the great hall of Tehran. The seat was overlaid with the softest and most luxuriant mattresses; and pillows to recline upon were raised, one above the other, in heaps.—'Allah! there is but one Allah!' exclaimed Mirza Firouz; 'I am in a state of amazement. To eat dirt is one thing, but to eat it after this fashion is another!'"

The dinner at the caravanserai delights the travellers even more than that on board ship. Their satisfaction at the appearance of so much plate, glass, china, &c. is at first unbounded; but is afterwards a little abated by the production of that nuisance which, the Persian historian observes, "meets strangers, go where they will in England—a bit of paper, covered with hieroglyphics, called—'the bill!'" After a few hours, the novelty being over, the time at the inn begins to hang somewhat heavy on the hands of the strangers, but is relieved by the "diversion of pulling the strings which hang near the fireplace, to try whether such a ceremony will actually produce the appearance of the slaves, or servants, of the caravanserai:"—and "sure enough they came," says the Hajji, "and tired enough they seemed to be; till, at length, our pulling had no farther effect; and the charm we supposed was broken by our too frequent repetition."

The embassy then proceeds to London, where the ambassador finds himself much disgusted on account of the little respect shown to him both on the road and on his arrival. The arrangements of the Frank houses, too, when they reach the capital, the whole party find to be, in many points, inconvenient:—

"We passed the first night very ill. Each of us had a bed, the curtains of which were so pretty, that we longed to cut them up for *alcolaks*, or to bind them round our waists; but we were unaccustomed to their heavy coverings, and found,

after we had been a short time under them, that our coat and trowsers became disagreeably oppressive. The whole household was on the stir long before the Frauks thought of moving; but Mohamed Beg was much puzzled about the true hour for saying his morning prayer, for we heard no *muezzins* to announce it from the mosques; and, besides, the nights were so much longer than any we had been accustomed to, that we had almost settled amongst ourselves that the sun never rose in this ill-conditioned city. We had walked about the house for several hours almost in total darkness, and were in despair waiting for the dawn, when at length we heard noises in the streets, indicating that the inhabitants were awake. During the whole night, at intervals, we had watched the cries of what were evidently guards of the night, who, like the *keshekchis*, on the walls of the *Ark*, announce that all is right; but those we now heard were quite different. At first, we thought they might be *muezzins*, appointed to cry out the Frangi *azan*, the invitation to the inhabitants to arise and pray; and, indeed, looking at them through the twilight, we were confirmed in our idea; for they were dressed in black, as all the English men of God are; but we were evidently mistaken; because, although they uttered their cry in a variety of loud, shrill tones, yet still no one seemed to rise a moment the sooner, or to have the least idea of praying on their account. And still we were uncertain; but, when the day had completely broken, Mohamed Beg came running in, in great joy, exclaiming, '*Muezzin! muezzin!*' and, pointing to the top of one of the minars which are seen on all the houses, we there saw one of these street clergymen, crying out his profession of faith with all his might."

The visit of the minister for foreign affairs to the embassy takes place so unexpectedly, that nothing but "sweet and bitter coffee" can be prepared for that officer's reception: "the first of which," the Persians

observe with surprise, "he scarcely tastes," and that he "makes faces at the latter." It is resolved, however, having due notice—to give the prime minister, on his visit, a formal entertainment:—

"Hassan, the cook, was ordered to exercise all his talent, and to dress a breakfast, which would at once show his art, and give a specimen of our national luxuries.

"The prime vizier was a dervish in appearance, so mild, so kind, that we marvelled how the affairs of this great country could be directed by him.

"A very handsome breakfast was served up to him, but which, strange to say, did not seem to his taste. The ambassador helped him to the choicest bits with his own fingers; he even put his hand into the same mess of rice with him, and gave him his own spoon to drink sherbet with; but he could not be prevailed upon to make the most of the good things before him. We tried him with some *gezenjibin*, which he scrupulously examined; but when Hashim, the footman, had dexterously broken it with his hands, and blown the dust from it with his mouth, he did not seem inclined to carry his curiosity farther.

"'Surely,' said we, 'this infidel cannot affect to think us impure, that he does not choose to taste our food; he, who will not scruple to eat swine's flesh, and to drink of the forbidden wine?—and this, too, when our ambassador has laid by his own scruples, has shut his ears to the commands of our holy Prophet, and has treated the Frank as if he were a true believer.' We found that we had still much to learn concerning this extraordinary people."

The whole of the second volume is occupied with the adventures of the Persians in London; and a love adventure which befalls Hajji Baba, in a family the name of which is Hogg—a family, as he designates them, "of the unclean beast!" and the card of invitation which he writes to admit his friends to one of the

ambassador's parties—"Admit one mother Hogg, and two head of daughters"—are amongst the best points in this part of the book. In the end, the ambassador remains for a time in England, and it falls to the lot of Hajji Baba (under circumstances of something diminished splendour from the manner of its outward journey) to conduct the embassy home. The Persians return to Constantinople in a "transport," on board which they experience every description of horror. "The unclean beast," they say, "walked daily upon the deck; encountering them as if in defiance." Its flesh was eaten before their eyes in every corner.

With the help of the prophet, however, the whole party returns to Ispahan; and Hajji Baba, being admitted to an audience of the shah, is examined as to the wonders of Frangistan—in a conversation, with a few extracts from which we shall close our short notice of Mr. Morier's second appearance.

"Well, Hajji, so you have seen Frangistan—what sort of a place is it?"

"Owing to the condescension of the Asylum of the Universe," said I, "it is not a bad place."

"How is it, compared to Persia?" said the king.

"As I am your sacrifice," said I, "there can be no comparison."

"Have the Franks any poets?"

"May I be your sacrifice," said I, "they have; but to say that they approach to either Hafiz or Saadi, may God forgive me for thinking so!"

"But they have no nightingales," said the king; "say that, I will believe you."

"They have none," said I; "but of dogs they have abundance."

"So they have poets!" said his majesty; "what else have they got? It is said that their women are good—is that true?"

"Of that there is no doubt," said I; "they would even be worthy, so thinks your slave, of standing before the shah himself."

"You do not say wrong," said the

king. "We want a Frank woman." Then turning to the vizier, he said, "What else was it that we wanted from that country? Is it now in your recollection?"

"May I be your sacrifice," said the vizier; "your slave thinks it was a spying-glass."

"True, true," answered the shah, recollecting himself; "it was a spying-glass; a miraculous spying-glass. Is it true," said he to me, with some hesitation, "is it true that they make a spying-glass in that country which can look over a mountain? Is such a thing really made?"

"Since your majesty says so," said I, "it must be so; but, in truth, it was not my good luck to meet with it. But, as I am your sacrifice, may it please your majesty, I have seen things among the Franks equally astonishing; and, therefore, there is no reason that it should not exist."

"What things did you see? Speak boldly."

"I have seen a ship," said I, "going against a fierce wind, with the same velocity as a horse, and that by the vapour which arises from boiling water."

"Hajji," said the king, after a stare and a thought, "say no lies here. After all, we are a king. Although you are a traveller, and have been to the Franks, yet a lie is a lie, come from whence it may."

"My tongue almost became constipated at this reproof; but taking courage, I continued with vehemence:—"By the salt of the king, may my head be struck off this moment—I am your sacrifice—as I live, I swear that such is the case, and if there be a Frank here, and he be a man, he will confirm my words."

"Say it again," answered the king, softened by my earnestness. "What vapour could ever be strong enough to perform such a miracle?"

"I then explained what I knew of a steam-engine, and how it acted upon the wheels of a ship."

"But to produce steam enough for such a purpose," said his majesty, "they must have on board the father

of all kettles, grandfather, and great-grandfather, to boot ; large enough to boil a camel, much less a sheep.'

" ' Camels, your majesty ! ' exclaimed I, ' large enough to dress a string of camels ! '

" ' Wonderful, wonderful ! ' exclaimed the shah, in deep thought ; ' well, after this, there is no doubt that they can make a spying-glass that looks over the mountain. Order some to be sent immediately,' said he to the vizier."

The narrative of the Hajji interests the royal breast. He is clothed in a

dress of honour, and would be made a khan, but that it is thought necessary to reserve that dignity to gratify the chief ambassador with on his arrival. In the mean time, however, the Hajji lives in hope, for he is privileged to stand before the king ; and who knows whether time may not see the fulfilment of his wishes. In which trust he finally takes his leave of his British readers :—" Seeking protection at the skirts of their coats, and hoping that their shadow may never be less ! "

VARIETIES.

THE OSAGE OF AQUITAINE.

ALL who have of late frequented the Palais Royale, at Paris, must have remarked the very singular personage who has acquired the title of " L'Osage d'Aquitaine," from the Parisians. His name is Pierre Chedruc Duclos, and his age fifty-six years ; his long beard (which would fitly grace a pioneer of the Old Guard) is black ; he boasts a pair of enormous moustachios ; and his dress is the very luxury of misery. A gray, faded, and dirty great coat, torn and with many a rent, which he has worn for years, is fastened round his body by pieces of twine, instead of buttons ; his pantaloons, which hang in tatters on his legs, are secured to them by cord ; and, by the same means, his shoes are kept upon his feet. This affectation of wretchedness has not arisen, however, from mercenary views, or, by moving pity or exciting compassion, to procure the viler means of existence ; but it would seem to be as a self-imposed penalty (wherefore, I cannot say,) that he dooms himself to be daily exhibited to the sight of his fellow-men in the garb of misery in those very haunts where he was once distinguished as " the gayest of the gay—the admired of all observers." His figure is remarkably fine, and he possesses a noble physiogno-

my, although his eyes have the expression of deep and settled melancholy. His hands might more than vie for size and delicacy with those of Buonaparte or of Byron ; his manners are those of one long used to the best and most refined society ; his language is equally forcible and elegant, and his voice melodious. Miserable as he now is, poor Duclos was once the Coryphæus of a party ; public journals were devoted to his praise ; his valour and gallantry were the theme of many a tongue ; and his duel, long since, with the celebrated Colonel Fabvier, aroused the interest of the Parisian fair in his favour. He is rich, but refused to receive his rents or use his property ; a humble bed is reserved for him at the house of a person named Jolivet, in the Rue Pierre Lescaut, for which he daily pays the moderate sum of twenty sous, which he, in the same manner, borrows from different persons, who, under the title of a loan, are disposed to bestow their charity on one they once admired and esteemed. He was lately arrested for the third time, and conducted before the tribunal of Correctional Police, as a vagabond, and, when demanded his reason for the strange habits he had adopted, laconically replied, "*J'use de mon droit de liberté.*" He was discharged ; and, on retiring,

bowed to the Court with a degree of grace which those most accustomed to other Courts would fain imitate, were it possible.

REMARKABLE ARTIST.

One of the candidates at present for the prize in the Parisian Academy of Painting, is a young man named Du Cornet, who was born without arms, and has on each foot but three toes, with which he paints, and excellently well too. He has already gained *two medals* for his former productions.

CHINESE METHOD OF DUNNING.

When a debtor refuses payment in China, the creditor, as a last resource, threatens to carry off the door of his house on the first day of the year. This is accounted the greatest misfortune that could happen, as in that case there would be no obstruction to the entrance of evil genii. To avoid this consummation, a debtor not unfrequently sets fire to his house on the last night of the year.

HOW TO PROMOTE PULMONARY CIRCULATION.

We are told, in a medical work lately published, to read aloud and loudly, "out of any work before us, to promote pulmonary circulation, and strengthen the digestive organs." We know a much better exercise of the lungs than that, and one we frequently practise. It is to thrust our head and shoulders out of the window, and imagining that we see a scoundrel stealing apples in the orchard, or carrying off a howtowdie, to roar out upon him, as if it were Scentor blowing a great brazen trumpet,—“Who are you—you rascal—stand still or I will blow you to atoms with this blunderbuss!” The thief takes to his heels, and having got a hundred yards farther off, you must intensify your roar into a Briareus—even unto the third remove—and then the chance is, that some decent citizen heaves in sight, who, terrified out of his seven senses, falls head

over heels into the kennel—when you, still anxious “to promote pulmonary circulation and strengthen your digestive organs,” burst out into a guffaw that startles the neighborhood—and then, letting down the lattice, return to your study.

WINE AND PHYSIC.

A gentleman, who was affected with a constant rheum in his eyes, waited on his physician for advice. The doctor desired him to leave off drinking wine. In a few weeks the gentleman experienced the good effect of the prescription, and thought he could do no less than call on the doctor to return him thanks. He was not a little surprised to find him in a tavern, and very merry over a bottle of wine with a friend, notwithstanding his eyes were affected with the same disease he had just removed. “Well,” said the gentleman, “I see you doctors don’t follow your own prescriptions.” The son of Æsculapius knew in an instant what he meant, and made this observation:—“If you love your eyes better than wine, don’t drink it; but as I love wine better than my eyes, I do drink it.”

EDUCATION.

In Prussia there exist, what are termed, *Strolling Schools*, having no fixed place. The teacher, with his scholars, and his classical furniture, establishes himself in all the houses of a village successively, where he affords instruction; and his stay is determined by the number of persons he is called upon to instruct under each roof, a week being the allotted term for each child, during which period the parents supply all the wants of the *Domine*.

HERSCHEL’S DISCOVERIES ANTICIPATED.

It has more than once occurred, that the most brilliant discoveries in science have been anticipated by ingenious reasoning or conjecture. In this manner, Sir Isaac Newton conjectured that the diamond was com-

bustible, long before it was proved by experiment that it consists of carbon. On dipping into one of Addison's "Tatler's," the other day, we fell by accident upon a very remarkable passage, which completely anticipates the great discoveries which Herschel made, by sweeping the milky way with his powerful telescope. The passage in the "Tatler" runs thus:

"What you look upon as one confused white in the milky way, appears to me (the good genius) a long track of heavens, distinguished by stars, that are arranged in proper figures and constellations."—No. 119.

This is precisely Herschel's account of the milky way from observation, he having found the white light, only apparent to the naked eye, to consist of hundreds of stars, each of them in his opinion the centre of a solar system, analogous to our own.

TORTOISE-SHELL.

Few of the *tender* sex, it is to be presumed, are aware of the barbarous method by which this highly prized article is obtained. "When the tortoise," says the Singapore Chronicle, "is caught by the Eastern islanders, it is suspended over a fire kindled immediately after its capture, until such time as the effect of the heat loosens the shell to such a degree, that it can be removed with ease. The animal now stripped and defenceless, is set at liberty, to re-enter its native element. If caught in the ensuing season, or at any subsequent period, the unhappy animal is subjected to a second ordeal of fire; but rewards its captors this time with a very thin shell."

LONDON UNIVERSITY ROOF.

As a proof of the different views of different architects with regard to the strength of materials, we cannot cite more forcible examples than those exhibited in the roof of the late Brunswick Theatre, and that of the new London University. Though we have no wish to eulogize one

architect at the expense of another, we believe scarcely any person, at all acquainted with the strength of building materials, would have considered the horizontal scantling of such an immense iron roof as that of the late Theatre, 117 feet by 63, sufficient to guarantee the perfect safety of the building; while the iron ties, or girders, which connect the walls of the new University, are strong enough to sustain a roof of at least four times the estimated weight. The principle on which these horizontal girders are constructed,—that of a rib, or rafter, with a pediment elevation,—we think very beautiful; while every risk of fracture from sinking, or from the lateral pressure, is provided against by a wrought iron bolt (forming, as it were, the chord of the arc) running from end to end, and secured by nuts and flanges in the usual way.

EXTRAORDINARY CLIMBING PLANT.

The cogue of Chili is one of the most extraordinary climbing plants ever noticed by naturalists. It is not, like the hop, convolvulus or the vine, contented with the support afforded by a single tree, but when it has reached the top of one, it shoots down again and in a short time attains the summit of another. Proceeding in this manner, it has been known to extend over a space of more than two hundred yards. The toughness and pliability of its stems render them valuable for making baskets, and even cables.

NEW WORKS.

Just published, Lectures to Young Persons on the Intellectual and Moral Powers of Man, the Existence, Character, and Government of God, and the Evidences of Christianity. By the Rev. John Harsey, 8vo.

Poems, by Miss Eliza Rennie, 8vo.

Narrative of a Journey from Constantinople to England, by the Rev. Dr. Walsh, 8vo.

Evenings of Mental Recreation, 12mo.

Victoria, 3 vols. 12mo.

to confer on merit, however dignified, or however depressed.

The man of sense and genius, by his superior powers in the comprehension of what to others may appear difficult or abstruse, is less liable to the admiration of what is great and splendid; to that inquisitiveness in the investigation of truth, or to that loquacity in the display of his knowledge, for which persons of more ordinary capacities, though great pretenders to science, are remarkable. He is, indeed, frequently distinguished by a natural taciturnity; since what to him can be the use of an exuberance of words about things, whose nature is to his understanding so easy of perception? He measures the perspicuity of others by his own; and therefore hesitates, through motives of delicacy, to relieve their hebetude, or through ignorance of their insufficiency, fancies they are equally sagacious with himself.

As genius is sometimes united with pride, so is it often conjoined with vanity, the characters of both of which are extremely distinct; for according to an observation of Swift, a man may be too proud to be vain. The proud man of genius acts with regard to others in nearly the same manner as the character just described, but with this difference; that what the latter does from motives of ignorance or delicacy, the former does chiefly by design. The vain man of genius may sometimes gain applause from the ignorant and illiterate, but frequently meets with ridicule and contempt from the wise; for the generality of mankind are more willing to listen to the dictates of good sense unaccompanied by genius, than to the precepts of genius without good sense. He will, therefore, after several ineffectual attempts to extort regard from the most reputable quarter, rather than forego the darling object of his pursuit, shrink back into more congenial society, where he can be made president of their assemblies, looked up to as a prodigy of excellence, chosen umpire of disputes, or guide in their

connsels; where he can pass his jokes and his witticisms without fear of restraint or interruption except from the bursts of applause which they elicit. He, like Cæsar, would rather be first in the second, than second in the first, class of the community. His incessant study is rather the exaltation of himself than the benefit of others. He regards with invidious jealousy the pretensions of any one of his associates, who prompted by his success in the acquisition of honour and homage, or by the hope of transcendancy, may set himself up as a competitor.

To be considered a man of genius is of such great importance and gratification to some, that the reality has naturally given rise to imitators, and has called forth pretenders in the art of pleasing, but little qualified, from want of the requisite talents in method or in substance: such persons try every plan that can be imagined to attract the attention of their company, excite merriment, or provoke laughter; but their ignorance of things, and their awkward address, generally conspire to obscure that sunshine of approbation which they had contemplated would burst forth after the sudden and copious emission of all the pretty things which they had treasured up to amuse. This disposition, however, is not always the most conspicuous trait in their character. To be held an adept in literature, in poetry, history, classical learning, in short, in the whole compass of science, is a consideration with them tantamount to that of the possession of genius. To effect their purpose, where deficiency is felt, recourse is had to stratagem.

THRASO possesses some parts, but very little learning. When young he was sent to a public school in the north, where he was instructed in little else than the common rudiments of a plain English education. By the general consent of his teachers, however, he was regarded as a prodigy of skill, because he could parse with ease and correctness a supposed difficult sentence in an English au-

thor, and could solve a question in Double Position by the rule of Algebra. Flattered and caressed by his schoolfellows, young Thraso soon began to assume the airs of conceit, and the arrogance of imagined superiority; believing no head so wise, and no talents so powerful as his own. With such endowments and such vanities, he continued to attract regard until the time arrived that he was to leave school; when it was not to be wondered if his masters, equally foolish, should have recommended him to a situation in which he might indulge, as they termed it, the bent of his genius and his taste for literature.

When eighteen years old, he was admitted into an office where he was surprised to find others of superior capacity and attainments. Some were ready at quotations, though they seldom indulged in them, from Greek, Roman, and other classical writers. Others were adepts in music and painting, and could almost rival a Braham in the "mellow energies of song." Thraso, as he was equally a stranger to all these acquirements, as well as ignorant of their different degrees of excellence, conceived that he wanted no requisite for equal cleanness, and equal fame, but a little initiatory instruction, and courage for the exhibition of his powers, whenever an opportunity should offer itself. He therefore commenced to learn with assiduity so much of the Greek and Latin authors as would qualify him, by the quantity and variety of his quotations, for the display of his proficiency in classical learning. Of music and singing, and other light accomplishments, he expected to be quite master in a short time, by devoting for a month one hour in the day to the former, and half that time to the latter. His music-master had often told him that he had no ear for music, and no voice for singing; nevertheless, he was determined to surmount, if possible, every impediment, when he reflected on the pleasure he should experience from the applause

of his auditors, as soon as he commenced operations before them.

No sooner had he conceived himself sufficiently accomplished, than he set out on his expedition of vanity, with all the flush of expectation, dignity of self-importance, and pretended sagacity of an *amateur*. In order that in whatever company he happened to fall, his quotations might be apt, and his allusions witty, he resolved whenever the conversation did not suit his designs, to turn it, if possible, to a point that would suit his purpose. When there happened to be a warm discussion, and the opinions of the disputants to be very discordant, Thraso would relieve the obstinacy of opposition, by observing, with a very consequential air, "but you know, gentlemen, *quot homines, tot sententia*," looking meanwhile at every countenance for that flattering approbation to which such a display of learning undoubtedly entitled him.

If the subject of physiognomy be introduced, and whether the visage be a true index of the mind, Thraso, in endeavouring to hit the right nail upon the head, remarks that it is not as one of the Latin *poets*, he thinks *Sallust*, decides the question by saying, *Fronti nulla fides*. The smiles of ridicule consequent to such blunders, his vanity will sometimes lead him to mistake for praise, of which every repetition tends to embolden future attempts to *shine*; so that we have him continually interrupting argumentative discussion, or convivial jollity, by ostentatious interlocutions, or an express desire to sing a song. He has been known to repeat the same anecdote fifteen different times, in nearly the same words. If one well qualified for narrative, begins a tale for general entertainment, with which Thraso should happen to have been already acquainted, he will wrest it from the mouth of the speaker, and give it himself; which he generally does with such hurry and force of gesture, and confusion of statements, by anticipating the event, that at the close the effect is deaden-

ed, the hearers remain unmoved, except with disgust, and he finds himself left alone to enjoy it. He sometimes engrosses the whole attention of a company by puerile loquacity, sallies of false wit, inapt allusions, and trite anecdotes; and seems resolved to unburden before them his whole cargo of knowledge, whether they are disposed to suffer it or not.

—usque adeone,
Scire tuum nihil est nisi te scire hoc sciat
alter ? PERSIUS.

As if 'tis nothing worth that lies conceal'd,
And science is not science till reveal'd.
DRYDEN.

It would conduce materially to the benefit and comforts of society, if real merit were more generally and more carefully distinguished from counterfeit; and if solid acquisitions and substantive virtues were not allowed to be so frequently eclipsed by the false glare of superficial pretension. And this end would be great-

ly promoted by giving to the rising generation, a better grounded, and more solid, but less extended education; an education that would, at least, deter the inexperienced from falling into the follies so much to be deprecated, of vanity, pride, and conceit; and occasion the justness of the lines in Pope to be less frequently verified :

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
Their shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
But drinking largely sobers us again," &c.

It was observed by Goldsmith in his day, and is equally true in the present, that there is a prevalent "passion to make children learn all things; the languages, the sciences, music, the exercises, and painting. Thus the child soon becomes a *talker* in all, but *master* in none. He thus acquires a superficial fondness for everything, and only shows his ignorance when he attempts to exhibit his skill."

THE FINDING OF MOSES.

THE far-stretching Nilus one chrysolite seems,
And bright is the heav'n from his bosom that beams;
But ne'er hath his billow reflected before
A form so divine, as approaches his shore.

Like the star that first gems the still brow of the night,
She comes—and her maidens are lost in her light;
Like that star gliding down to the slumbering wave
She hastens her pearly-pure bosom to lave.

But, daughter of Pharaoh! the boast of the land!
What spell now arrests that fleet foot in the sand?
Why bends that keen eye o'er the flags spreading yonder?
Why cluster, ye damsels, in silence around her?

Chills the crocodile-god that pure bosom with fear?
Or is crocodile-man with his wiles lurking near?
No—staid is that footstep, and staid is that eye,
But of *danger* she dreams not—no danger is high.

'Tis yon garlanded skiff, by the brink of the stream,
Like the cloud-built pagoda of day's dying beam—
Like the fairy-fraught car o'er the moon-beam that strays,
Has flutter'd her bosom, and fetter'd her gaze.

And her maidens have sped with the fleetness of thought,
And the trophy, triumphant, before her have brought;
'Tis of bulrushes built, and betokens an art
That is Nature's alone—that but springs of the *heart*.

So goodly the casket, oh! who may divine
The price of the jewel that's treasured within!
'Tis display'd—a sweet babe, while she looks, looks again,
And the innocent wept, and he wept not in vain.

THE ADVENTURER'S STORY.

'TIS a melancholy thing for those who possess any romance of character, to find how little of the savage is now remaining to us. Men very generally wear skirts to their coats, and brigands, pirates, bandit chiefs, and others of the same interesting species, are growing very tame. 'Gad! it was a satisfaction to be pilfered in those days, when a tall horseman in black, struck with the appearance of your travelling carriage, insinuated a pale aristocratic hand, and declared as he was a gentleman, that your purse was all he desired. But this, after all, was but a silly mode of entertainment, compared with the horrible delights of an all but murder in Italy, or the Black Forest. Singular the sweetness of being torn from your family, thumped on the head by genuine desperadoes, gagged, blindfolded, handcuffed, or what not, and after a fortnight of bread and water, giving up half your patrimony as a ransom. Ye mountains of Abruzzi, and ye dear villains, who were wont to murder so beautifully, though I have never myself been slain, nor robbed of aught but two bad pocket handkerchiefs, somewhere near Covent Garden.—Oh! sabres, scymitars, caves, and all other bloody places! —Oh! money and lives lost! What rapturous visions do these holy ideas excite!

Such have been the exclamations of some amongst the giddy rout, who rush from merry England for excitement abroad. I grieve for the professor of these tenets, that police laws, like snuffers, have cleared away so many thieves;—it is distressing to think, that even Lord Cochrane should have taken arms against the pirates, and that so few adventures being to be had now-a-days, foreign land is no longer desirable, as a genteel means of procuring them.

This is not much to the purpose. —I had a friend, who, with knap-

sack on back, launched himself from England, to forget, if possible, the vile common places of his native land. He was a man of singular temper—perhaps I should call him rather *too* heteroclit, but that his crotchets were generally harmless. Yet the being a continual exception to the common rule of humanity, made his companions rather more like so many dittos of each other than was agreeable,—for their little deviations and small eccentricities, seemed very ordinary by the side of his exceeding crookedness.

We left Falmouth together in a Mediterranean packet.—France was dull, and land-travelling insipid, unless the road happened to be unfrequented.—But a first voyage is a sad tamer of your wild spirits. And when poor Roberts appeared on deck after his noviciate of sickness, it was strange to hear him babble of his relations; and wonder how far it might be to Gibraltar.

"And," said he, "I should like to know how Napoleon looked in a gale of wind? Was he faint of heart think you, when these desperate lurches,—here's one,—take care Ned—take care!—I thought we had been down!—Eh? they call *that* a sea, don't they?—these hanged sailors are never satisfied but with a hurricane. But I was asking just now, whether Alexander.—no, whether Napoleon was likely to suffer much from this torture, which I can't help thinking"—

Here was a pause, during which all the features of his face seemed to undergo a change of position;—his lips quivered, but uttered nought.

"What can't you help thinking, Roberts?"

"Eh?—Think? was I thinking?—what can it matter,—to-morrow Ned, to-morrow we'll talk all about it;—better weather then,—I hope to-morrow"—

And so saying, he tottered down

the ladder to his hospital birth below.

All this was forgotten on the morning of our arrival at Cadiz. I had just made my appearance on deck, when he came up to me rubbing his hands, with a real chuckle. "At last, Ned; at last.—Just look around you, my boy; did you ever see such a bay? Yonder's St. Mary's, and that's Chiclona, and this large white town on the shore is Cadiz itself, and those dark hills, are called—let's see—St. Mary's—Chiclona.—No, hang it!—I've forgotten their name. But never mind; look at these ships—scarcely two of a nation, ye see. That odd little thing with the raking masts is a brig of war from Brazil. They are just saluting her. She's the first that ever was saluted. Then see a Sardinian cruiser, and the Barbary flag. Oh! but I haven't yet introduced you to my friend." And he pointed to the harbour pilot, who had just come on board,—a dark ill-favoured dog, scowling beneath a flat round hat, ornamented with tags and tassels.

"There's a man for you;" cried my Cicerone, "he does not understand a word of English, I promise you. Isn't there rogue written on his countenance? I only wish I could converse with him a little." And with that he darted off to the Spaniard, and commenced a strange parley, wherein all his knowledge of Greek, Latin, and French was employed. This was only interrupted by the arrival of the shore-boat, in which we were soon conveyed to land. Roberts was in ecstasies. He thought the quay the masterpiece of human labour;—the gateway—a triumphal arch for Jupiter himself. Then the various people in their national costumes: the priest bowing to the salutations of the mob; the venders of fruit at their little stalls; the military in French uniforms! 'Twas almost too much for him.

We had agreed to assemble, after our rambles, at an English inn, kept by one Wall, a fellow countryman. There was provided a repast, seem-

ingly all dainties, after our sea privations, and with true relish was it discussed. But one of our party failed in the agreement; Roberts had not arrived. The captain began to be nervous; where to seek him, or with what success, he could not guess, and in less than an hour he must set sail for Gibraltar. Well! the time passed on, and we were almost in despair, when in rushed our mislaid friend; breathless, and, according to Sternhold and Hopkins, "flying all abroad." He took a chair, put out his hand towards me, and addressed the picket master:—

"Captain, I must leave you. Not for long, perhaps,—but leave you I must."

"What freak now, Roberts?" I asked.

"Ah! Ned, does that question come from you? Why, 'tis a freak in which I think you'll join me.—I am going to Gibraltar by land!"

"By land, Roberts?"

"Aye, my boy,—on a mule. I have engaged two, one for a guide;—a third can be hired in a minute, if you'll come,—will you?"

"By no means; and surely my good fellow!"

"Hush, now, no waste of breath—they are waiting for me. All I have to say is—once more and lastly,—can you refuse this glorious expedition over the hills in a new country, and so avoid that hanged tossing about at sea?"

"And how shall you like the easy motion of your mule, think you?"

"I care not."

"And the language—have you an interpreter?"

"Pooh! who wants one? Not I—I want nothing of the sort; but I did expect that you, Ned, would have liked my scheme; I thought you were just the man. But never mind; give me your hand, old fellow, we shall meet at Gib., and I'll tell you all about it."

He was off in a moment; but the hour for our meeting was not so soon as he then arranged it to be.

A long while after this occurrence,

I was sitting in a coffee-room at Venice with an old friend; and, for aught I know, talking of this very person and these same events, when a tall man, with light coloured moustaches, and a red Albanian cap, entered the apartment. He was giving directions to the waiter, in French; and when at length he sat down at the common table with ourselves, it was not at first evident that his sunburnt visage was that of my eccentric crony, Roberts. Such, however, was the case. To recognise him was not easy, but his eyes had no sooner fallen on me, than he exclaimed with all his former heartiness, "What, my good friend, Ned, are you here? Well! the very last person! And you too, Harvey? This is a pleasure! I fancied I was come to a land of strangers, and I am greeted by two of the best fellows I ever knew." And so saying, he grasped us heartily by the hand, with a force that might almost have seemed unfriendly.

"I am not the same youth, you see, as when you left me."

"Pardon me," said I, "when you left us."

"Aye, aye, it was so; well, never mind that; I have since then seen strange things."

"And what became of you after you trotted away from Cadiz?"

"Why, why—I tell you what, Ned, about that we'll say nothing;—perhaps 'twas a foolish affair—but 'tis past; and now for other matters."

"But my dear Roberts—"

"No, Ned—I entreat you, as you love me, not a syllable about it."

And the matter has remained a mystery unto this day. Anon, we came to the subsequent adventures of the hero. The Chroniclers of that period may perhaps tell some of his valiant deeds; his perils by water and flood; his gay enterprises and happy achievements. But for me, poor tale-teller as I am, such a memorial is too weighty. He had been roving up and down the East, a complete knight-errant, and with much success, if to be injured, and beaten,

and maltreated, in all moods, have in them aught that may seem satisfactory. How he descended upon the Black Flag of the Archipelago, and the freebooters of the Morea! What marvellous 'scapes of annihilation had he undergone! My pulses beat more fiercely than is their wont, as I remind me of his long disasters amongst Jews and Heathens, "Anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." These were recounted in suitably long discourse, and I began to consider him prolix, just at the point when Harvey had set him down as a gasconader. But still he proceeded in wordy toil, and not a bit seem anxious to abate, when one of his hearers showed first symptoms of impatience.

"Roberts," said he; "I beg pardon for interrupting you; but was not your ardour subdued by these everlasting trials of it?"

"Not in the least, my boy, as you shall hear."

"Nay, but one other word first;—are you still willing to encounter these mishaps, as we should call them, even though you have had such a life of them?"

"Why, yes," replied the other, "if any present themselves."

"Humph!" drawled out Harvey, and sat patiently till the budget was exhausted, and we parted for the night.

On the following morning, as we were sitting together after breakfast, a small dirty piece of paper, folded up in a most careful fashion, was delivered to Roberts. The superscription, written in bold, strong characters, was French; and the contents were expressed in the same language, fortunately for Roberts, who as yet knew scarcely a word of Italian. He read it, twisted his moustache, reread it, smiled, stared, and swallowed at a draught a boiling cup of coffee. Then, mute as the grave, he handed the despatch to me, which ran as follows:—"Sir—We have heard of you, no matter how, down the Adriatic. To-morrow night a

deed is to be done, which requires such gallants as yourself. Our numbers are incomplete. If you will join us in this enterprise, a gondola with three men will be at the stairs of St. Marco, at the hour of the Ritivata; embark in it, and try your valour.—SPALATRO."

I looked at him, and he at me. I did not counsel, for he was not the person to benefit from ghostly comfort, and perhaps in this instance I disappointed him.

"What do you purpose doing?"

"Go—go; I *must* go. They have smelt me out even here; that hanged affair at Smyrna made me so notorious. And what can it be, think you?—a pirate—smuggler, or mere land-slayer? I care not—go I must."

And go he did.

On the following night he marched to the place of rendezvous, with his moustache more than ordinarily cocked up at the corners, in the semblance of a curl. He had been all the morning studying a volume of "Familiar Conversations;" and to confirm his spirit, a heavy flask had been stored with cordials. It was a raw night, and not a star twinkled as he got into the gondola, manned by the unusual complement of three men. For a short time a solemn silence prevailed; but as the canal widened, and gradually merged into the open water, Roberts's anxiety could be no longer restrained.

"Is there any gentleman here named Spalatro?"

One of the three answered, in bad French, that "the Captain was not with them."

"Where shall we meet him?"

"I may not say."

"What undertaking has he on hand to-night—can you tell me that?"

"Not I," was the brief reply; and the uncourteous subaltern gazed back on the canal from the stern of the boat, where he had taken his position.

This sort of mystery, however, was just as it should be; and Ro-

berts hummed the fag end of "Row, brothers, row." But the sons of Venice are minstrels by inheritance, and the cue being now given, his companions at their oars lacked no vehemence of lungs as each trolled forth a favourite ditty:—

"Ninetta Caretta
Se assai piu ben fatta,
Ma st' altra e piu matta
Scaldada da amor."

And the sweet warbler gave place to his fellows, who in shrill falsetto pipes squeaked forth the remnant:—

"El' omo xe' un tomo
Lo istizza lo impizza
Le Donne che stuzzega
La ponta del cuor."

This was all very amusing to poor Roberts, who not comprehending a syllable, of course deemed the burthen to be of wars and tumults; but when the Primo Senore, with replenished windpipe, chimed into the chorus,

"El' omo xe' un tomo," &c.

mine hero considered this bellowing somewhat indiscreet, if not unbecoming, in men so circumstanced. But his little plans of reform fell to the ground, for no question could elicit a polysyllabic answer from Spalatro's representative; and surely if to be taciturn were to be seemly, he played his part to perfection.

They rowed onward, occasionally talking to each other in a low tone, then bursting forth with some new canzonets, though seldom without a taste of "Ninetta Caretta." All this while Spalatro's deputy sate in moody abstraction, nothing dashed. He spoke not, he sang not, but singular suppressed sounds, like bubbles at the mouth of a fountain, were half distinguished by his new companion in arms, as playing upon his lips, and only imprisoned by force of pocket-handkerchief. It was very cold, and poor Roberts felt as though the enterprise lost somewhat for want of better society. He could not learn in what direction they were steering, nor at what distance was the desired spot, nor the nature of the affair; in short, he was becoming melancholic.

The lights of Venice, still reflected on the water, half seduced him from his love of romance, and a little ennui tempted him to dōse. But the minister of Spalatro forbad the latter effort, by tapping the defective enthusiast on the skull, as though he wished to know who might be at home. And with this rebuke for his sluggishness, he mumbled some gibberish, as it seemed to the gondoliers, who thereupon struck up the following words :

“ El gusto del boccolo
Ga Nina vezzosa
Ma quel della rosa
Ga Betta per me.
El naso sul boccolo.”

“ Hang the brocoli ! When shall we get to the end of this very long voyage ? ” here piteously exclaimed Roberts, tired of the song, tired of his occupation, tired of his thoughts.

“ Eh ! Sir ? ” replied the other, “ our voyage, for the present, is terminated.” And hereupon giving directions to the boatmen, the gondola was run along a little neck of land, so low on the water as to have previously escaped notice. He got out, presenting his hand to Roberts, who followed him without delay. They advanced a few steps, when the other, in a quick decided tone, thus addressed him : — “ I must here leave you. Wait patiently till the arrival of the captain or my own return. Be vigilant.” He turned away, and almost instantly the splash of oars was audible, and the voices of the gondoliers were soon assuring the desolate hero, that

“ El naso sul boccolo
Nol gode mai tanto,
Me quando l' e spanto
El bon ghe senti.”

“ Fol-de-riddle-li-do,” grumbled out my friend, when he found himself alone ; determined, however, not to be outdone by a brace of lubberly Venetians. “ Strange place,” thought he, “ strange people ! Is it the continent, or an island ? ” How could he determine ? It was dark as pitch,—nothing to guide or comfort him. The last notes of the merry

boatmen died away in the distance, and he began to consider himself ill-treated. His first idea was to survey the territory. But the ground was so swampy and uneven as to offer a very insecure footing, and a rash step brought him down with a prodigious cadence. He was half soused in water, and after extrication his better judgment condemned the idea of geographising without a lantern. He tried astronomy : but the heavenly bodies were gone, like decent bodies, to their slumbers, and as he gazed round about for a stray *roué* of a luminary, his cheek was saluted by a heavy drop of rain, the precursor of a severe shower. Was there no shelter—no alternative ? Must he stand there like a scarecrow, to be laughed at by the elements ? A second migratory movement was as unsuccessful as the first. He grew fidgety and cross. “ Hang this Spalatro ! ” cried he aloud ; but the echo of his own voice was rather too loud and sudden to be comfortable. So he spoke no more openly.

“ Hang this Spalatro ! ” thought he to himself, “ he’s a bad general, however he may answer as a captain. Who could think of enlisting an amateur like myself, and treating his gratuitous services with such indifference ? Why didn’t I discover the arrangements of the night before I sate myself down as an audience to those two mad ballad-singers ?—There they go, or something like them. I can see the lamps. Heavens ! at what a distance ! But stop—surely I see something glimmering not far off—Can it be a light on shore here ? ”—

And turning round, he attempted to approach the quarter whence a faint gleam seemed to sparkle ; but he found that the land was intersected by currents of water, more or less deep and wide, and frequent was the immersion which his lower man encountered in this chase. Still he seemed to advance, and, in a sanguine spirit, nothing begrudged the toil and travel : when, lo ! the beacon disappeared ! He was again in

utter darkness, numbed with cold, hopeless, and out of humour. He sat down upon a comparatively firm plot of ground, and with the courage of despair hallooed towards the faithless luminary. There was no immediate answer; but as he sat ruminating on his forlorn condition, with no disposition to uplift his voice again, a sudden flash of intense light glared full on his face, with such force as to compel him for a moment to avert his head. But this, also, like the more distant apparition, passed away. He had not recovered a steady strength of vision, before it was gone, and his nerves were no longer what they had been. Was it a wraith, a devil, or an earth-born monster? He feared each in succession, and as he heard an indistinct splashing of water at no great distance, his courage utterly forsook him, and he imagined that it was, like Cerberus, all the "three gentlemen at once." The cold and faint-heartedness which now quickly stole upon him, made each particular limb mercurial. He began to blaspheme; but oaths became him not in his dejection. His voice waxed feeble; he knew not what manner of man he was; and, gazing wildly around him, he deemed himself an inhabitant of Chaos. Poor fellow!—he forgot his flask;—no wonder he had forgotten himself.

It seemed to him that an eternity had elapsed in this unpleasant manner, when the sound of human voices caught his ear. He listened with all his senses, and could presently distinguish a mongrel noise with which he fancied himself familiar. It became more and more distinct, and at last he could for a certainty recognise the

"El naso sul boccolo."

"God bless the brocoli!" shouted the disressful man, straining every faculty to become the better conscious of the approaching ship of promise. And, certes, it did approach, and without long delay, was moored beside the projecting bit of land, whereon stood the newly animated

Roberts, like Pygmalion's statue, "timidly expanding into life."

"Quick, quick, Sir, no loitering," cried the saturnine Lieutenant; "we must away, or your excellency will lose promotion."

"Where is Signor Spalatro?"

"Oh! he's far enough off; but we'll overtake him, if you will but move. Are you coming?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, I shall be well content to go anywhere, but if I have a preference for one place beyond another, it certainly, at this moment, is for Venice."

"For Venice?" ejaculated the freebooter.

"For Venice," sneakingly faltered the martyr.

"Sir, 'tis impossible! You have done nothing as yet, and I shall miss my bounty, if I fail to bring my aid.—'Tis impossible."

"But, good Monsieur, I am quite useless as a coadjutor in my present state, whatever your employment may be;" whined Roberts.

"Then stay where you are.—Antonio!" cried he, to one of the boatmen,—and in a few words of Italian, seemed to give directions for pushing off; when farther progress was stayed, by the supplicatory appeal of the miserable amateur.

"Good Sir, excellent Monsieur, as I live, you shall not repent it; I'll make intercession with Spalatro."

"It cannot be."

"I'll give you an equivalent for your loss."

"'Tis not enough."

"I'll give you more—aye, any thing you demand."

"Will you, though?" sleekly demanded the other; and a negotiation was immediately opened. The deliberation which followed was not long protracted, when the terms were to be settled by one of the parties only, and accordingly the sum of fifty Talaris was agreed upon as the price of his reconveyance, and the satisfied lieutenant was to call at mid-day on the following morning.

They returned in mute pomp, and Roberts shrunk to bed.

Early the next day, I invaded his room for the purpose of hearing the events of the important night, and was sitting with him, when Harvey and a friend were announced; they came in, and the unknown visitor was introduced as a Captain Montgomery. A little desultory conversation ensued, in which the captain took no part, till at last, during a pause—one indeed of many caused by an unaccountable awkwardness in our friend Roberts—the stranger opened his mouth for the first time with these singular words:—

“I have taken the liberty of calling on you, for the fifty Talari, according to covenant.”

“The d—l!” shrieked Roberts. “You?”

“If you please, unless you prefer to merit a release by another trial of the marshes of Lerida.”

“You?—How do you happen to know?”

“Only as the lieutenant of my

captain, here, Spalatro;” pointing to Harvey; “who wisely kept out of the way, and a plague on him for his prudence.”

“Surely this is a mistake.”

“Well, then, Mr. Roberts—shall I give you the whole cantata of Ninetta Caretta?” And he commenced the song.

“No—for goodness’ sake,” cried poor Roberts.

“Will you scamper with me over the marshes, in pursuit of our boy’s decoy lamp?”

“In pity, my dear fellow!”

“Or shall the lad flash his dark lantern in your eyes again?”

But Roberts had said his say;—he sat in turbulent reflection amidst roars of hearty laughter at the result of the freak; and before they had subsided, he made an utter renunciation of Knight-errantry, and declared his abhorrence of all thieves and vagabonds. He kept his word, and has been a rational fellow ever since.

FORMER WAR BETWEEN TURKEY AND RUSSIA.

EVERYTHING relating to the Russians and Turks, and the present seat of war between these two nations, is at this time valuable. The following account of their last sanguinary conflict previous to the late commencement of hostilities, from a work recently published, will, we think, be read with interest.

“In the year 1805 the Turks were in a state of great weakness, under their amiable but feeble monarch, Selim; their provinces in a state of insurrection abroad; their people turbulent and discontented at home; and pressed and harassed by the conflicting and peremptory demands of the great European powers. They had conceded to Russia, by the treaty of Yassi, 1792, an extraordinary right of interfering in the provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia, that their respective Hospodars should be continued in office seven years, and not removable but by the consent of

Russia. To this agreement, however, they did not adhere. The then reigning Hospodars were deposed before their time; and when the Russians remonstrated, the Bosphorus was closed against their ships. Taking umbrage at these causes of complaint, General Michelson was despatched with an army of sixty thousand men, who crossed the Niester, took Bender and Chotzim with little resistance, and entered Yassi, the capital of Moldavia. From hence he proceeded to Bucharest, the capital of Wallachia, where he found a Turkish force which had been sent against him by Mustapha Bairactar, the energetic Ayan of Rutschuk. These, however, he soon defeated; when his approach was known, the inhabitants rose upon the Turks, attacked them suddenly with all kinds of weapons; and, with the aid of a small advanced guard of the Russians, drove them out of the town, leaving

fifteen hundred dead in the streets : he then entered Bucharest, and took entire possession of the three provinces of Bessarabia, Moldavia, and Wallachia ; not leaving a Turkish corps or fortress on the north side of the Danube, with the exception of Giurdzio ; and he prepared immediately to pass over to the other side.

“A tumultuary army was now hastily collected at Adrianople, of troops from the provinces of Asia, and moved forward with the Janisseries to the Danube ; they mutinied, in their march, massacred some of the officers who wished to introduce European discipline among them, and when they at length arrived at the scene of action, were so disorganized, that they effected nothing against the Russians, who remained in almost undisturbed possession of the province, till the year 1810, when the armies on both sides were augmented to two hundred thousand men, and a fierce and sanguinary contest ensued, which, perhaps, never was surpassed.

“The Russians passed the Danube in three places. Their direct progress would have been from Giurdzio to Rutschuk ; but at this latter place the passage was impracticable, either at the town or near it, as the banks were steep and high, and defended with Turkish batteries. They therefore crossed over above it at Ostrova, near Widdin, and below it at Hirsoway and Toutourkay, and laid siege to Rutschuk. The town was vigorously defended ; and the Russians were repulsed, in a desperate attack, in which they lost six thousand men. Kaminsky made also a similar assault on the entrenched camp at Shumla ; but here, too, he was driven back with great carnage. The Turks, though unacquainted with regular discipline in the field, make a fierce and sanguinary resistance when attacked behind their ramparts. On these occasions they issued their memorable bulletin—‘that they had taken such a number of infidels’ heads, that they would serve as a bridge by which the faithful might pass over to

the other world.’ It is to the vigorous defence of these two places, and the losses sustained before them, that the final failure of the campaign is generally attributed.

“In the month of September, Kaminsky left Langeron before Rutschuk, and with his disposable force suddenly attacked the Turks at Bayne. They defended themselves with desperate valor ; but were at length defeated, with the loss of twelve thousand men in killed and wounded ; and Rutschuk was compelled to surrender, with all the Turkish flotilla lying before it, and Giurdzio on the other side. In order to create a diversion, the Turks now sent a fleet into the Black Sea, and threatened an attack on the Crimea ; notwithstanding this, the Russians concentrated their forces in Bulgaria, and the Grand Vizier was obliged to retreat before them, recross the Balkan, and take up a position at Adrianople ; leaving, however, the strong and impregnable fortresses of Varna on the sea coast, and Shumla on the ascent of the mountains, well secured at the other side.

“The feeble Selim, and his successor Mustapha, had both been strangled, and Mohammed had been called to the throne, who, even then, displayed the vigor which since has distinguished him. He set up the standard of the prophet at Daud Pasha, a large plain two miles from Constantinople, and issued a Hattissheriff, that all Mussulmen should rally round it. In this way he assembled, in a short time, a large army ; appointed a new Grand Vizier, whom he sent on with the troops ; and returned to the city. The new Vizier, Ahmed Aga, was a man of the same energy as the Sultan, and had distinguished himself by his defence of Ibraïl. He immediately descended from the mountains, forced the detached corps of Russians in Bulgaria to recross the Danube, and made a fierce attack upon Rutschuk, defended by the Russian general Kutosov. The Russians, hard pressed, transported the inhabitants to the

other side of the river, set fire to the town in four quarters, and then retreated themselves. The Turks rushed into the burning town, put a stop to the conflagration, and took up their position there. The Grand Vizier, having thus driven the Russians to the opposite shore, was now determined to follow them; and he made the attempt in three places, Widdin, Rutschuk, and Silistria. He succeeded at Widdin, and established thirty thousand men in Wallachia. He also succeeded at Rutschuk, took possession of a large island in the river called Slobodse, and, in perfect confidence, passed the greater part of his army to the other side, and established them in an entrenched camp. Kutosov was not idle; he immediately availed himself of the Vizier's crossing over, and detached eight thousand men, under General Markoff, to attack the camp he had left behind.

"A Turkish camp is formed without any regularity. The Grand Vizier's tent is always conspicuous in the centre, and becomes the nucleus round which all the rest are pitched, as every man chooses to place them. It is, however, their strong hold, to which they always retire, as a wild animal to its lair; and they defend it with the same fierceness and obstinacy. On this occasion, they were completely surprised; the whole of the camp, including the general's tent, fell into the hands of the Russians, and the fugitive Turks crowded into Rotschuk. Here they were cannonaded by the artillery of their own abandoned camp, and General Langeron, from the other side, directed one hundred pieces of cannon to bear upon them. The Vizier, having heard of this misfortune, threw himself into a little boat, and, availing himself of a storm of wind and rain, he pushed across, and landed in safety; but the Russians now brought up their flotilla, and intercepted all communication between the divided portions of the Turkish army. They next attacked and carried the island, and turned the guns on the entrench-

ed camp of the Turks, who were thus cut off from all communication or supply. In this state they endured the severest privations; and after feeding on the flesh of their horses, and giving up all hope of relief, they were compelled to surrender, having lost 10,000 men in the different assaults made on them. This was the last effort of the combatants. The Turks, who had entered Wallachia, at Widdin, retired to the other side, and the Grand Vizier, having received great reinforcements, concentrated them at Rutschuk; but while the combatants were preparing to renew the sanguinary conflicts, the exhausted state of the one, and the critical state of the other, invaded by the French, induced them to come to an accommodation; and the peace of Bucharest, concluded in 1812, gave another accession of territory to the Russians, extending their frontier from the Niester to the Pruth, and assigning to them all the country that lay between the two rivers, Bessarabia, and a considerable part of Moldavia.

"The Russians withdrew from the provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia, which they had occupied for seven years, and have never since entered them: they are now, however, in appearance, about to renew their desperate conflicts, and dye the Danube again with blood; and the general opinion is, that they will meet with no effectual opposition to their further progress; but certainly the events of the last campaign should induce us to adopt a different opinion. They availed themselves of a moment of their enemies' weakness, and advanced, with little opposition, to that river; here they stopped; and after a very sanguinary and persevering conflict of six years, we find them, at the end of that period, still on its shores. Whenever they attempted to proceed beyond it, they were driven back with carnage, and a single town scarcely fortified, as contemptible in the eyes, as it would be weak in the hands, of European troops, effectually arrested their career."

THE KING OF ARRAGON'S LAMENT FOR HIS BROTHER.*

BY MRS. HEMANS.

“ If I could see him, it were well with me ! ” — *Coleridge's Wallenstein*.

THERE were lights and sounds of revelling in the vanquished city's halls,
 As by night the feast of victory was held within its walls ;
 And the conquerors filled the wine-cup high, after years of bright blood shed :
 But their Lord, the King of Arragon, 'midst the triumph, wailed the dead.

He looked down from the fortress won, on the tents and towers below,
 The moon-lit sea, the torch-lit streets—and a gloom came o'er his brow :
 The voice of thousands floated up, with the horn and cymbals' tone ;
 But his heart, 'midst that proud music, felt more utterly alone.

And he cried, “ Thou art mine, fair city ! thou city of the sea !
 But, oh ! what portion of delight is mine at last in thee ?
 —I am lonely 'midst thy palaces, while the glad waves past them roll,
 And the soft breath of thine orange-bowers is mournful to my soul.

“ My brother ! oh ! my brother ! thou art gone, the true and brave,
 And the haughty joy of victory hath died upon thy grave :
 There are many round my throne to stand, and to march where I lead on ;
 There was *one* to love me in the world—my brother ! thou art gone !

“ In the desert, in the battle, in the ocean-tempest's wrath,
 We stood together, side by side ; one hope was ours—one path :
 Thou hast wrapt me in thy soldier's cloak, thou hast fenced me with thy breast ;
 Thou hast watched beside my couch of pain—oh ! bravest heart, and best !

“ I see the festive lights around—o'er a dull sad world they shine ;
 I hear the voice of victory—my Pedro ! where is *thine* ?
 The only voice in whose kind tone my spirit found reply !—
 Oh ! brother ! I have bought too dear this hollow pageantry !

“ I have hosts, and gallant fleets, to spread my glory and my sway,
 And chiefs to lead them fearlessly—my *friend* hath passed away !
 For the kindly look, the word of cheer, my heart may thirst in vain,
 And the face that was as light to mine—it cannot come again !

“ I have made thy blood, thy faithful blood, the offering for a crown ;
 With love, which earth bestows not twice, I have purchased cold renown :
 How often will my weary heart 'midst the sounds of triumph die,
 When I think of thee, my brother ! thou flower of chivalry !

“ I am lonely—I am lonely ! this rest is ev'n as death !
 Let me hear again the ringing spears, and the battle-trumpet's breath ;
 Let me see the fiery charger's foam, and the royal banner wave—
 But where art thou, my brother ?—where ?—in thy low and early grave !”

And louder swelled the songs of joy through that victorious night,
 And faster flowed the red wine forth, by the stars' and torches' light ;
 But low and deep, amidst the mirth, was heard the conqueror's moan—
 “ My brother ! oh ! my brother ! best and bravest ! thou art gone !”

* The grief of Ferdinand, king of Arragon, for the loss of his brother, Don Pedro, who was killed during the siege of Naples, is affectingly described by the historian Mariana. It is also the subject of one of the old Spanish ballads, in Lockhart's beautiful collection.

NOTIONS OF THE AMERICANS.*

WE have read these volumes with much satisfaction, and earnestly recommend them to all who have been gathering their "Notions of the Americans," without opportunities of correcting them by more competent authorities, from the tours and travels that have for the last ten or dozen years been floating in our literary atmosphere. Generally, the authors of these publications have themselves been uneducated and unlicked persons, and mixing, as they must have done, with men of their own class and habits—their introduction could of course be to no others—and filled with strange fancies of American equality, they have given of the Americans an impression of pervading, and intolerable and irreclaimable coarseness and vulgarity. The distinctions of political and social relations were beyond their detection. The same political rights seem to them to establish the same social intercourse,—as if in such a combination of circumstances, the educated and uneducated, the refined and unrefined, the rich and the poor, must, necessarily, mingle pell-mell in blissful confusion. The very able and effective volumes before us will leave a far different impression upon the reader, accompanied by a conviction of the writer's superior information, and superior title to confidence, and confirmed, too, in the long run, by the eternal principles of human feelings, and human motives.

It is by no means surprising that the Literary Gazette, which considers it complimentary to term a man "a jacobite," and "a high churchman," as in the case of Mr. D'Israeli, should lose no opportunity of calumniating and libelling a writer of liberal principles. We therefore trust that the author of the present work will regard the attack of this

publication as a compliment, and as a sure sign that he has effected his purpose. But we acknowledge that, in many respects, he lies open to attack. His very title is objectionable, as containing a *slang* term, which (in the sense in which he uses it) good taste has long ago banished both from polished composition and discourse. With a want of sound discretion, which was little to be expected from him—though done, no doubt, to obviate a natural prejudice—he assumes the character of an European; but he is himself American, and no other indeed than Cooper, the well known national novelist of America,—a man, whose reputation, in his particular department, is, or ought to be, second only to Sir Walter Scott's,—able to see, combine, and describe. To make the matter worse, he has had the misfortune to imagine himself capable of humor, and thus, without the least particle of the reality, persists in tormenting us with a perpetual display of false humor, that is really painful to behold. To complete the catalogue of his imperfections, his style is coarse, affected, and obscure; and his remarks frequently exhibit considerable conceit and arrogance. In spite of all this, Mr. Cooper's book is the best book that has yet been written on America. We ourselves profess liberal principles, and have, consequently, a leaning towards all liberal writers; but we trust we have never shown ourselves blind to their defects, or been disposed to exaggerate their merits; our readers will, therefore, credit us, when we assert that, in spite of the abuse of the Literary Gazette, and of all the blemishes enumerated above, the work now before us is, as we have said, the most valuable of all the works hitherto written on the country to which it relates. It cer-

* Notions of the Americans: picked up by a Travelling Bachelor. 2 vols. London, 1828.

tainly is not in itself a perfect picture of American character, society, manners or scenery ; but it furnishes the reader with materials which will

enable him to come to a tolerably correct conclusion upon each of those subjects, and in the meanwhile will amuse him exceedingly.

SCRAPS AND SKETCHES.*

THERE is a fund of wit and merriment in Mr. Cruikshank that he may *draw upon* as lavishly as he pleases without any fear of exhaustion. This is one of the best of his numerous publications. The first two pages consist of graphic illustrations of the occasional advantages of wooden legs over those of mere flesh and blood. They are rough sketches, but distinguished by great freedom and spirit, and that air of genuine humour which he generally exhibits. The first sketch is of a poacher, whose wooden leg is caught in a steel-trap. The title of it is, "*The Advantage of a wooden leg at a Pinch.*" Then we have a group of dancing girls on stilts, that is to say, "*Living on Wooden Legs.*" We have next a glimpse at a man, who is rushing into a house to avoid a mad dog, but he has his "*Best leg foremost,*" and the animal seizes hold of the wooden one. In another corner of the page is a man who has fallen on the road side. A cart-wheel has passed right over his leg, and crushed it to atoms, but it is a "*Trifling Accident,*" for the leg was wooden, and could easily be replaced by another every whit as good ; and a drunken and roaring negro, impatient "to hab tea," thrusts his ligneous supporter into the fire, to make "the kettle bile." On the succeeding page we have some jokes against the ladies' bonnets, which have become, from their prodigious size, an abominable nuisance in all theatres and public exhibitions, where they exclude us from every thing worthy to be seen, not excepting their own delightful faces. In the sketch on the left cor-

ner, there is a lady, who is unable to pass through Storey's Gate on account of her huge bonnet, and some one is exclaiming, that "*Lady Darlington's Bonnet stops the way.*" Half a dozen milliners, with the assistance of ladders, pulleys, &c. are constructing one of the size of a haystack. To Mr. Cruikshank the ladies are indebted for the suggestion of a vehicle of a peculiar construction, which, from an extraordinary breadth of roof, will allow of a bonnet being comfortably worn within by one person at least. The fashionable females of the present day make their waists so extremely thin, and the head-dresses and low garments so preposterously large, that not only is the human form disfigured by such an approximation to the spider, but we are surprised there are not more accidents similar to the one so cleverly sketched in a corner of this page. A lady is walking on the banks of a river—a terrible storm arises, and her large bonnet and loose sleeves, having caught the wind, the body is separated at the waist, and the upper half which is always the *lightest*, is carried over the water. The next page is not quite so good as the preceding, though there are many vigorous touches of the pencil in it, and a flash or two of satiric wit. On the top of another page stands a sapient looking pig with his tail curled, and over him the motto, "*I could a tale unfold.*" Then follow some legal witticisms. All kinds of practices "at the bar" are most whimsically illustrated, from the crow-bar in burglary to the bar at the Old Bailey ; including the head of "a gentleman

* Scraps and Sketches. Designed, etched, and published, by George Cruikshank, to be continued occasionally.

intended for the bar ;"—a face and expression never to be forgotten. There are some capital things in illustration of the "March of Intellect." "The Pursuit of Letters" is perhaps one of the cleverest. Children with heads prematurely large are running in go-carts after the letters A, B, C, which are ludicrously sketched with legs. On the first go-cart is the label of "*Reading made easy*." In the distance, we observe two figures on horseback, with a pack of open-mouthed dogs in full chase of a file of the following letters, which have legs like "The Living Skeleton's,"—**LITERATURE.** "*The Grand March of Intellect*," with the soldiers wearing spectacles, and inkstands with quills in them, for their regimental caps, is also very humorous. The cant and mystifying phraseology of science, which are now heard at every corner of the street from the mouths of children, are illustrated by a little girl on a stool with an egg in her hand. She is standing before her old grandmama, who is gaping with

admiration. "You see, gran'ma," says the little child, "before you suck this egg, or, more properly speaking, before you extract the matter contained within this shell by suction, you must make an incision at the apex, and a corresponding aperture at the base." "Aye, dear!" exclaims her gran'ma, "how very clever!! They only used to make a hole at each end in my time!! Well, I declare they are making improvements in every thing!" A table, covered with philosophical apparatus, and a toy-basket filled with such trifling works as Newton, Euclid, Shakspeare, Milton, Gibbon, &c. complete the idea. But we cannot afford space for any further notice, and must remind our readers, that, from the bare outlines, the few feeble strokes which we are able to give with the pen, in endeavouring to transfer Mr. Cruikshank's witticisms to our pages, they will be unable to form a proper estimate of the work before us.

VARIETIES.

DISEASE OF SILK WORMS, AND ITS CURE.

IN the southern provinces of France, where silk worms are bred, it is very common to find them attacked by a disease called the jaundice, in consequence of the color acquired by them: and very careful examination is continually made for the discovery of such worms as may be attacked by it, that they may be removed, lest the disease, being contagious, should spread to the others. The Abbé Eyséric, of Carpentras, had recourse to a remedy in these cases, which, though apparently dangerous, has been warranted by the success of twenty years. He used to powder his worms over with quick lime, by means of a silk sieve; he then gave them mulberry leaves moistened with a few drops of wine, and the insects instantly set about

devouring the leaves with an eagerness which they did not usually show; not one of the hurdles upon which he raised his worms appeared infected with the jaundice. It was at first supposed that the cocoons of silk were injured by this process; this however is not the case, and his method of practice is now adopted generally in the department of Vaucluse.

INDIAN TELEGRAPHS.

The system of telegraphs has arrived at such perfection in the presidency of Bombay, that a communication may be made through a line of 500 miles in eight minutes.

NEW APPLICATION OF STEAM.

A grocer at Sheffield has a steam-engine, of half-horse power, for the purpose of roasting and grinding coffee.

SPIRIT

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THE STUDY OF NATURE.

NATURAL HISTORY! What delight and instruction flow from its study, whenever it is pursued, not merely in a scientific, but a truly philosophical spirit! Upon this wonderful scene of existence, is it possible for an intelligent being to look without wonder? or to wonder without desire to know? We have no need to explain how the desire to understand these wonders should spring up in the human mind:—its own faculties are a sufficient explanation. There would be more occasion to explain by what means, in such multitudes of men, that native desire is suppressed and defeated of its natural growth and vivacity.

Accordingly, in all times of which we have any record, we find that one strong passion of powerful and aspiring minds, has been the desire of natural knowledge. And erring as their opinions were, and could not but be, in the infancy of observation, limited and imperfect, still the facts of nature which were open to their senses, were so extraordinary—and even their rude speculation took such strong hold upon their minds, that not only is the desire of such knowledge recorded as having been most strong in their most illustrious men, but the reputation of proficiency in it, was of itself sufficient to raise a man to the highest distinction among the People, as a Sage—a Priest in the Temple of Nature.

The truth is, that so strongly were the minds of men, in the early times

of society, impressed with the extraordinary properties and powers which were discovered to them, and the appearances they beheld, that they were much more in danger of being overcome with excessive admiration and affection, than of too slightly regarding them; and so great was their unceasing admiration and wonder of what they continually saw passing before their eyes, on this great theatre of nature—that they soon began to carry it beyond its just limits, to intermix superstitious imagination with their conception of natural powers, and to interweave the phenomena of nature in the fables of their erring religion. This we know to have been done to a very great extent by the Egyptians—the early Greeks—the old inhabitants of Persia, and the Hindoos. We have reason to believe it has been almost universal.

Here we see evidence, not only of what the face of nature is to man, but what is that strong impression which is the beginning and first incitement to the study of her laws. It is an impression of strong and delighted wonder and admiration—an impression which does not belong, in the first place, to intellect and philosophy, but to natural and inevitable feeling. Accordingly, we find that the greatest minds that have pursued this knowledge have held throughout a course answerable to this beginning; they have been at once contemplators and lovers of nature. We behold in them a mind

elevated by the greatness, and calmed by the beauty, of what they behold. When we think of Sir Isaac Newton, we think not so much of the vast and comprehensive powers of his intellect, as of the sublimity of the objects which that intellect was for ever engaged in contemplating. In the lives of almost all the men of genius who have been given up to these studies, we find, not a curious inquisitiveness of mind which might have been applied to this subject or to any other, but a mind touched with delight of what was disclosed, and led on by that delight to never-ending investigation. If such be the just foundation and inducement to natural knowledge, what must be the effect of the pursuit of it upon the mind? It is not, we see, a painful labour imposed upon unwilling minds, piecing together with effort facts painfully acquired. The mind hurries on in its own enjoyment through scenes of delight. For you must not judge of these studies by the degree of interest with which minds apply to them that have been long unused to such occupation, and are led to them, not by their own desire, but by accidental circumstances. But you may judge by what you see of the eagerness with which children to whom they are agreeable will follow them. We may judge by what we read of the strong and devouring passion with which minds, having this bent by nature, will give themselves up to such pursuits, all life long, often without being influenced in any degree by the love of fame, or any other reward, than by the simple and sublime satisfaction in the study of itself. Such, unquestionably, is the true character of the study, and, if so, what must be its effect? Why, to nourish the mind with continual pure pleasure, from admiration of what it beholds—to nourish, that is, not only to give it pleasure, but such pleasure as it will convert into aliment, into the materials of its strength and growth. A thousand other pleasures fade away, and leave the mind neither richer nor stronger

than before, perhaps poorer and weaker; but this is an appetite that grows by feeding. The knowledge the mind has attained quickens in it, and whets the desire for more; it is felt in the mind like a continual hope, and it also enriches the possessor. Has not he great wealth, whose mind contains within itself the sources of its own best-beloved delights—which need not go out of itself for its noblest happiness? Now the mind that, in following its own delight, has filled itself with natural knowledge, is rich, because the mere revolving within itself of the stores which it contains, opens up to it afresh all its sources. But there is another meaning to this kind of riches. The pleasure that nourishes the mind enriches it by the multiplication of all its feelings; for what takes place is not the mere repetition of the same pleasure from day to day, but there is unfolded, as it were, in the mind, its capacity of pleasure into all the variety of its forms. A child is satisfied, probably, with precisely the same pleasure, repeated again and again in just the same kind and degree—so it often seems to be—but by degrees this simple and entire pleasure, which was like a simple sensation, begins to break and divide itself into many more. The enjoyment in which the mind has indulged acts upon its sensibilities, and brings them out, so that susceptibilities of delight, which were not at first discernible, though they were in the mind, lying there like imperceptible points, become more and more developed, till they assume form and growth of their own; for every mind has its own constitution, and its own peculiar capacity of intellectual enjoyment. Of whatever kind its chief native pleasure is, in that also it has prepared within it various other capacities, of the possession of which it is unconscious, and these can only be brought into action by degrees, by the power of that primary pleasure. They are secondary, and will spring up next, and others after them, and so on for ever and

ever—as the vital force in a seed, once set in motion, continually develops new forms of life, arising out of what it has before produced. This every one has experienced, who, from the natural bent of his mind, has followed earnestly any pursuit whatever; that new satisfactions are continually springing up in his mind, which he did not know before, and which, when he first engaged in it, he was not able to feel. Thus the mind is doubly enriched, not only by those stores, by means of which it now in some sense contains within itself, what it must before have sought in nature, but also by the actually opening up within itself of capacities of enjoyment, which before it possessed unconsciously. And observe, that the whole character and temper of the mind is affected by such happiness, for there is no mind that is incapable of kindly and benevolent affections, but there are many in which such dispositions are perverted or repressed by the circumstances and manner of their life; and in which, under more favourable circumstances, such good dispositions might be brought into much happier activity. Now, there is reason to believe that the study of nature in those minds, which follow it from the pure pleasure they feel in it, tends greatly to subdue in the mind all those disturbing affections which destroy its native benevolence, and that they tend to renew its sensibility to the joy of mild and calm affections, rendering that sensibility ever more and more true and exquisite.

This reason is drawn, not merely from the character of those men who have been distinguished in these pursuits, of whom this calm benevolence of spirit has been a very general characteristic; but it is drawn from the nature itself of the enjoyments which are thus opened to the mind. For these studies lead us at once into the world of nature. They take us out of the conflict of human life—out of all its uneasy desires or fears, or irritating recollections—out of its

agitated, restless tumult—into the midst of calm, beautiful, majestic order. What is become of the little anxious disturbing jealousies of life to him whose soul is in his eyes, and whose eyes are stretching their sight into the abysses of space, and pursuing the stars of heaven in their eternal revolutions? But it is not of the great objects, or great emotions, of natural science alone that we now speak. The mind of one man has led him to study the heavens—the mind of another has led him to examine, to analyze, and explore, the conformation of a worm. The greatest naturalist of modern Europe bestowed the chief labour of his mind on the curious examination of the most delicate parts of flowers; and that part of his studies has made the name of Linnæus immortal. One of the most celebrated of the naturalists of France, Reaumur, has published a very laborious work, in some volumes, on the Anatomy of the Caterpillar. He did not live to complete it. It is not necessary to mention many instances; but we wish to recall to the recollection of our readers the extreme minuteness, and, as we may sometimes be tempted to think it, the apparent insignificance, of many of the objects of a naturalist's studies. But, however minute, they cannot be insignificant. Their littleness removes them indeed from that common sort of importance by which we are apt to measure things in their ordinary reference to human life. To us who tread them under foot as we walk, they are not important objects in the world. But the moment they appear, as to the naturalist they do, to open up to his eyes an insight into the world of life—the moment he can dare to say that he begins to trace in their structure the design which formed it—dimly and imperfectly as he must trace it in all things—from that moment their importance is immense and incalculable. The entomologist, with his microscope and his delicate instruments, dissecting a fly—and the astronomer, watching

through his telescope the motion of planets many times our earth's dimensions—calculating, by his powerful science, their motions and their speed, and weighing their bodies in thought—both are employed in one and the same work—both have gone out into nature to occupy the faculties of their high intelligence, as their own spirit leads them, in endeavouring, to the best of their power, to explore and comprehend some small portion of the infinite universe.

To all the students of nature, then, whatever part they may study, or in whatever way, nature herself has provided the same reward; namely, some portion of her own calm spirit. It is not whether what they see is great or small; but it is, that the moment they have begun to examine, they have begun to look into a world of wonders; they have begun to look upon the structure of those works which in least and greatest bear one character; they have begun to read, as much as it is given to human eyes to read, the characters of wisdom, of goodness, and power. The human spirit, whatever its own troubled disposition may be, if it be impressible by such sights, is subdued under the presence of these thoughts—its feelings change to a purer temper—it is tranquillized and chastened.

In speaking of the effect of such studies on the temper of the mind, in tranquillizing it, we cannot help noticing the natural calmness, independent of those other affections which attend such studies, arising out of the very nature of the objects themselves, about which the naturalist is occupied, and out of the manner in which he is occupied about them. We allude and speak particularly of those which have life. In watching a plant, when he wants to ascertain its growth and habits—how slowly it expands—from day to day! From month to month he may watch its progress. He fixes the interest of his mind upon that which proceeds so calmly under his eye, and

his mind itself takes a tone of quiet and measured thought, as it extends its recollections over that slow and quiet progress which he has seen, and its expectations over that future progress, as slow, and quiet, and continual, to the perfect growth he desires to see. He sees in all—motion,—in all—life,—in all—the continual fulfilling of the functions of their nature; but all calm in their uniform tenor. Shall he be the only restless and perturbed being, when every thing else is full of tranquillity—of silence? Advert, too, for a moment, to the occupation of him who watches, in nature, the courses of animated life. Looking at all the living beings of nature—in their happy play—in their busy occupations,—to see young things rejoicing in life—to see mothers nursing their young—to see insects, or beasts, or birds, concurring in mutual assistance or defence, as if they had contrivance and thought—to see life like the life—feelings like the heart—and something even of a faint and dim resemblance of the intelligence of man! To see all these things, must needs speak to his sympathy, for they touch in him the very sense of his own human being; and yet to see them in a world so remote, so separate from himself—in the midst of the beautiful world of nature, among the kinds of little, wild, lovely creatures that people it—surely so to see and feel—must touch his heart without disturbing it—must always breathe something like a tenderness of affection into the deep and serene calm of contemplative Thought.

What is requisite for deriving from these studies such results, is not always genius—is not always intellectual powers. It is love and delight in nature, and nothing more. We know the names of those who have brought the power of genius into the study of nature—but we know nothing of those nameless numbers, who have brought nothing to it but their own strong love, and have gained from it nothing but their own peaceful happiness.

THE AFRICAN CHIEF.

CHAIN'D in the market-place he stood, a man of giant frame,
Amid the gathering multitude that shrank to hear his name,—
All stern of look and strong of limb, his dark eye on the ground :—
And silently they gazed on him, as on a lion bound.

Vainly, but well, that chief had fought, he was a captive now ;
Yet pride, that fortune humbles not, was written on his brow.
The scars his dark broad bosom wore show'd warrior true and brave ;
A prince among his tribe before, he could not be a slave.

Then to his conqueror he spake—" My brother is a king ;
Undo this necklace from my neck, and take this bracelet ring,
And send me where my brother reigns, and I will fill thy hands
With store of ivory from the plains, and gold-dust from the sands."

" Not for thy ivory nor thy gold will I unbind thy chain ;
That bloody hand shall never hold the battle-spear again.
A price thy nation never gave shall yet be paid for thee ;
For thou shall be the Christian's slave, in lands beyond the sea."

Then wept the warrior chief, and bade to shred his locks away,
And one by one each heavy brand before the victor lay.
Thick were the platted locks, and long, and deftly hidden there
Shone many a wedge of gold among the dark and crisped hair.

" Look, feast thy greedy eyes with gold long kept for sorest need ;
Take it—thou askest sums untold—and say that I am freed.
Take it—my wife the long, long day, weeps by the cocoa tree,
And my young children leave their play, and ask in vain for me."

" I take thy gold—but I have made thy fetters fast and strong,
And ween that by the cocoa shade thy wife will wait thee long."
Strong was the agony that shook the captive's frame to hear,
And the proud meaning of his look was changed to mortal fear.

His heart was broken—crazed his brain,—at once his eyes grew wild,
He struggled fiercely with his chain, whisper'd, and wept, and smiled ;
Yet wore not long those fatal bands, and once, at close of day,
They drew him forth upon the sands, the foul hyena's prey.

THE BETROTHED OF ROBERT EMMETT.*

OH ! never call my heart thine own !

It must not, oh ! it cannot be !

The look, the love, the spirit frown,
Are ever seen by me !

I cannot weep, as others weep,
O'er idle pleasures gone ;

I cannot sleep as others sleep,
And dream of my fond home.

The tear may dwindle 'neath the smile,
The sigh may pass away ;

The dark'ning wave may lift awhile
The lonely castaway !

But oh ! what prayer can ever bid
The setting sun return ?

What earthly kindness ever soothe
The griefs that inward burn ?

The sea-bird from his lonely cliff,

Mute, melancholy, shy,

That looks o'er yon bright wave and skiff,
Is far more blest than I !

He views the ocean sparkling round,

He sees the passer by ;

But oh ! its strife, its joyous sound,
Can never reach so high.

The turf that wraps his silent head,

The flow'rets o'er his grave,

They tell me oft how freedom bled
To bloom above the brave ;

And oft his form descends to me
In the dead hour of night,

Unveiling immortality
With all its winged light.

Oh ! then, forgive, forgive the word,
In gentle firmness spoken ;

Oh love ! but never strike the chord
If its sweet strain be broken ;

Oh, never strike ! there is a tone
That mars thine earthly will !

The spirit of a loved one frown,
It hovers round me still !

* The circumstances of the betrothed of Robert Emmett, saying, that " her heart was buried with him," when solicited by another, are too well known.

SKETCHES OF CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS.

No. VII.—MR. SOUTHEY.

A POET, a biographer, a writer of literary miscellanies, an antiquarian, a translator, an historian of campaigns, and churches, and nations, a celebrated and voluminous reviewer, himself the object of frequent and bitter criticism; in his youth the framer of ideal republics, in his manhood the advocate of desolating wars and political monopolies, in his age the chronicler of methodism and martyrs, throughout life, as a member of private society, the most uniformly amiable and pure, and, at the same time, the fiercest and most unrelenting follower of a public faction:—Such are the various characters in which Mr. Southey stands before the public. To speak of such a person is a task not to be undertaken with levity; for the fame of a good man is a treasure to his race, no less than to himself, and ought, above all things, to be holy from the touch of the slightest misrepresentation. In this spirit we trust to write; and if, as we must, we shall offend some by too much praise of Mr. Southey, and others, by too much blame; and especially if we shall wound his own vanity, we can only hope that neither the public nor himself will be so uncandid as to attribute our errors to any thing but a mistaken judgment, always anxious to be set right.

We have no pretensions to any private knowledge of Mr. Southey's life, and really can say nothing as to the portions of his mind which do not display themselves in his works, except that we are acquainted, as is all the world, with those descriptions of his domestic wisdom and kindness which we owe to more than one of his eminent contemporaries. In other respects, we judge him from his writings alone. He brought with him into manhood, if not a peculiar robustness of intellect, yet a singular healthiness of feeling. He then had,

and he happily still preserves, a strong sense of the presence and goodness of God, whose existence he seems to have found manifested, not amid the dissections of the anatomist, nor in the crucible of the chemist, nor in any thing appertaining to the order of this visible world, but as a life and power in the depths of his own heart. He saw the Deity in every thing around him, because he felt his spirit eternally within him: and his sympathy with man forbade him to believe that religion was a thing of external symbols, dogmatic creeds, and endowed establishments—an excrescence on our nature, appropriated to those who happen to have been educated under certain external influences, and to have been born members of particular sects. He was conscious of the germs of a higher state of being than the actual, moving and growing in his own mind; and comparing these intimations of possible glory with the condition of humanity around him, he was eager to push mankind boldly forward in the path of regeneration, to pour out before the world his appeals against the tyrannies and corruptions of society, and, if possible, even to realize and substantiate beneath the eyes of men the phantasm of a more harmonious and pregnant system. But the resolution to accomplish this great work at a single plunge, instead of labouring soberly and earnestly through life, and catching at every occasion as it rose, could not support itself except by a violent and self-exhausting excitement. While, on the other hand, to maintain an unceasing and often an obscure and unapplauded warfare, against all the myriad universal evils of our present social organization, requires more sedateness of enthusiasm than Mr. Southey seems to have possessed. The ardour of his aspirations declined; and he began to

look out for circumstances in the condition of things around him to which he might attach his philanthropical longings, and console himself, by a notion of their excellence, for the loss of his former visions of ideal perfection.

The tendency to his former unsectarian Catholicism of religion still continued, in some degree, to animate his mind, and has given all that they have of moral value to his poetical writings. This enabled him to imbue with love, humility, and strength of heart, many of the personages whom he introduces in his longer poems, and alone lent to his tales any of that thrilling atmosphere of real existence with which his utter want of mere dramatic power would otherwise have prevented him from inspiring them. But for this feeling of brotherhood with all mankind, which teaches him to see in God an essential love breathing into all men a capacity for higher than earthly things, and not the mere founder of the Church of England, and a name to be flung in the teeth of modern Atheists,—his poems would be little more than heaps of passages from old books of travels, diluted into loose and eccentric metre. But his natural piety has taught him to see in the external world much of what it really embodies of lovely and delightful, and in the heart of man an inexhaustible fountain of magnificent hopes and gentle impulses; and from these he has extracted the sweet substance of some of the most graceful and gorgeous narratives that the present generation of poets have produced. We do not, indeed, hold him to be a poet of the highest class; and his mind is fundamentally so inferior to those of Spenser and Shakspeare, Milton and Wordsworth, that we scarce remember a better illustration of the difference between first-rate and second-rate men. The masters of ideal creation have doubtless given us, in their writings, either a fragment of that universe which, with all its mysteries and complications, lies

so much brighter in the mind of a man of genius, than before the thoughts of society,—or some mighty truth of our nature, which grew up in their bosoms with all its pomp of symbol, and allusion, and shadowy story, till it swelled out and blossomed upon the world,—or some epitome of humanity, such as Hamlet, or Faust, or the Hero of the Excursion, connected with earth and daily interests by weaknesses and necessities, but gazing and struggling upward, and in whom the involved threads of hopes and doubts twist themselves with the vast web of universal being, and stretch away into its dim abysses; they have always, in short, given us a manifestation of that genius, the elements of whose power are truth and love, displaying itself through outward and accidental forms, the lifeless matter which the poet piles or scatters around him at his will, but never putting these forward as objects of interest in themselves, and unconnected with the spirit of which they are the conduit, and the laws of which they are the type. Not the stone on which the commandments were engraved, lent them their importance, nor would, though it had been jasper or emerald,—neither was it the lightning, or the cloud, or the summit of the holy mountain quaking with the revelation, but the presence of the Power which sat behind the flame and the darkness, and which stamped its wisdom on the dead tablets. Mr. Southey seems first to have determined to write a poem, not with any high and solemn purpose, but connected with some particular age or country, which would supply him with a splendid phantasmagoria of scenery; then to have brought together, from books, all the descriptions and incidents that could be introduced; and, lastly, to have thought of personages, who, as the offspring of an elegant and amiable mind, partake of its pure and benevolent nature, but so as to appear mere abstractions of virtue, not beings of mingled characters, and mys-

terious destiny, with a thousand aimless yearnings, and a thousand haughty hopes, and vague yet delightful sympathies, mingled with degrading propensities and passionate selfishness. He displays a vast variety of scenic pomp; but, in general, it seems as if his personages were brought there for the sake of showing the prospect to his readers: just as in our pantomimes, the jokes, and life, and character, are omitted, and two or three mutes walk along the stage, while the scene displays to us a moving picture of seas and cities, triumphs and enchantments.

Our readers then understand, that we consider Mr. Southey a poet of no higher than the second order—a judgment which we have come to when estimating him by his best and not by his worst poems, by “*Roderick*” and “*Kehama*,” not by the “*Vision of Judgment*,” or the “*Tale of Paraguay*.” Yet, though we think his poetry inferior to that of many other English authors, it seems to us to display his mind in a more nearly perfect state than we find it in any of his other kinds of writing. As mere composition, the verse is far from being so faultless as the prose. But the feeling displayed in *Thalaba* is incomparably better than that of the “*Quarterly Review*,” the “*Book of the Church*,” or the “*History of the Peninsular War*.” There is in his poetry none of the bitterness of the daily bread earned for themselves by the followers of a faction. In it he does not write with the perpetual consciousness that he is the gladiator of a sect or a party: we do not see him constantly spitting gall and venom at every one who differs from himself in religion or politics: he feels no yoke but the easy one of our common humanity; is moved by no passion but the love of goodness, and gentleness, and truth; and looks at mankind, not as followers or enemies of a particular ecclesiastical establishment; not as republicans, or royalists, or aristocrats, but as heirs of one nature,

brethren of one house, and partakers of one blessed hope.

When we consider Mr. Southey in any other light than as a poet, we confess that we feel a degree of sorrow in which many of our readers will hardly sympathise. It seems to us that every thing was correct in his mind, at the beginning of his career, except an excessive vanity, and a want of courage to stand before the world but as a member of a party,—but for these qualities, we believe that a future, the most honourable and useful, might well have been predicted to him. But he began to think that political perfection was confined to our own Constitution, and that Christianity was identical with the English Church Establishment. From that time, he has daily become more and more of a partisan,—daily more and more of a sectarian. It is easy to say that he admires the present form of the British Government, because he thinks it the best calculated to produce national happiness; and that he lauds endowments and pluralities, because he believes them most consonant to the apostolical model; but it is evident from the whole tone of his writings, that the actual objects of his respect and love, are not good government and true Christianity for themselves, but good government and true religion, as by law established,—in short, Church and State—the Aristocracy and the Bench of Bishops.

Thence the habit of the politician, of abusing every one, however sincerely attached to the interests of mankind, who has attempted to reform the government of his own country, or thinks that we ought to attempt it in ours. Thence the fondness of the theologian for swelling the bodies of his sentences with “the Church of England,” while he puts Providence into a parenthesis. And thence above all, the violence, we had almost said the malignity, otherwise so utterly inexplicable, displayed by a pious and benevolent man against all from whom he dif-

fers, of every period and denomination : against, that is, nine-tenths of all sects and parties, and especially against those wiser and better men, who seeing in the spirit of sectarianism, one of the greatest afflictions of humanity, have sedulously avoided its enslaving and corrupting influence.

He is, indeed, a mournful example of the ruin which may be wrought upon the fairest minds, by attaching an universal feeling to particular institutions, and by professing to find all truth in the creed of one establishment. In this case the whole spiritual nature of man is narrowed into an almost mechanical clinging to a few valueless sounds, the images, perhaps, of nothing either in earth or heaven, but of the stupid bigotry that invented them. The attributes of Deity become the watchwords of intolerance and uncharitableness,—and Christianity itself, instead of being a scheme for the perfecting our nature into purity and love, is changed into a volume of dissonant war-cries, while “the whole armour of God” is employed for the unhallowed strife of worldly passions.

It is obvious, also, that in politics, so soon as ceasing to look forward for improvement, the activity of Mr. Southey’s mind attached itself to things as they are, he began to look back into the past, to find supports for his opinion: and because he wished to make out that the present government is a good one, he perverts the whole aspect of history. Strafford and Laud were put to death by political reformers; and therefore, out of hatred to all reform, and as a means of bringing dislike on modern innovators; Strafford becomes a martyr to his benevolent and unselfish patriotism; and the sickening blood-thirstiness of Laud is to be buried in eternal oblivion. We doubt not that Mr. Southey is quite sincere in thinking that a purely aristocratic constitution is the best possible form of government. But moved by this conviction, he speaks of all who think otherwise with an

abhorrence, which he probably justifies to himself by the consideration, that they are enemies to the happiness of mankind, without reflecting that other men may honestly think just as ill of his opinions as he of theirs, and that neither party would be excusable in slandering and misrepresenting the other.

In spite of the excesses into which Mr. Southey has been betrayed, his natural kindness breaks out very frequently through the fretful load of prejudices and dislikes, wherewith years of partizanship have encumbered him: while his propensity to vituperation usually displays itself most strongly on the points, with regard to which he has himself been in the habit of disputing. He hates Roman Catholics, he hates Calvinists, he hates Unitarians, he hates Frenchmen, who, in his eyes, are almost all Atheists and Jacobins; he thinks the Whigs a very dangerous set of men, he believes that the *Edinburgh Review* is possessed by Satan, and above all, he abhors every one who dreams of introducing any reforms into England. Yet with all this, we verily believe few men would take more trouble to confer a service on the people of Mexico, or Arabia, or even, if an opportunity presented itself, would seize with more anxiety an opportunity of doing good to his enemies. The *Edinburgh Review* has uniformly dealt him hard and unjust measure; and all his political opponents have been eager enough to return the blows which he has shewn the example of inflicting; and though his attacks on Lord Byron are very silly, his Lordship disgraced himself, and disgusted the better portion of his readers, by the brutality with which *he* carried on the war. It is not very wonderful therefore that a person, who, however amiable, is by no means remarkable for humility, should have frequently lost temper against these antagonists. But what we complain of is, that on all occasions when he happens to have an occasion for wounding the feelings

of those who are at least towards him guiltless, he displays precisely the same malevolence, and that no man can expect to be treated with ordinary candor who does not agree with him on every possible subject, repeat the Laureate creed, and bow before the Keswick idols.

Whatever be his faults, he must, as long as he lives and writes, continue to be a popular author. As a mere controversialist, (the most melancholy mockery of humanity we know, except the monkeys of Exeter Change,) his abilities and information can never be despised; though in this department (the garrets) of literature, he shows to the least advantage. He has abundant information, and a ready grace in applying it; but he wants the subtlety of argumentation and bitterness of sarcasm, which are so large ingredients in the finished polemic. He generally substitutes for reasoning mere assertion and authority, and downright abuse for satire. The construction of his sentences, the clearness of his arrangement, and the liveliness of his narrative, are admirably adapted for history. But from the want of all power of philosophising, he looks at events as naked facts rather than as developements of principles; or if he ever recurs to general laws, they are of the most common-place description. As a writer of biographies, and of essays of amusing information, scarcely any one, we believe, ever excelled him. His *Life of Nelson* has been much praised, but not more than it deserves, for unaffected simplicity and unexaggerated earnestness. His writings probably cover more paper than those of any one now living, except indeed the gentleman in the farce, who "has written all the newspapers in Europe for many years." They contain a wonderful mass of elegant composition and pleasant research, of lively description and animated narrative; but when we consider the effect they must have had in rendering popular his narrow system of politics and religion, we are reluctantly compelled to

doubt whether they have not, on the whole, accomplished more of evil than of good. He has long announced a book on a more fruitful and difficult subject than any that he has previously treated of, "*The Progress and Prospects of Society*;" but though we shall be curious to see him make the experiment, we would advise him, as he values his reputation, to think well before he publishes such a work. It is all very well to talk of the balance of the Constitution, and the arm of Providence revealing itself in our favour in the Peninsular war, when, as in the *Quarterly Review*, there are facilities for assuming conclusions, and escaping from proofs; but it will not do in a separate and formal discussion of the powers and destiny of the human race, a subject which has employed the greatest men the world has ever known from Plato until our own day. On such a subject it will not be sufficient to represent irresponsible aristocracies as the saints that shall inherit the earth, or to clothe the angel of the world in lawn-sleeves and a cassock.

On the whole, Mr. Southey's chief talent appears to us to be style. Though sometimes a little affected, and even that but rarely, his composition, on the whole, is wonderfully clear, careful, and animated. But here, we are afraid, the chief part of our praise stops,—for he has no wit and very little eloquence,—qualities, by the by, which generally go together. He has none of the sprightly fancy of Mr. Moore,—none of the elevating imagination of Wordsworth. He never could have written half as much as he has, if his books required any great expense of thought; but they really appear to us to exhibit none at all; and the research they display, though laborious and astonishingly extensive, yet costs infinitely less of real intellectual toil and weariness, than the deducing subtle conclusions from vast and complicated premises, and the binding together and arranging masses of disjointed facts by the application of great

general laws. But Mr. Southey, happily for his present ease, fame, and profit, has no such troublesome propensity. He seems, in fact, to have a fainter conception of any thing like abstract speculation than any living author, with one or two exceptions, of nearly equal celebrity. And it must necessarily be so. Great thinkers express wide principles in few words. But nine-tenths of all the events and personages chronicled by the poet-laureat, do not appear in his pages such as naturally connect themselves with any universal principle or permanent consciousness of the human mind, and do not seem to have been the occasion of any feeling in his breast, but content for some rival dogmatist, or exultation over some inaccurate his-

torian. Few of his works can live among future generations. For the subjects of his writings, the selfish wars of governments, and the religious systems that narrow themselves into creeds, except as warnings to be shuddered at, must happily lose their interest for our children. But we confess we regret that his poetry is not of a more condensed and concentrated character; for there is a delicacy and sweetness of feeling, and a splendour of descriptive diction, which, if less diluted and impoverished by verbiage, so as to outlast the fluctuations of the hour, would give as much delight to all future ages as they have already conferred on the instructed and gentle of our own day.

MARIAN GODFREY:—A SKETCH OF 1651.

“**W**HY, how now, son? Is there any news stirring, that thou hast thus hurried hither?—or have any of our ships foundered in the late gale?” were the questions asked by Matthew Godfrey, of his son, as the latter entered the usual sitting room of the family, seemingly fraught with some momentous intelligence.

“No, no, father! the ships are safe, as yet, for aught I know to the contrary,” he replied; “but I hastened from the city to tell you the glorious news; praised be God! the Lord General Cromwell has gained a great and a decisive victory over the Royalists at Worcester; a victory which will strike terror into the hearts of the disaffected, and completely overthrow the hopes entertained by Charles Stuart of wearing the crown of these kingdoms.”

“Truly this is important news,” said the elder Godfrey; “and much does it behove the nation to lift up the voice of thanksgiving on the occasion. But, how fares it with the Lord General, who has been made the blessed instrument of effecting this deliverance?”

“He has been protected from the arrows of the ungodly, and is in good health. He is marching with his victorious army towards London; and it is the intention of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriffs, with the Council of State, to meet the Lord General to-morrow, at Acton, and enter London with him in becoming order.”

“I am right glad to hear it,” said his father: “it is fitting that the citizens should show General Cromwell the respect which they entertain for his character, and the gratitude they feel for the services which he has rendered the state.”

“Are there many wounded, in the battle you speak of, Philip?” inquired his sister, in a tremulous voice, who was sitting at an embroidery frame at the farther end of the apartment, an unnoticed, but not an inattentive hearer of their discourse. Her brother turned towards her at the sound of her voice—“Good Marian,” he said, “trouble not thyself concerning this matter: suffice, that the loss which the Lord General has sustained is very small; but

the enemy suffered dreadfully ; and the number of prisoners taken is considerable. Why, how now, what ails the foolish girl ?” he said, as he observed that tears were in his sister’s eyes ; art thou ready to weep for tidings which should make England raise a joyful cry unto God for her final deliverance from the yoke of the oppressor ?—I had well nigh forgotten to tell you,” continued Philip, turning to his father, “ that young Herbert Lisle, the son of Sir Thomas Lisle, whom we have formerly seen at our kinswoman, Mistress Moreton’s, is among the number of the prisoners.”

A convulsive sob here arrested his attention ; and, turning round, he beheld his sister, pale as death, attempting to leave the room ; but her strength failed her, and she would have fallen had not Philip hastened towards her, and supported her with his arm.

“ What has thus moved you, Marian ?” he said.

“ A sudden giddiness,” she replied ; “ I shall be better anon—’tis nothing—it has already passed !” and she attempted to smile, but there was anguish in her smile ; and her brother led her to her apartment, and, tenderly kissing her, bade her try to gain a little repose.

Matthew Godfrey was a merchant of great respectability in the city of London. He was a stern republican, but a conscientious one ; and, in the wars between the unfortunate Charles and his Parliaments, he had constantly taken part with the latter, because he believed their cause to be just and right, and their taking up arms for the sole purpose of delivering the nation from tyranny and injustice. He was a Puritan ; but he did not carry his religious zeal to the extent practised by many of that sect : his piety was without hypocrisy.—Matthew Godfrey had been many years a widower, with two children ; and his son had, for the last two or three years, principally managed his mercantile concerns ; and for some little time previously

to the commencement of this narrative, he had been left by his father in the house in Aldersgate Street, as he had a perfect reliance upon his skill and prudence to manage his affairs, while he himself occupied a house in Holborn, which had been lent him by a friend, and which, being more cheerful and airy, would, he hoped, restore Marian’s health, that had seemed sadly drooping of late, while its vicinity to the city enabled him to see his son daily, and to render his assistance in any affair of moment should it be requisite.

Marian Godfrey was in her nineteenth year. She had passed much of her time with Mistress Moreton, who was a half sister of her still fondly remembered mother. That lady’s husband had espoused the cause of King Charles, and had fallen fighting for that cause in the civil wars. At her house Marian was thrown much into the society of the gallant and devoted chevaliers of the Royalist party ; and, while she listened to their polite conversation, and witnessed their generous self-devotion, and the privations which they underwent rather than forsake the interest which they had espoused, her republican principles were gradually undermined, and she deplored in secret the tragical death of her sovereign, and the extinction of royalty in England. The change which had taken place in her sentiments she carefully abstained from speaking of, as she knew her father’s inflexibility too well to believe that he could be brought to approve of it ; and she loved him too tenderly to grieve him by open opposition. With respect to her brother, it was still worse : he was a relentless persecutor of the Royalists, and was wholly destitute of his father’s moderation in party matters. Matthew Godfrey had tenderly loved his wife, and for her sake he respected Mistress Moreton, and saw no impropriety in permitting his daughter to visit her frequently. As to the unfortunate adherents of the Stuart party, whom she might there meet

with, he believed her early education had fortified her against imbibing their principles; and, while he condemned their conduct and opinions, he himself pitied their misfortunes. Marian had thus an opportunity, at her aunt's, of frequently meeting the young and accomplished Herbert Lisle. Insensibly they became attached to each other. Marian wept over his ruined fortunes, and the perils to which he was exposed; and he loved to look on her beautiful countenance, and listen to her gentle voice; yet even more than that did he love her purity of heart, her simplicity of soul, and her noble and confiding disposition. In the first dawn of their attachment, they remembered not the perils by which they were surrounded, nor how eventually hopeless their love might prove. Soon, however, they were awakened from their dream of bliss, and the young soldier was obliged to follow the fortunes of his royal master. Yet he went secure in the possession of Marian's faithful and unchanging love. When he left her, though Marian had fears for him, she had none for herself: she had bestowed her affection on Herbert Lisle, and she was resolved that no earthly power should compel her to abandon him.—When the young king marched into England, after the unfortunate battle of Dunbar, Herbert Lisle obtained a short leave of absence; and, disguised, he reached London, where he again beheld his beloved Marian. But a thousand fears for his safety tormented her, and she urged his immediate departure. Herbert, however, refused to leave her: he might never see her more, or her friends would oblige her to forsake him. He tormented her and himself with a thousand groundless suspicions and harassing thoughts (for man knows not the unchanging nature of woman's true affection), and he eloquently urged that nothing short of her consenting to a private marriage would satisfy him, or calm his melancholy forebodings.

It were vain to dwell on his affectionate entreaties. Marian, overpowered by his distress, and by her desire of hastening his departure from the metropolis, ultimately consented; and, in the presence of Mistress Moreton and the old nurse of her childhood, who had also been a faithful attendant upon her mother, did Marian become the wife of Herbert Lisle. On the bridal day they separated, and, as Herbert pressed her with rapture to his heart, and imprinted a farewell kiss on her lips, Marian seemed oppressed with a fearful presentiment that her happiness had vanished, and she trembled to think of the dangers to which her beloved Herbert was about to be exposed.

From the day of their parting, Marian's health declined, and her depression of spirits became evident to every one. Indeed, for some time, she scarcely dared raise her eyes to her father's face, lest he should discover her secret; and her brother evidently seemed to suspect that she had some cause for her unhappiness. Marian, however, soon had ostensible reason for her melancholy, in the death of Mistress Moreton, which took place, suddenly, about a week after Herbert's departure; and her father readily accepted, on her account, the offer which was made to him of taking up his abode for a short time in Holborn. The house which he inhabited had, at the back of it, an uninterrupted view of fields, meadows, and pasture lands, with pleasant shady lanes and humble cottages; a space of ground now occupied by Red Lion Square, and the streets adjacent and beyond. Marian loved her new abode, as her dear old nurse lived only about two or three fields off, and she could therefore visit her frequently, and talk to her of her gallant husband.

After the battle of Worcester, when Marian was made acquainted with the dreadful tidings that her husband was a prisoner, and that in all probability his life would be sacrificed, from the known stern devotion

and unbending loyalty, both of himself and his father, her distress was nearly insupportable. She resolved, however, that, if she could not save him, she would die with him; and, comforting herself with this assurance, she calmly prepared to make the only effort in her power on his behalf, *viz.*, that of a personal appeal to General Cromwell. This was a bold step for one so young; but Marian stopped not to weigh either the peril or the possible consequences of the undertaking. She imparted her determination to no one but her nurse. "God will be my guide," she said to the old woman, who would fain have dissuaded her from the attempt; "but give thou to me that trinket of my mother's—the watch she gave thee—I may need it."

"Well, but you know not, perhaps, the tale that belongs to it," said the old woman.

"Yes, yes!" said Marian; "I know it all; I have heard it many times."

Thus admonished, the nurse unlocked a small drawer, and drew forth a small watch hanging to a steel chain, which was partly rusted. The case of the watch was of gold; it had small steel beads around it, and a raised border of flowers of the same metal on the back. Exactly in the centre was a small painting of a female head, exquisite in expression and beauty. The dark raven hair parted on the forehead, the eyes full of tenderness, and the faint blush just tinging the fair cheek, made Marian weep as she gazed on it; and, pressing the trinket to her lips, she exchanged an affectionate farewell with her nurse, and hastened homewards.

In honour of the victory which General Cromwell had obtained at Worcester, the citizens of London resolved on giving a grand entertainment. Great preparations were made on the occasion, and he was to be feasted in Guildhall. Matthew Godfrey intended to be present at the civic festival; and the day before it

was to take place he went to his house in Aldersgate Street, from which he did not intend to return until the day after the dinner given to General Cromwell and his officers. This was the time which Marian judged as most favourable for her purpose; and, soon after her father had left Holbörn, she, with a beating heart, and in her most simple apparel, with her lovely countenance shrouded in a black silk hood, set off for the palace at Whitehall, where she had been informed the General then was.

On making known her desire to the attendants, she was told that the Lord General had been occupied nearly all the day with business of importance, and that it was not likely she would be able to see him, but that she could wait if she pleased. Marian accordingly sat down on a bench in a corridor leading to the principal apartments. Here she waited in agonizing suspense; persons passed to and fro, but none seemed to notice her, and she thought with bitterness of the precious moments thus passing away, which might probably be fraught with danger to her beloved Herbert. An elderly man, in the garb of a puritan minister, entered the gallery: his look seemed benevolent, and Marian resolved to address him, and request his assistance. At first he looked at her suspectingly; but a second glance at her noble brow and modest countenance reassured him. He saw that her distress was real, and, certain that her object could be one of no common interest, he promised, if possible, to obtain her an interview with the Lord General.

This person, who was the celebrated Hugh Peters, was as good as his word. In a few moments he again approached her, and, taking her hand, he led her to the door of an apartment, and whispering—"The Lord prosper thy petition," the door was thrown open, and Marian found herself in the presence of General Cromwell.

The room into which Marian was

ushered was a high and noble apartment, commanding a spacious view of the Thames, with all the varied and bustling scenery constantly observable thereon. Three sides of the room were occupied by bookshelves, filled with large and seemingly ponderous volumes; at the upper end stood a table, covered with a Turkey carpet, on which lay numerous papers; and, in a plain high-backed chair, covered with black leather, sat the man who was soon to be raised to the supreme power in these kingdoms—Oliver Cromwell. He was plainly dressed, in a suit of mulberry colour, with a short cloak of the same. His hat lay beside him on the table. His hair was partially grey, and his whole countenance spoke the decision and quick penetration that belonged to his character; though, at times, there was a softening expression in the eyes which moderated the effect his stern features would otherwise have produced. At first he looked harshly at Marian; but when he saw that her whole frame trembled with agitation, he said, mildly—"Maiden, what is thine errand?"

"I would implore your aid," replied Marian—"Your powerful assistance, in the case of Herbert Lisle, an unhappy prisoner in the late battle."

"Herbert Lisle! sayest thou?" replied Cromwell; "thou speakest vain words, and knowest not what thou askest. Is he not an avowed enemy to the good cause? And has not the Lord delivered him into our hands, that we should deal with him even as it shall seem good in our eyes?"

"O, Sir, speak not thus, I beseech you," said Marian; "have mercy on his youth; it may be that the persuasions of others have led him to oppose the government; give him then time for repentance!"

"It were more fitting, maiden, for thee," said Cromwell, "to meddle not with this matter: it is not seemly for a young maiden to plead thus

earnestly for a stranger youth: be-take thee to thine home."

The blood rushed into Marian's cheeks and forehead, and she replied hastily—"Is it, then, a crime for woman to plead for mercy? Be it so! Yet the laws, both of God and man, are on my side, when I would ask your aid for my unhappy husband."

"Ha!" he said, "I looked not for this; but thine appeal is vain:" and he glanced pityingly on her.—"In these stirring times domestic ties must be rent asunder, when the glory of the Lord and the welfare of the State require it."

"Alas! alas!" cried Marian, "and will you consign my husband to perish? What is his crime? He did but follow a kind master, and fight in support of his cause, as he was bound by his oath of loyalty. Thou thyself hast done as much; but, alas! thou hast chosen a more fortunate path."

Cromwell's brow darkened: "Say rather," he added, "that the Lord hath guided me to choose light rather than darkness. But, touching this matter of thine, Herbert Lisle will be dealt with as the State shall think fit; and, if his life be forfeited, pray thou unto the Lord, and he will comfort thee in thine affliction."

"Not so," said Marian eagerly; "I know thou art all powerful, and that a word from thee could save him. Mercy, then, mercy! Bethink thee how this gracious act would gladden thy dying hour, and rob death of its bitterness."

Cromwell shook his head, and Marian, in the energy of her supplication, dropped on her knees, and held up with both her hands, the watch she had received from her nurse, and which she had kept till now concealed in her bosom.

The moment Cromwell's eyes rested upon it, he started from his seat, and advanced towards Marian. "Where got ye this?" he said; while his strong frame trembled with emotion; and he snatched the trinket from her hands, and as he gazed

on the sweet face painted thereon, he turned aside, and Marian saw the big drops of sorrow fall on his weather-beaten cheek.

"Know ye whose watch this once was?" he said, as he turned to Marian.

"It was my mother's, who has been dead many years," she replied; "and my father is Matthew Godfrey, citizen of London."

Cromwell started. He approached Marian, who was still on her knees, and, pushing aside her brown hair, which had fallen over her white forehead, he paused a minute, then added—"Thine is a face fair to look upon; and ye have your mother's noble brow, but not her raven hair and eye. In days long past, when I was a student at the Inns of Court, I loved your mother fondly and truly; but her parents suffered her not to listen to my words. Perchance they acted wisely, for mine has been a stormy course;" and he sighed. "The Lord's will be done!"

Marian saw that Cromwell's spirit was softened; and she resumed her pleadings for her husband; and she called on him, in remembrance of her mother, to be merciful.

"Thou hast touched a tender string," he said; "and for thy mother's sake, if I have any influence, thy husband shall depart harmless."

Marian sprang on her feet, and began pouring out her thanks. "Nay!" said the General, "if the life and liberty of Herbert Lisle be granted, it will be on the sole condition that he leave England immediately, and make no further attempt to subvert the present government of these kingdoms."

"May God reward you for this!" said Marian; and she folded her cloak around her, and prepared to depart.

"Rest in peace," said Cromwell; "and when thine husband is set at liberty, ye shall hear from him. Take this with thee;" and he held out to her her mother's watch. "It has stirred sad thoughts within me; and the memory of thy mother, as I

last saw her, comes over me as a pleasant dream." He looked on the picture, and sighed as he put it into her hands. "Farewell!" he said; "all I can do for thee I will, and God's blessing be ever with thee!" He pressed her hand kindly. Marian's heart was full, and she could but weep her thanks, as the General touched a small silver bell, when the door was opened, and she passed forth from the presence of General Cromwell with renewed hopes and a thankful spirit.

Not many days after this interview, Marian's nurse came to her, and informed her that Herbert Lisle, her beloved husband, was at liberty; that he had been with her, and desired her to tell Marian he was impatient to behold her once more, and to bid her farewell, as he had given his promise to the State to depart forthwith, and his steps were therefore watched by their emissaries. She added, that he would expect Marian at her cottage, at the close of that same evening.

It were needless to speak of Marian's gratitude, when she heard that Herbert was really at liberty—of the many affectionate messages to him with which she charged her nurse—of the trembling impatience with which she awaited the appointed hour to behold him.

Evening came, at length, and the darkening clouds, and the moaning of the wind, seemed to portend a storm; but Marian heeded not these gloomy appearances. She had kept aloof in her chamber from the family all that day, under the plea of indisposition; and it was quite dusk, and all was still in the house, ere she ventured forth. With noiseless steps she passed down the garden at the back of the house, and unfastened the door at the extremity of it, which led into the fields, and hastened onwards, as she believed, unheard and unobserved.—Once or twice, as Marian proceeded through the lane which led to the cottage of her nurse, she thought she heard a footstep behind her. She stopped, and

listened intensely, but all was perfectly still, and she felt certain that she had been deceived—that the sound had been merely the rustling of the wind through the hedge.

In a few minutes she gained the cottage, and, hastily unfastening the latch, she entered. There was a light in the room, but Marian saw no one but her nurse. "Where is he?" she exclaimed. The old woman pointed to an inner apartment; but Herbert had heard the sound of her voice, and he rushed forth, and caught Marian in his arms. "Beloved of my soul!" said the young Cavalier, as he tenderly bent over his weeping wife, "what a debt of gratitude do I owe thee! Alas! must the joy with which I now enfold thee so soon pass away? And must I be banished from thy dear presence? Cruel, cruel fate!"

"Nay, dear Herbert!" replied Marian, "let us not embitter the few moments which remain to us by useless repinings; let us feel grateful that thy life is spared!"

"Banishment from thee is worse than death!" said Herbert.

"When thou art abroad, and in safety, I may find means to join thee," replied Marian. "Happy hours may yet be in store for us."

"Bless thee, dearest!" said her husband, as he passed his arm around her waist, and her head reclined on his shoulder.

They had stood thus for a few seconds, beside the window, when Herbert quitted his position, and advanced towards the inner apartment, whither a sudden call from the nurse invited him. Marian had taken but a single step to follow him, when the report of a pistol was heard, and Marian, with a deep groan, sank on the cottage floor.

Herbert flew towards her: he raised her in his arms: but the ball had entered her side, and the blood flowed freely. Herbert bent over her in indescribable agony. Her face was deathly pale; but her eyes turned with fondness on her husband, as, with difficulty, she articulated—

"This stroke was doubtless meant for thee. Oh, the bliss that thou art safe, and that I may die for thee! My poor father!" she murmured faintly, as her head dropped exhausted on his shoulder.

"Help! instant aid, in the name of God!" wildly cried Herbert; and the nurse, scarcely less distracted, hastened to obtain assistance.

"Help is vain," said Marian; "I feel it here;" and she pressed her chilly hand on her side. The dews of death were on her forehead; but her arms were clasped firmly around her husband's neck.

"It is a bitter pang to leave thee!" sighed Marian; "but a few more years, and thou wilt be with me, free from sorrow, from suffering."

The last word was scarcely distinguishable. She sighed heavily: Herbert felt the arms which were around him relax in their grasp—her gentle soul had fled—it was only the lifeless corse of his beloved Marian which he pressed distractedly to his bosom, and gazed on in mute but unutterable despair.

* * * * *

It was Philip Godfrey who had followed Marian on that fatal night. He had watched her into the cottage—he saw her in the arms of a young cavalier, though he distinguished not that it was Herbert Lisle—he witnessed their endearments; and, fraught with madness at the disgrace which he imagined had been thus brought upon his family, he drew forth his pistol and aimed it at Herbert. But Marian, his sister, was fated to be the unhappy sufferer from his deadly purpose. He stayed not to know the event; as, fearful of pursuit, he hastened immediately from the spot. Bitter was his repentance, when he found that he had sacrificed his beloved sister; and when the true circumstances of the case were made known to him, he was unable to bear his reflections, and sailed soon after for America, where he died at the close of a few years.

From the moment of Marian's death, Herbert Lisle was a melancholy man; and though Matthew Godfrey, softened and almost broken-hearted by the misfortune which had befallen his family, blessed and forgave him ere he left England, he moved no more in scenes of gaiety, for the light of his existence had

passed away for ever; and, soon after the restoration of King Charles the Second, he died at his paternal mansion, in Kent, young in years, but willingly resigning the load of life which had pressed heavily upon him since the death of his ever fondly-remembered Marian.

THE FRENCH CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

THE Chamber of Deputies, which was created on the 4th of June, 1814, by the 15th Article of the Constitutional Charter, bears some resemblance to the opera, in the various distribution of its characters and performers,—its choruses and figurants. Like the latter, it has first-rate stars, and twinklers of minor magnitude; shining public characters, intermixed with puppets and mutes; and the whole assemblage, viewed together in its grotesque costume of antiquated frippery and modern exaggeration, presents us with a very faithful representation of a melo-drama on a grand scale.

The palace in which these legislators hold their sittings, resembles in its external figure that favourite residence of music and song. It is erected on the left bank of the Seine, at the extremity of the Fauxbourg Saint Germain, and is connected by the bridge of Louis XVI., with the extensive square that terminates the Tuileries.

The portico of this palace is composed of twelve Corinthian columns, surmounted by a triangular pediment, which is adorned with a bas-relief, emblematic of the power and influence of law. A superb staircase leads to this portico, between two statues, representing Themis and Minerva. On the exterior there is a range of statues, bearing the names of Sully, Colbert, D'Aguesseau, and l'Hopital. On the grand gala days of public debate, the pavement of the porch is marked all over with circles drawn with chalk, having each

of them a certain number, and a piece of money in the centre. This is done from four to five o'clock in the morning, when numbers of persons come to secure a place by means of this little operation, and then retire till the opening of the Sitting takes place.

The scene of debate is a semi-circular saloon, which is lighted from the top, and is illuminated at night by a lustre, suspended very majestically by invisible means, and kept up during the continuance of the debates. The members are seated on semi-circular rows of benches, which are separated by two wide passages that insulate the centre from the right and left. Three other smaller avenues which sub-divide these three grand divisions form the first and second sections of the left and right, the right centre, and the left centre. At the extreme left are the veteran friends of liberty—the venerable Lafayette, the eloquent B. Constant, the ardent Corcelles, Labbey de Pompières, Casimir-Perrier, Lameth, and about fifty others, who have grown grey in the career of patriotism. On the left is the party of Terneaux, Duvergier de Hauranne, Keratry, and Saint-Aulaire, who were *doctrinaires* under Decazes, and liberals under Villele,—men of talents and respectable citizens; but mere novices in political intrigue, whose want of foresight and sagacity has twice compromised the interests of France. Immediately on their right the *centre-gauche* appears composed of a species of figurants, of

whom the Comte Beugnot was formerly the coryphæus; they are a race of timid men, whom the drudgery of debate fatigues, and who form a chorus when their neighbours of the *centre-droit* call for the order of the day, the question, or the adjournment, and vote according to the dictates of the moment with these functionaries, the doubles of the ministry, or with the friends of liberty.

On the other side of the Chamber, at the extremity of the right, are seated the partizans of the *ancien regime*, Messrs. de Sallaberry, de Corday, Syries de Mayrinac, de la Boulaye, and a few more half dozens of veteran nobles, or blind admirers of the *preux chevaliers* of the ancient crusades. M. de la Bourdonnaye is the head of this party. It was he who prophesied, in an austere and gloomy voice, the miseries of another revolution, and spoke of scaffolds and massacres on the question of the budget,—endeavouring to draw the timid into his train, by the recollections of the past, and the fears of the future, and to produce the triumphs of the counter-revolution, of which he is doomed to be the champion and the orator. The former President of the Chamber, M. Ravez, takes his seat on the first row of the second section of the right, (where all the fragments of the former ministry are collected,) and supports him with all the force of his inexhaustible lungs.

The ministers occupy the two benches of the centre, which are nearest to the tribune, and are placed in front of the President. The galleries, which are raised above the whole space allotted for the members, are open to the reporters of the newspapers and to the public. They are separated by the regular openings of an extensive colonnade, and are supported by pilasters, from which green draperies are suspended, surmounted by purple crowns. Behind the President's seat are the busts of the four last Bourbons: Louis XVI.; Louis XVII.; Louis XVIII.; and Charles X. The superb chair of

the President out-tops the tribune, which is encased with white marble, and on which two figures are placed, in a sitting posture, representing History and Fame. The pedestrian statues of Solon, Lycurgus, Demosthenes, Brutus, Cato, and Cicero, occupy niches which are wrought out to the right and left of the chair, but in which, with more propriety, might be placed the renowned orators of France,—Mirabaud, Vergniaud, Maury, Cazalès, Foy, and Camille-Jourdan. The walls around are ornamented with stucco work, and intersected with plates of gilt metal. Two lateral doors of mahogany, studded with stars of gold, serve exclusively for the exit and entrance of the Deputies. The floor of the room, which is said to be ornamented with allegorical emblems, is usually covered with a rich carpet, formed into squares.

It is now one o'clock—the drum is heard—and that is the signal for the approach of the President, M. Royer-Collard. He repairs to the Assembly between a double row of veterans, who present arms, and is preceded by a captain, who marches before him, with his sword drawn. The galleries are already crowded with spectators, and the reporters of the journals are at their posts. The Deputies enter, and take their places; among them we recognize the Baron de Puymaurin, the Director of the Medal Mint, by his large and dark visage, his enormous paunch, and his spindle shanks; he bows as he passes the ministerial bench, and takes his place at the centre, as near as possible to their high nightinesses. It is also easy to recognize General Sebastiani, by his easy gait and graceful gestures,—by his full and expressive countenance, and his whole exterior, that revives the contours and conceptions of Raphael. His appearance is finely contrasted with that of the publicist, B. Constant, who advances with stooping shoulders, and long and awkward arms. Mons. Charles Dupin next comes in, who casts a glance, indicative of self-sat-

isfaction, at the ladies that grace the galleries; while General Lafayette advances towards his seat with hobbling steps, being saluted by the whole *côté-gauche*, and admired by the spectators for his noble and venerable appearance,—his generous deeds, and the lofty and liberal sentiments that he has displayed during the whole course of his long and stormy career. Since its first creation, in 1814, the Chamber of Deputies has,ameleon-like, changed its physiognomy, colour, and complexion. Under it the eagle has dislodged the lilies, and the coat-of-arms of the kings of France recovered its position three months afterwards, and put the imperial eagles to flight. In 1815, the benches of the *côté-droit* were no longer able to contain the numerous partisans of aristocracy, but the ordinance of the 5th of September, 1816, reinforced the centre with a new band. The law of Elections of the 5th of February, 1817, doubled the ranks of the constitutional party, at the expense of the advocates of the ancient regime. This law, which is conformable to the text of the Charter, renewed the Chamber of Deputies by one-fifth every year.

The party threatened by this law, perceiving the approaches of the storm which was gathering to overwhelm them, by securing the triumph of public liberty, turned to profit the last day that remained to them, in order to stifle at its birth the law that seemed destined for their own destruction. The struggle was the most stormy and the most splendid that was ever exhibited in the parliamentary annals of France; and from it came forth the electoral law, which, at the present moment, regulates the representative system of the nation. This law added 192 new members to the 258 that formerly composed the entire body of the Chamber of Deputies, and it estab-

lished two orders of election. It created the colleges of the departments, formed solely from the fourth part of the total numbers of the electors of each department, selected from the most heavily-taxed classes, that, after having concurred, each by their individual vote, in the nomination of the 258 deputies assigned to the colleges of the Arrondissements, enjoy the additional privilege of voting a second time for the nomination of two, three, or four deputies, according to the new distribution made between all the departments of the 192 members created by the law of the 20th of June, 1820; a law which was modified by the ministry of 1824, by substituting, instead of the partial renovation by the one-fifth, an entire renovation every seventh year.

This combined system of the law of election produced the fruits that were expected by the friends of the *ancien regime*, and from the year 1821 to 1827, the different deputies were more or less devoted to the opinions of the *côté-droit*. The old *côté-gauche* of the Chamber was almost entirely turned out, with the exception of 15 or 20 members only, who escaped from this species of ostracism. However, they had courage enough left, (as they were supported by public opinion) to maintain, with firmness and constancy, a still surviving party. Their voices, proclaiming the truth, made numerous proselytes out of doors, and they laid bare the mask and the sophistry of Villele, by exposing his counter-revolutionary projects, while they attached to themselves the moderate and anti-jesuitical part of the Chamber; and thus, becoming powerful, they forced the ministry to have recourse to a dissolution, and brought on the liberal elections of 1827, that dislodged the *côté-droit*, and thinned the rows of the centre.

THE FALL OF NINEVEH.*

IN sitting down to the examination of an epic poem, our thoughts are involuntarily carried back to the times when the fathers of modern criticism amused themselves with laying down rules to direct the builders of the "lofty rhyme," and when even poets themselves tuned their verse to the naturally unmusical burden of critical science. Whether any of these philosophers in the art of poetry effected any good purpose by their efforts, is matter of considerable doubt; but certain it is, we know of no epic or tragedy to which they can lay the smallest claim as having contributed to its intrinsic beauty or popularity. In our own country, no remarkable attempts have been made at setting forth a compilation of classical rules and institutes for the guidance of the poet. The greatest men in the early days of English literature have occasionally written on the subject; but it is a curious circumstance that they have written, not with any regard to the technicalities of criticism, but in the clear, bold, and fervid spirit of true practical philosophy; not laying down rules for the composition of certain species of poetry, but ranging with delight through the bright and flowery fields whence it has gathered the very manna of its inspiration. Witness, for example, that piece of excellent, though quaint and forgotten eloquence, in which Sir Philip Sydney, speaking of poets, says, that they only, disdaining to be tied to any of the subjections of other thinking men, "do grow in effect another nature, in making things better than nature bringeth forth, or quite new forms, such as never was in nature, so as they go hand in hand with nature, not inclosed in within the narrow warrant of her gifts, but freely ranging only within the zodiac of their own wit:" or that equally beautiful and

noble sentiment of Bacon, which describes poetry as "having something of divineness; because it doth raise and erect the mind, by submitting the shows of things to the desires of the mind; whereas reason doth buckle and bow the mind unto the nature of things." Nothing was ever written on the subject which contained a finer or more philosophical description of the true nature of poetry than this. But, while the founders of English literature thus early taught us to value its highest branches for their abstract worth, or excellency, both France and Italy had their popularly received masters in criticism, who, instead of lifting the veil from the divine form of poesy, and leaving men to worship her for her beauty and perfection, endeavoured to secure the love and imitation of the old models of classic composition, by proving their construction to be in perfect accordance with certain discoverable principles of the poetic art. This, in reality, effected nothing but the encouragement of a few writers of no genius to attempt the higher walks of poetry, which their false guides had seemed to make plain and of easy access. The men of superior talent who pursued the same track were neither assisted nor influenced by the treatises that were written on the subject of their attention. Dante and Ariosto, our own Shakspeare and Spenser, the master-spirits of their respective ages, set rules at defiance, or, rather, worked after such as, not critics, but poetry itself, had taught them. Milton is, perhaps, a still more conspicuous instance. He was a most accomplished classical scholar; he had been acquainted from his youth with the writings which were best calculated to make him respect the rules of epic composition; but, notwithstanding this, it is easy to see that the free and romantic genius of

* *The Fall of Nineveh*, a Poem. By Edward Atherstone. 8vo. pp. 288. Baldwin and Cradock. London, 1828.

his native Muse had a greater share in the management of his principal poems, than the classical one of antiquity. In the examination, therefore, of Mr. Atherstone's poem, it is not the strict rules of the epic we should apply to its several pages, in any case, but we have other reasons at present: in the first place, the portion before us will not enable us to judge of the completeness or consistency of Mr. Atherstone's plan, and, in the next, as the first six books are sent forth as a specimen of the work, it will be at present more useful to follow the author's example, and produce specimens of his style and versification. The following extracts are distinguished by great beauty of language and poetical imagery:

"The Priest withdrew.

Upon the summit of the hill arrived,
Amid the holy trees,—his falchion first,
And glittering spear upon the ground he laid:
His brazen helmet next, and shining mail:
Then, in his priestly vestments clad alone,
Fell prostrate on the earth. Uprising soon,
His arms he lifted, and his kindled eye
Turned towards the dazzling multitude of
heaven,

And the bright moon. His pale and awful face
Grew paler as he gazed, and thus began:—
'Look down upon us from your spheres of light,
Bright Ministers of the Invisible!

Before whose dread Supremacy weak man
May not appear: for what are we, earth worms,
That the All-Holy One to us should stoop
From the pure sanctuary where he dwells,
Throned in eternal light? but yet his face
Behold, and in his presence stand, and hear
His voice divine; and his commands obey,—
Vicegerents of the sky. Upon your priest
Look down, and hear his prayer. And you
the chief,—

Bright Mediators between God and man,—
Who, on your burning chariots, path the heavens,

In ceaseless round,—Saturn and mighty Sol,—
Though absent now, beyond the ends of earth,
Yet hearing human prayer,—great Jupiter,—
Venus—and Mars—and Mercury—O! hear,
Interpreters divine! and for your priest,
Draw the dark veil that shades the days to
come!

Do not the nations groan? Is not this land,
This proud Assyria, drunken with her power?
Yon giant city, where the tyrant dwells,
Is she not steeped in guilt unto the lips?
Are not her women foul?—her men debased?
Is there, on earth, a monster like to him
That sitteth on her throne, and holds in bonds
Millions, and tens of millions, whose loud cry
Ascendeth daily to the sky for help?—
And will ye then not help?"

"He paused, and gazed
Long time in silence on the starry host;

His face like marble; but his large dark eye
Lit as with fire: Then,—as upon him shone
Heaven opening,—and the vision of the years,
Shadowy, before him passed,—with hollow
voice,

Broken and tremulous. 'I feel ye will—
I see the dark veil drawn—I see a throne
Dashed to the earth—I see a mighty blaze
As of a city flaming to the heaven—
Another rises—and another throne—
Thereon a crowned one, godlike—but his face
With cloud o'ershadowed yet—ha! is it thou?—
Hark! hark! the countless nations shout for joy!
I hear their voices like the multitudes
Of Ocean's tempest waves—I hear—I see'—"

The following description of Sardanapalus' approach to battle is very highly wrought:

"He comes at length:—

The thickening thunder of the wheels is heard:
Upon their hinges roaring, open fly
The brazen gates:—sounds then the tramp of
hoofs,—

And lo! the gorgeous pageant, like the sun,
Flares on their startled eyes. Four snow-
white steeds,
In golden trappings, barbed all in gold,
Spring through the gate;—the lofty chariot
then,

Of ebony, with gold and gems thick strown,
Even like the starry night. The spokes were
gold,

With felices of strong brass; the knaves were
brass,

With burnished gold o'erlaid, and diamond
rimmed:

Steel were the axles, in bright silver cased;
The pole was cased in silver: high aloft,
Like a rich throne, the gorgeous seat was
framed;

Of ivory part, part silver, and part gold:

On either side a golden statue stood:

Upon the right,—and on a throne of gold,—

Great Belus, of the Assyrian empire first,

And worshipp'd as a God; but, on the left,

In a resplendent car by lions drawn,

A Goddess; on her head, a tower; and, round,

Celestial glory: this the deity
Whom most the monarch worshipt; she whom,
since,

Astarte, or Derceto, men have named,

And Venus, queen of love. Around her waist

A girdle, glittering with all radiant gems,

Seemed heaving to her breath. Behind the car,

Full in the centre, on the ebony ground,

Flamed forth a diamond sun; on either side,

A horned moon of diamond; and, beyond,

The planets, each one blazing diamond.

Such was the chariot of the king of kings.

Himself in dazzling armour stands aloft,

And rules the fiery steeds. His shield of gold,

His spear, his helm, his bow and quiver hang

Within the roomy car. Thus, like a God,

From forth the gates he comes,—and every
knee

Bends to the ground, and every voice cries out,

'Long live Sardanapalus, king of kings!

May the king live for ever!' Thrice he smiles,

And waves his hands to all! and thrice the
shouts

To heaven go up. Then on his starting horse

Springs every rider ; every charioteer
Leaps to his car ; and through the sounding
streets

The pageant flames, and on the dusty plain
Pours forth : and evermore, from street to
street,

Runs on the cry, ' The king ! the king comes
forth !

The king of kings in his war-chariot comes !
Long live Sardanapalus, king of kings !

May the king live for ever !

" To the walls

The cry flies on,—they hear it on the plains,—
The plains cry out,—they hear it in the hea-
vens.

On through the bowing host the monarch
drives ;

High over all conspicuous, the bright crown,
Like an ethereal fire, through all the field
Flashing perpetual light. From rank to rank,
From nation unto nation, goes he on ;
And still all knees are bent, all voices raised,
As to a deity."

Nekushta's Bower.

" 'Twas a spot

Herself had chosen, from the palace walls
Farthest removed, and by no sound disturbed,
And by no eye o'erlooked ; for in the midst
Of loftiest trees, umbrageous, was it hid,—
Yet to the sunshine open, and the airs
That from the deep shades all around it
breathed,

Cool, and sweet-scented. Myrtles, jessa-
mine,—

Roses of varied hues,—all climbing shrubs,
Green leaved and fragrant, had she planted
there,—

And trees of slender body, fruit and flower ;—
At early morn had watered, and at eve,
From a bright fountain nigh, that ceaselessly
Gushed with a gentle coil from out the earth,
Its liquid diamonds flinging to the sun
With a soft whisper. To a graceful arch,
The pliant branches, intertwined, were bent ;
Flowers some,—and some rich fruits of gor-
geous hues,

Down hanging lavishly, the taste to please,
Or, with rich scent, the smell,—or that fine
sense

Of beauty that in forms and colours rare
Doth take delight. With fragrant moss the floor
Was planted, to the foot a carpet rich,
Or, for the languid limbs, a downy couch,
Inviting slumber. At the noon-tide hour,
Here, with some chosen maidens would she
come,

Stories of love to listen, or the deeds
Of heroes of old days ; the harp, sometimes,
Herself would touch, and, with her own sweet
voice,

Fill all the air with loveliness. But, chief,
When to his green-wave bed the wearied sun
Had parted, and heaven's glorious arch yet
shone,—

A last gleam catching from his closing eye,—
The palace, with her maidens, quitting then,
Through vistas dim of tall trees would she
pass,—

Cedar, or waving pine, or giant palm,—
Through orange groves, and citron,—myrtle
walks,—

Alleys of roses,—beds of sweetest flowers,—
Their richest incense to the dewy breeze

Breathing profusely all,—and, having reached
The spot beloved, with sport, or dance awhile
On the small lawn, to sound of dulcimer,
The pleasant time would pass ; or to the lute
Give ear delighted, and the plaintive voice
That sang of hapless love : or, arm in arm,
Amid the twilight saunter, listing oft
The fountain's murmur, or the evening's sigh,
Or whisperings in the leaves,—or, in his pride
Of minstrelsy, the sleepless nightingale
Flooding the air with beauty of sweet sounds :
And, ever as the silence came again,
The distant and unceasing hum could hear
Of that magnificent city, on all sides
Surrounding them. But oft with one alone,
One faithful, favoured maiden, would she come ;
At early morn sometimes, while every flower,
In diamonds glittering, with its proud weight
bowed ;

When through the glistening trees the golden
beams

Aslant their bright flood poured, and every bird
In his green palace sitting sang aloud,
And all the air with youthful fragrance teemed,
Fresh as at Nature's birth :—her pastime then,
The flowers to tend,—to look upon the sky,—
And on the earth,—and drink the perfumed
air,—

And in the gladness of all things be glad.
But in the placid twilight hour of eve
Not seldom came they : Dara then the harp,
Or dulcimer would touch ; or, happier still,
His words of love into her listening ear
Distil with sweeter music than from string,
Or breathing pipe, though sweet."

After quoting the above, our read-
ers will be enabled to judge of the
author's power of language and ver-
sification. Mr. Atherstone is evi-
dently a writer of the first ability,
and the design of his present Poem
appears to be a great and happy one.
We warn him against aiming too
much at smoothness in over-orna-
menting his verse. An epic poem
must entirely depend for success on
a sort of regal grandeur in its lan-
guage, and the most noble simplicity
of exalted sentiment. The taste of
the age is, perhaps, unfitted to give
extensive popularity to a composition,
depending for its praise on such cha-
racteristics ; but no epic can be tole-
rated without them ; and it would be
a hopeless task in an author to en-
deavour a successful union between
the style which would please popular
readers and that fitted for an epic.
Mr. Atherstone, we doubt not, will
be found, when his poem is complete,
to have avoided the errors of such an
attempt ; and we look forward with
pleasure to the appearance of the re-
mainder of his *Nineveh*.

THE MAN OF PROMISE.

He only in whose ample breast
 Nature hath true inherent genius pour'd,
 The praise of wisdom may contest ;
 Not they who, with loquacious learning stor'd,
 Like crows and chattering jays, with clamorous cries,
 Pursue the bird of Jove, that sails along the skies.—*West's Pindar.*

THE great difference which prevails among mankind in intellectual abilities and attainments, is attributed by philosophers to various causes. Of the diversity of mental capacity, one reason indeed, is obvious: that Providence, in its wisdom, has allotted to different creatures, different powers, not only in their specific, but in their individual natures. The individual distinction, however, does not obtain to the extent which is generally believed; and many, who are sensible of their deficiency in this respect, have frequently more cause to ascribe it to themselves than to their Maker; because, though undoubtedly some have greater advantages than others for the improvement of the intellectual faculties, few endeavour so far as they are able, and with the opportunities which they possess, to strengthen or refine the understanding.

Many who, for the support of life, always adhere to the same track, compelled by necessity, or led by accident, are often obliged to want the invaluable benefits of a liberal education and polished society, and many, who, by their external circumstances, or the smiles of fortune, might be enabled to enjoy those blessings, are equally precluded from them by casualties of a peculiar nature; by the objections of a particular sect in religion to which they may be united, by avaricious motives, or the ignorant apprehension that those who should gain the knowledge of life, may recede from the paths of virtue; that those who partake of the elegances and gaieties of refinement are rendered unfit for the accumulation of wealth, for the cares of domestic life, or the sober sphere of active usefulness.

But those who are debarred, except to a very limited degree, from the advantages of good society, are generally for the same reasons deprived of the endowments of literature. Real genius, however, accompanied by good sense, will break through the trammels of circumstance, undismayed by privations, unchecked by obstacles; and will proceed so far without foreign assistance, to clear away the mists of ignorance and prejudice with which it is encompassed, as to open to itself a prospect in which the intellectual vision can repose with security, satisfaction, and delight; in which it can discern the travellers up the ascent of knowledge, though favoured by more propitious fortune, and consequently passing above it, some incited by hope, and others supported by application, yet few more ardent in the pursuit, and none making more rapid advances. In this laudable progress, when mindful of its particular condition, it never rejects with contempt the counsels of a friend, or vainly assumes to itself that which it has no right to adopt, and no ability to support. Its deportment is characterized by affability without loquacity, modesty without servility, a disposition to listen to the decision of more experienced judges; a willingness to arrive at truth, but without the compromise of principle, or the degradation of subserviency. Its knowledge of things appears to be gained by intuition, its ideas of right and wrong almost without reflection; and those whom chance has brought within its influence, derive from it such assistance and gratification, as induce attention and homage, and excite that applause and veneration which the more sensible part of the community are always found ready

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THE LAST CLONMEL ASSIZES.

THE mind of any man who habitually attends the assizes of Clonmel carries deep, and not perhaps the most useful, impressions away from it. How often have I reproached myself with having joined in the boisterous merriment which either the jests of counsel, or the droll perjuries of the witnesses, have produced during the trial of a capital offence! How often have I seen the bench, the jury, the bar, and the galleries of an Irish court of justice, in a roar of tumultuous laughter, while I beheld in the dock the wild and haggard face of a wretch who, placed on the verge of eternity, seemed to be surveying the gulf on the brink of which he stood, and presented, in his ghastly aspect and motionless demeanour, a reproof of the spirit of hilarity with which he was to be sent before his God! It is not that there is any kind of cruelty intermixed with this tendency to mirth; but that the perpetual recurrence of incidents of the most awful character divests them of the power of producing effect, and that they

“ Whose fall of hair

Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in't,”

acquire such a familiarity with direness, that they become not only insensible to the dreadful nature of the spectacles which are presented, but scarcely conscious of them.

It is not merely because the Bar itself is under the operation of the incidents which furnish the materials

of their professional occupation that I have selected the last assizes of Clonmel as the subject of this article; in narrating the events which attended the murder of Daniel Mara, and the trial of his assassins, I propose to myself the useful end of fixing the general attention upon a state of things, which ought to lead all wise and good men to the consideration of the only effectual means by which the evils which result from the moral condition of Ireland may be remedied.

In the month of April, 1827, a gentleman of the name of Chadwick was murdered in the open day, at a place called Rath Cannon, in the immediate vicinity of the old Abbey of Holycross. Mr. Chadwick was the member of an influential family, and was employed as land agent in collecting their rents. The person who fills this office in England is called “a steward;” but in Ireland it is designated by the more honourable name of a land agency. The discharge of the duties of this situation must be always more or less obnoxious. In times of public distress, the landlord, who is himself urged by his own creditors, urges his agent on, and the latter inflicts upon the tenants the necessities of his employer. I have heard that Mr. Chadwick was not peculiarly rigorous in the exaction of rent, but he was singularly injudicious in his demeanour towards the lower orders. He believed that they detested him; and possessing personal courage, bade them defiance. He

was not a man of a bad heart ; but was despotic and contumelious in his manners to those whose hatred he returned with contempt. It is said that he used to stand amongst a body of the peasantry, and, observing that his corpulency was on the increase, was accustomed to exclaim, " I think I am fattening upon your curses ! " In answer to these taunts, the peasants who surrounded him, and who were well habituated to the concealment of their fierce and terrible passions, affected to laugh, and said " that his honour was mighty pleasant ; and sure, his honour, God bless him, was always fond of his joke ! " But while they indulged in the sycophancy under which they are wont to smother their sanguinary detestations, they were lying in wait for the occasion of revenge. Perhaps, however, they would not have proceeded to the extremities to which they had recourse, but for a determination evinced by Mr. Chadwick to take effectual means for keeping them in awe. He set about building a police barrack at Rath Cannon. It was resolved that Mr. Chadwick should die. This decision was not the result of individual vengeance. The wide confederacy into which the lower orders are organised in Tipperary held council upon him, and the village areopagus pronounced his sentence. It remained to find an executioner. Patrick Grace, who was almost a boy, but was distinguished by various feats of guilty courage, offered himself as a volunteer in what was regarded by him as an honourable cause. He had set up in the county as a sort of knight-errant against landlords, and in the spirit of a barbarous chivalry proffered his gratuitous services wherever what he conceived to be a wrong was to be redressed. He proceeded to Rath Cannon ; and without adopting any sort of precaution, and while the public road was traversed by numerous passengers, in the broad daylight, and just beside the barrack, in the construction of which Mr. Chadwick was engaged, shot that unfortunate gentleman, who fell instantly

dead. This dreadful crime produced a great sensation, not only in the county where it was perpetrated, but through the whole of Ireland. When it was announced in Dublin, it created a sort of dismay, as it evinced the spirit of atrocious intrepidity to which the peasantry had been roused. It was justly accounted, by those who looked upon this savage assassination with most horror, as furnishing evidence of the moral condition of the people, and as intimating the consequences which might be anticipated from the ferocity of the peasantry, if ever they should be let loose. Patrick Grace calculated on impunity ; but his confidence in the power and terrors of the confederacy with which he was associated was mistaken. A brave, and a religious man, whose name was Philip Mara, was present at the murder. He was standing beside his employer, Mr. Chadwick, and saw Grace put him deliberately to death. Grace was well aware that Mara had seen him, but did not believe that he would dare to give evidence against him. It is probable, too, that he conjectured that Mara coincided with him in his ethics of assassination, and applauded the proceeding. Mara, however, who was a moral and virtuous man, was horror-struck by what he had beheld ; and under the influence of conscientious feelings, gave immediate information to a magistrate. Patrick Grace was arrested, and tried at the summer assizes of 1827. I was not present at his trial, but have heard from good authority that he displayed a fearless demeanour ; and that when he was convicted upon the evidence of Philip Mara, he declared that before a year should go by he should have vengeance in the grave. He was ordered to be executed near the spot where his misdeed had been perpetrated. This was a signal mistake, and produced an effect exactly the reverse of what was contemplated. The lower orders looked upon him as a martyr ; and his deportment, personal beauty, and undaunted courage, rendered him an object of deep interest and sym-

pathy upon the scaffold. He was attended by a body of troops to the old Abbey of Holycross, where not less than fifteen thousand people assembled to behold him. The site of the execution rendered the spectacle a most striking one. The Abbey of Holycross is the finest and most venerable monastic ruin in Ireland. Most travellers turn from their way to survey it, and leave it with a deep impression of its solemnity and grandeur. The prisoner was brought forward in the midst of the profound silence of the vast multitudes around the scaffold. He ascended and surveyed them; and looked upon the ruins of the edifice which had once been dedicated to the worship of his religion, and to the sepulchres of the dead which were strewn among its aisles, and had been for ages as he was in a few minutes about to be. It was not known whether he would call for vengeance from his survivors, or for mercy from Heaven. His kindred, his close friends, his early companions, all that he loved and all to whom he was dear, were around him, and nothing, except an universal sob from his female relatives, disturbed the awful taciturnity that prevailed. At the side of Patrick Grace stood the priest—the mild admonitor of the heart, the soother of affliction, and the preceptor of forgiveness, who attended him in the last office of humanity, and who proved by the result how well he had performed it. To the disappointment of the people, Patrick Grace expressed himself profoundly contrite; and, although he evinced no fear of death, at the instance of the Roman Catholic clergyman who attended him implored the people to take warning by his example. In a few moments after, he left existence. But the effect of his execution will be estimated by this remarkable incident. His gloves were handed by one of his relations to an old man of the name of John Russel, as a keepsake. Russel drew them on, and declared at the same time, that he should wear them “till Paddy Grace was revenged:” and

revenged he soon afterwards was, within the time which he had himself prescribed for retribution, and in a manner which is as much calculated to excite astonishment at the strangeness, as detestation for the atrocity of the crime, of which I proceed to narrate the details.

Philip Mara was removed by Government from the country. It was perfectly obvious, that if he had continued to sojourn in Tipperary, his life would have been taken speedily, and at all hazards, away. It was decided that all his kindred should be exterminated. He had three brothers; and the bare consanguinity with a traitor (for his crime was treason) was regarded as a sufficient offence to justify their immolation. If they could not procure his own blood for the purposes of sacrifice, it was however something to make libation of that which flowed from the same source. The crimes of the Irish are derived from the same origin as their virtues. They have powerful domestic attachments. Their love and devotion to their kindred instruct them in the worst expedients of atrocity. Knowing the affection which Mara had for his brothers, they found the way to his heart in the kindest instincts of humanity; and from the consciousness of the pain which the murder of “his mother’s children” would inflict, determined that he should endure it. It was in conformity with these atrocious principles of revenge that the murder of the brothers of Philip Mara was resolved upon. Strange to tell, the whole body of the peasantry in the neighbourhood of Rath Cannon, and far beyond it, entered into a league, for the perpetration of this abominable crime; and while the individuals who were marked out for massacre were unconscious of what was going forward, scarcely a man, woman, or child, looked them in the face, who did not know that they were marked out for death. They were masons by trade, and were employed in building the barrack at Rath Cannon, on the spot where Chadwick

had been assassinated, and where the funeral of Patrick Grace (for so his execution was called) had been performed. The peasantry looked in all probability with an evil eye upon every man who had put his hand to this obnoxious work; but their main object was the extermination of Philip Mara's brothers. They were three in number—Daniel, Laurence, and Timothy. On the 1st of October they were at work, with an apprentice in the mason trade, at the barrack at Rath Cannon. The name of this apprentice was Hickey. In the evening, about five o'clock, they left off their work, and were returning homewards, when eight men with arms rushed upon them. They were fired at; but the fire-arms of the assassins were in such bad condition, that the discharge of their rude musketry had no effect. Laurence, Timothy, and the apprentice, fled in different directions, and escaped. Daniel Mara lost his presence of mind, and instead of taking the same route as the others, ran into the house of a poor widow. He was pursued by the murderers, one of whom got in by a small window, while the others burst through the door, and with circumstances of great savageness put him to death. The intelligence of this event produced a still greater sensation than the murder of Chadwick; and was as much the subject of comment as some great political incident, fraught with national consequences, in the metropolis. The Government lost no time in issuing proclamations, offering a reward of 2000*l.* for information which should bring the assassins to justice. The magnitude of the sum induced a hope that its temptation would be found irresistible to poverty and destitution so great as that which prevails among the class of ordinary malefactors. It was well known that hundreds had cognizance of the offence; and it was concluded that, amongst so numerous a body, the tender of so large a reward could not fail to offer an effectual allurement. Weeks, however, passed over with-

out the communication of intelligence of any kind. Several persons were arrested on suspicion, but were afterwards discharged, as no more than mere conjecture could be adduced against them. Mr. Doherty, the Solicitor General, proceeded to the county of Tipperary, in order to investigate the transaction; but for a considerable time all his scrutiny was without avail. At length, however, an individual, of the name of Thomas Fitzgerald, was committed to gaol upon a charge of highway robbery, and in order to save his life, furnished evidence upon which the Government was enabled to pierce into the mysteries of delinquency. The moment Fitzgerald unsealed his lips, a numerous horde of malefactors were taken up, and farther revealments were made under the influence which the love of life, and not of money, exercised over their minds. The assizes came on, and on Monday, the 31st of March last, Patrick Lacy and John Walsh were placed at the bar, and to the indictment for the murder of Daniel Mara pleaded not guilty.

The Court presented a very imposing spectacle. The whole body of the gentry of Tipperary were assembled in order to witness a trial, on which the security of life and property was to depend. The box which is devoted to the Grand Jury was thronged with the aristocracy of the county, that manifested an anxiety far stronger than the trial of an ordinary culprit is accustomed to produce. An immense crowd of the peasantry was gathered round the dock. All appeared to feel a deep interest in what was to take place, but it was easy to perceive in the diversity of solicitude which was expressed upon their faces, the degrees of sympathy which connected them with the prisoners at the bar. The more immediate kindred of the malefactors were distinguishable by their profound but still emotion, from those who were engaged in the same extensive organization, and were actuated by a selfish sense that their personal interests were at stake, without hav-

ing their more tender affections involved in the result. But besides the relatives and confederates of the prisoners, there was a third class amongst the spectators, in which another shade of sympathy was observable. These were the mass of the peasantry, who had no direct concern with the transaction, but whose principles and habits made them well-wishers to the men who had put their lives in peril for what was regarded as the common cause. Through the crowd were dispersed a number of policemen, whose green regimentals, high caps, and glittering bayonets, made them conspicuous, and brought them into contrast with the peasants, by whom they were surrounded. On the table stood the governor of the gaol, with his ponderous keys, which designated his office, and presented to the mind associations which aided the effect of the scene. Mr. Justice Moore appeared in his red robes lined with black, and intimated by his aspect that he anticipated the discharge of a dreadful duty. Beside him was placed the Earl of Kingston, who had come from the neighboring county of Cork to witness the trial, and whose great possessions gave him a peculiar concern in tracing to their sources the disturbances, which had already a formidable character, and intimated still more terrible results. His dark and massive countenance, with a shaggy and wild profusion of hair, his bold imperious lip, and large and deeply set eye, and his huge and vigorous frame, rendered him a remarkable object, without reference to his high rank and station, and to the political part which he had played in circumstances of which it is not impossible that he may witness, although he should desire to avert, the return. The prisoners at the bar stood composed and firm. Lacy, the youngest, was dressed with extreme care and neatness. He was a tall handsome young man, with a soft and healthful colour, and a bright and tranquil eye. I was struck by the unusual whiteness of his hands, which were loosely attached to each other.

Walsh, his fellow prisoner and his brother in crime, was a stout, short, and square-built man, with a sturdy look, in which there was more fierceness than in Lacy's countenance; yet the latter was a far more guilty malefactor, and had been engaged in numerous achievements of the same kind, whereas Walsh bore an excellent reputation, and obtained from his landlord, Mr. Creagh, the highest testimony to his character. The Solicitor General, Mr. Doherty, rose to state the case. He appeared more deeply impressed than I have ever seen any public officer, with the responsibility which had devolved upon him; and by his solemn and emphatic manner rendered a narration, which was pregnant with awful facts, so impressive, that during a speech of several hours' continuance he kept attention upon the watch, and scarcely a noise was heard, except when some piece of evidence was announced which surprised the prisoners, and made them give a slight start, in which their astonishment and alarm at the extent of the information of the Government were expressed. They preserved their composure while Mr. Doherty was detailing the evidence of Fitzgerald, for they well knew that he had become what is technically called "a stag," and turned informer. Neither were they greatly moved at learning that another traitor of the name of Ryan was to be produced, for rumours had gone abroad that he was to corroborate Fitzgerald. They were well aware that the Jury would require more evidence than the coincidence of swearing between two accomplices could supply. It is, indeed, held that one accomplice can sustain another for the purposes of conviction, and that their concurrence is sufficient to warrant a verdict of guilty; still Juries are in the habit of demanding some better foundation for their findings, and, before they take life away, exact a confirmation from some pure and unquestionable source. The Counsel for the prisoners participated with them in the belief that the Crown

would not be able to produce any witnesses except accomplices, and listened, therefore, to the details of the murder of Daniel Mara, however minute, without much apprehension for their clients, until Mr. Doherty, turning towards the dock, and lifting up and shaking his hand, pronounced the name of "Kate Costello." It smote the prisoners with dismay. At the time, however, that Mr. Doherty made this announcement, he was himself uncertain, I believe, whether Kate Costello would consent to give the necessary evidence; and there was reason to calculate upon her reluctance to make any disclosure by which the lives of "her people," as the lower orders call their kindred, should be affected. The statement of Mr. Doherty, which was afterwards fully made out in proof, showed that a wide conspiracy had been framed in order to murder Philip Mara's brothers. Fitzgerald and Lacy, who did not reside in the neighbourhood of Rath Cannon, were sent for by the relatives of Patrick Grace, as it was well known that they were ready for the undertaking of "the job." They received their instructions, and were joined by other assassins. The band proceeded to Rath Cannon in order to execute their purpose; but an accident prevented their victims from coming to the place where they were expected, and the assassination was, in consequence, adjourned for another week. In the interval, however, they did not relent, but on the contrary, a new supply of murderers was collected, and on Sunday, the 30th of September, the day preceding the murder, they met again in the house of a farmer, of the name of Jack Keogh, who lived beside the barrack where the Maras were at work. Here they were attended by Kate Costello, the fatal witness, by whom their destiny was to be sealed. In the morning of Monday, the 1st of October, they proceeded to an elevation called "The Grove," a hill covered with trees, in which arms had been deposited. This hill over-looked the barrack where the Maras

were at work. A party of conspirators joined the chief assassins on this spot, and Kate Costello, a servant and near relative of the Keoghs, (who were engaged in the murder,) again attended them. She brought them food and spirits. From this ambush they remained watching their prey until five o'clock in the afternoon, when it was announced that the Maras were coming down from the scaffolding on which they were raising the barrack. It appeared that some of the murderers did not know the persons whose lives they were to take away, and that their dress was mentioned as the means of recognition. They advanced to the number of eight, and as I have already intimated, succeeded in slaying one only of the three brothers. But the most illustrative incident in the whole transaction was not what took place at the murder, but a circumstance which immediately succeeded it. The assassins, with their hands red with the gore of man, proceeded to the house of a farmer in good circumstances, whose name was John Russel. He was a man of a decent aspect and demeanour, above the lower class of peasants in station and habits, was not destitute of education, spoke and reasoned well, and was accounted very orderly and well conducted. One would suppose that he would have closed his doors against the wretches who were still reeking with their crime. He gave them welcome, tendered them his hospitality, and provided them with food. In the room where they were received by this hoary delinquent, there were two individuals of a very different character and aspect from each other. The one was a girl, Mary Russel, the daughter of old Jack Russel, the proprietor of the house. She was young, and of an exceedingly interesting appearance. Her manners were greatly superior to persons of her class, and she was delicate and gentle in her habitual conduct and demeanour. Near her there sat an old woman, in the most advanced stage of life, who was a

kind of Elspeth amongst them, and from her age and relationship was an object of respect and regard. The moment the assassins entered, Mary Russel rushed up to them, and with a vehement earnestness exclaimed, "Did you do any good?" They stated in reply that one of the Maras was shot; when Peg Russel (the withered hag) who sat moping in the reverie of old age, till her attention was aroused by the sanguinary intelligence, lifted her shriveled hand, and cried out with a shrill and vehement bitterness, "You might as well not have killed any, since you did not kill them all." Strange and dreadful condition of Ireland! The witness to a murder denounces it. He flies the country. His brothers, for his crime, are doomed to die. The whole population confederate in their death. For weeks the conspiracy is planned, and no relenting spirit interposes in their slaughterous deliberations. The appointed day arrives, and the murder of an innocent man is effected, while the light is still shining, and with the eye of man, which is as little feared as that of God, upon them. The murderers leave the spot where their fellow creature lies weltering; and instead of being regarded as objects of execration and of horror, are chid by women for their remissness in the work of death, and for the scantiness of the blood which they had poured out. Thus it is that in this unfortunate country not only men are made barbarous, but women are unsexed, and filled

———"From the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty."

These were the facts which Mr. Doherty stated, and they were established by the evidence. The first witness was Fitzgerald. When he was called, he did not appear on the instant, for he was kept in a room adjoining the Court, in order that he might not avail himself of the statement and fit his evidence to it. His testimony was of such importance, and it was known that so much depended upon it, that his arrival was waited for with strong expectation;

and in the interval before his appearance on the table, the mind had leisure to form some conjectural picture of what he in all likelihood was. I imagined that he must be some fierce-looking, savage wretch, with baseness and perfidy, intermingled with atrocity, in his brow, and whose meanness would bespeak the informer, as his ferocity would proclaim the assassin. I was deceived. His coming was announced,—way was made for him—and I saw leap upon the table, with an air of easy indifference and manly familiarity, a tall, athletic young man, about two or three and twenty, with a countenance as intelligent in expression and symmetrical in feature, as his limbs were vigorous and well-proportioned. His head was perfectly shaped, and surmounted a neck of singular strength and breadth, which lay open and rose out of a chest of unusual massiveness and dilation. His eyes were of deep and brilliant black, full of fire and energy, intermixed with an expression of slyness and sagacity. They had a peculiarly watchful look, and indicated a vehemence of character, checked and tempered by a cautious and observant spirit. The nose was well formed, and deeply rooted, but rose at the end with some suddenness, which took off from the dignity of the countenance, but displayed considerable breadth about the nostrils, which were made to breathe fierceness and disdain. The mouth of the villain (for he was one of the first magnitude) was composed of thick but well-shaped lips, in which firmness and intrepidity were strongly marked; and when opened, disclosed a range of teeth of the finest form and color. His hair was short and thick, but his cheek was so fresh and fair, that he scarcely seemed to have ever had any beard. The fellow's dress was calculated to set off his figure. It left his breast almost bare, and the knees of his breeches being open, a great part of his muscular legs appeared without covering, as his stockings did not reach to the knee. He was placed upon the chair

appropriated to witnesses, and turned at once to the Counsel for the Crown in order to narrate his own doings as well as those of his associates in depravity. I have never seen a cooler, more precise, methodical, and consistent witness. He detailed every circumstance to the minutest point, which had happened during a month's time, with a wonderful accuracy. So far from manifesting any anxiety to conceal or to excuse his own guilt, he on the contrary set it forth in the blackest colors. He made himself a prominent actor in the business of blood. The life which he led was as singular as it was atrocious. He spent his time in committing outrages at night, and during the day in exacting homage from the peasantry, whom he had inspired with a deep dread of him. He walked through the county in arms, and compelled every peasant to give him bed and board wherever he appeared. In the caprices of his tyranny, he would make persons who chanced to pass him, kneel down and offer him reverence, while he presented his musket at their heads. Yet he was a favourite with the populace, who pardoned the outrages committed on themselves, on account of his readiness to avenge the affronts or the injuries which they suffered from others. Villain as the fellow was, it was not the reward which tempted him to betray his associates. Though 2000*l.* had been offered by Government, he gave no information for several months; and when he did give it, it was to save his life, which he had forfeited by a highway robbery, for which he had been arrested. He seemed exceedingly anxious to impress upon the crowd, that though he was a "stag," it was not for gold that he had sold the cause. Life itself was the only bribe that could move his honour, and even the temptation which the instinctive passion for existence held out to him, was for a long while resisted. Mr. Hatchell cross-examined this formidable attestator with extraordinary skill and dexterity, but he was still unable to shake his evi-

dence. It was perfectly consistent and compact, smooth and round, without any point of discrepancy on which the most dexterous practitioner could lay a strong hold. The most unfavourable circumstance to his cross-examiner was his openness and candour. He had an ingenuousness in his atrocity which defied all the ordinary expedients of Counsel. Most informers allege that they are influenced by the pure love of justice to betray their accomplices. This statement goes to shake their credit, because they are manifestly perjured in the declaration. Fitzgerald, however, took a very different course. He disclaimed all interest in the cause of justice, and repeatedly stated that he would not have informed, except to rescue himself from the halter which was fastened round his neck. When he left the table, he impressed every man who heard him with a conviction of, not only his great criminality, but his extraordinary talents. He was followed by another accomplice, of the name of Ryan, who was less remarkable than Fitzgerald, but whose statement was equally consistent, and its parts as adhesive to each other as the more important informer's. They had been left in separate gaols, and had not had any communication, so that it could not be suggested that their evidence was the result of a comparison of notes, and of a conspiracy against the prisoners. This Ryan also alleged that he had informed merely to save his life. These witnesses were succeeded by several, who deposed to minute incidents which went to corroborate the informers; but notwithstanding that a strong case had been made out by the Crown, still the testimony of some untainted witness to the leading fact was requisite, and the Counsel for the prosecution felt that on Kate Costello the conviction must still depend. She had not taken any participation in the murder. She could not be regarded as a member of the conspiracy; she was a servant in the house of old John Keogh, but not an agent in the business; and if she con-

firmed what the witnesses had deposed to, it was obvious that a conviction would ensue ; while, upon the other hand, if she was not brought forward, the want of her testimony would produce a directly opposite result. She was called, and a suspense far deeper than the expectation which had preceded the evidence of Fitzgerald was apparent in every face. She did not come, and was again summoned into court. Still Kate Costello did not appear. Repeated requisitions were sent by the Solicitor General, but without effect ; at length every one began to conjecture that she would disappoint and foil the Crown, and the friends of the prisoners murmured " that Kate Costello would not turn against her people ; " an obvious feeling of satisfaction pervaded the crowd, and the prisoners exhibited a proportionate solicitude in which hope seemed to predominate. Suddenly, however, the chamber-door communicating with the room where the witnesses were kept was opened, and one of the most extraordinary figures that ever appeared in that strange theatre an Irish court of justice, was produced. A withered, diminutive woman, who was unable to support herself, and whose feet gave way at every step, into which she was impelled by her attendants, was seen entering the court, and tottering towards the table. Her face was covered, and it was impossible, for some time after she had been placed on the table, to trace her features ; but her hands, which were as white and clammy as a corpse's, and seemed to have undergone the first process of decomposition, shook and shuddered, and a thrill ran through the whole of her miserable and worn-out frame. A few minutes elapsed before her veil was removed ; and when it was, the most ghastly face which I have ever observed was disclosed. Her eyes were quite closed, and the eyelids shrunken as if by the touch of death. The lips were like ashes, and remained open and without movement. Her breathing was scarcely perceptible, and as her head lay on her shoulder,

her long black hair fell dishevelled, and added to the general character of disordered horror which was expressed in her demeanour. Now that she was produced, she seemed little calculated to be of any use. Mr. Doherty repeatedly addressed himself to her, and entreated her to answer. She seemed unconscious even of the sound of his voice. At length, however, with the aid of water, which was applied to her mouth, and thrown in repeated aspersions over her face, she was in some degree restored, and was able to breathe a few words. An interval of minutes elapsed between every question and answer. Her voice was so low as to be scarcely audible, and was rather an inarticulate whisper, than the utterance of any connected sentence. She was, with a great deal to do, conducted by the examiner through some of the preliminary incidents, and at last was brought to the scene in the grove where the murderers were assembled. It remained that she should recognise the prisoners. Unless this were done, nothing would have been accomplished. The rod with which culprits are identified was put into her hand, and she was desired to stand up, to turn to the dock, and to declare whether she saw in court, any of the men whom she had seen in the grove on the day of the murder. For a considerable time she could not be got to rise from her seat ; and when she did, and stood up after a great effort over herself, before she had turned round, but while the rod was trembling in her hand, another extraordinary incident took place. Walsh, one of the prisoners at the bar, cried out with the most vehement gesture—" O God ! you are going to murder me ! I'll not stand here to be murdered, for I'm downright murdered, God help me ! " This cry, uttered by a man almost frenzied with excitation, drew the attention of the whole Court to the prisoner ; and the Judge inquired of him of what he complained. Walsh then stated with more composure, that it was unfair, while there

was nobody in the dock but Lacy and himself, to desire Kate Costello to look at him, for that he was marked out to her where he stood. This was a very just observation, and Judge Moore immediately ordered that other prisoners should be brought from the gaol into the dock, and that Walsh should be shown to Kate Costello in the midst of a crowd. The gaol was at a considerable distance, and a good deal of time was consumed in complying with the directions of the Judge. Kate Costello sank down again upon her chair, and in the interval before the arrival of the other prisoners we engaged in conjectures as to the likelihood of Walsh being identified. She had never seen him, except at the grove, and it was possible that she might not remember him. In that event his life was safe. At last the other prisoners were introduced into the dock. The sound of their fetters as they entered the Court, and the grounding of the soldiers' muskets on the pavement, struck me. It was now four o'clock in the morning; the candles were almost wasted to their sockets, and a dim and uncertain light was diffused through the court. Haggardness sat upon the spectators, and yet no weariness or exhaustion appeared. The frightful interest of the scene preserved the mind from fatigue. The dock was crowded with malefactors, and brought as they were in order that guilt of all kinds should be confused and blended, they exhibited a most singular spectacle. This assemblage of human beings laden with chains was, perhaps, more melancholy from the contrast which they presented between their condition and their aspect. Even the pale light which glimmered through the court did not prevent their cheeks from looking ruddy and healthful. They had been awakened in their lonely cells in order to be produced, and, as they were not aware of the object of arraying them together, there was some surprise mixed with fear in their looks. I could not help whispering to myself as I surveyed

them, "what a noble and fine race of men are here, and how much have they to answer for, who, by degrading, have demoralised such a people!" The desire of Walsh having been complied with, the witness was called upon a second time to place the rod upon his head. She rose again, and turned round, holding the fatal index in her hand. There was a deep silence through the court; the face of Walsh exhibited the most intense anxiety, as the eyes of Kate Costello rested upon the place where he stood. She appeared at first not to recognise him, and the rod hung loosely in her hand. I thought, as I saw her eyes traversing the assemblage of malefactors, that she either did not know him, or would affect not to remember him. At last, however, she raised the rod, and stretched it forth, but, before it was laid on the devoted head, a female voice exclaimed, "Oh, Kate!" This cry, which issued from the crowd, and was probably the exclamation of some relative of the Keoghs, whose destiny depended on that of Walsh, thrilled the witness to the core. She felt the adjuration in the very recesses of her being. After a shudder, she collected herself again, and advanced again towards the dock. She raised the rod a second time, and having laid it on the head of Walsh, who gave himself up as lost the moment it touched him, she sank back into her chair. The feeling which had filled the heart of every spectator here found a vent, and a deep murmur was heard through the whole court, mingled with sounds of stifled execration from the mass of the people in the background. Lacy also was identified; and here it may be said that the trial closed. Walsh, who, while he entertained any hope, had been almost convulsed with agitation, resumed his original composure. He took no farther interest in the proceeding, except when his landlord gave him a high character for integrity and good conduct; and this commendation he seemed rather to consider as a sort of bequest which he should leave to his kindred, than

as the means of saving his life. It is unnecessary almost to add, that the prisoners were found guilty.

Kate Costello, whose evidence was of such importance to the Crown, had acted as a species of menial in the house of old John Keogh, but was a near relation of her master. It is not uncommon among the lower orders to introduce some dependent relative into the family, who goes through offices of utility which are quite free from degradation, and is at the same time treated, to a great extent, as an equal. Kate Costello sat down with old Jack Keogh and his sons at their meals, and was accounted one of themselves. The most implicit trust was placed in her; and on one of the assassins observing "that Kate Costello could hang them all," another observed, "that there was no fear of Kate." Nor would Kate ever have betrayed the men who had placed their confidence in her, from any mercenary motives. Fitzgerald had stated that she had been at "the Grove" in the morning of the day on which the murder was committed, and that she could confirm his testimony. She was in consequence arrested, and was told that she should be hanged unless she disclosed the truth. Terror extorted from her the revelations which were turned to such account. When examined as a witness on the trial of Lacy and of Walsh, her agitation did not arise from any regard for them, but from her consciousness that if they were convicted her own relatives and benefactors must share in their fate. The trial of Patrick and John Keogh came on upon Saturday the 5th of April, some days after the conviction of Lacy and of Walsh, who had been executed in the interval. The trial of the Keoghs was postponed at the instance of the prisoners, but it was understood that the Crown had no objection to the delay, as great difficulty was supposed to have arisen in persuading Kate Costello to give completion to the useful work in which she had engaged. It was said that the friends of the Ke-

oghs had got access to her, and that she had refused to come forward against "her people." It was also rumored that she had entertained an attachment for John Keogh, and although he had wronged her, and she had suffered severe detriment from their criminal connexion, that she loved him still, and would not take his life away. There was, therefore, enough of doubt incidental to the trial of the Keoghs to give it the interest of uncertainty; and, however fatal the omen which the conviction of their brother conspirators held out, still it was supposed that Kate Costello would recoil from her terrible task. The Court was as much crowded as it had been on the first trial, upon the morning on which the two Keoghs were put at the bar. They were more immediate agents in the assassination. It had been in a great measure planned, as well as executed by them; and there was a farther circumstance of aggravation in their having been in habits of intimacy with the deceased. When placed at the bar, their appearance struck every spectator as in strange anomaly with their misdeeds. They both seemed to be farmers of the most respectable class. Patrick, the younger, was perfectly well clad. He had a blue coat and white waistcoat, of the best materials used by the peasantry: a black silk handkerchief was carefully knotted on his neck. He was lower in stature, and of less athletic proportions than his brother John, but had a more determined and resolute physiognomy. He looked alert, quick, and active. The other was of gigantic stature, and of immense width of shoulder and strength of limb. He rose beyond every man in court, and towered in the dock. His dress was not as neatly arranged as his brother's, and his neck was without covering, which served to exhibit the hugeness of his proportions. He looked in the vigor of powerful manhood. His face was ruddy and blooming, and was quite destitute of all darkness and malevolence of expression. There was

perhaps too much fulness about the lips, and some traces of savageness, as well as of voluptuousness, might have been detected by a minute physiognomist in their exuberance; but the bright blue of his mild and intelligent eyes counterbalanced this evil indication. The aspect of these two young men was greatly calculated to excite interest; but there was another object in court which was even more deserving of attention. On the left hand of his two sons, and just near the youngest of them, sat an old man, whose head was covered with a profusion of grey hairs, and who, although evidently greatly advanced in years, was of a hale and healthful aspect. I did not notice him at first, but in the course of the trial, the glare which his eye gradually acquired, and the passing of all color from his cheek, as the fate of his sons grew to certainty, drew my observation, and I learned on inquiry, what I had readily conjectured, that he was the father of the prisoners at the bar. He did not utter a word during the fifteen or sixteen hours that he remained in attendance upon the dreadful scene which was going on before him. The appearance of Kate Costello herself, whom he had fostered, fed, and cherished, scarcely seemed to move him from his terrible tranquillity. She was, as on the former occasion, the pivot of the whole case. The anticipations that she would not give evidence "against her own flesh and blood" were wholly groundless, for on her second exhibition as a witness she enacted her part with much more firmness and determination. She had before kept her eyes almost closed, but she now opened and fixed them upon the Counsel, and exhibited great quickness and shrewdness in their expression, and watched the cross-examination with great wariness and dexterity. I was greatly surprised at this change, and can only refer it to the spirit of determination which her passage of the first difficulty on the former trial had produced. The first step in blood had been taken, and

she trod more firmly in taking the second. Whatever may have been the cause, she certainly exhibited little compunction in bringing her cousins to justice, and laid the rod on the head of her relative and supposed paramour without remorse. At an early hour on Sunday morning the verdict of guilty was brought in. The prisoners at the bar received it without surprise, but turned deadly pale. The change in John Keogh was more manifest, as in the morning of Saturday he stood blooming with health at the bar, and was now as white as a shroud. The Judge told them that as it was the morning of Easter Sunday, (which is commemorative of the resurrection of the dead,) he should not then pronounce sentence upon them. They cried out "A long day, a long day, my lord!" and at the same time begged that their bodies might be given to their father. This prayer was uttered with a sound resembling the wail of an Irish funeral, and accompanied by a most pathetic gesture. They both swung themselves with a sort of oscillation up and down, with their heads thrown back, striking their hands, with the fingers half closed, against their breasts, in the manner which Roman Catholics use in saying "The Confiteor." The reference which they made to their father drew my attention to the miserable old man. Two persons, friends of his, had attended him in court, and when his sons, after having been found guilty, were about to be removed, he was lifted on the table, on which he was with difficulty sustained, and was brought near to the dock. He wanted to embrace John Keogh, and stretched out his arms towards him. The latter, whose manliness now forsook him, leaned over the iron spikes to his full length, got the old man into his bosom, and while his tears ran down his face, pressed him long and closely to his heart. They were at length separated, and the sons were removed to the cells appointed for the condemned. The Judge left the bench, and the court was gradu-

ally cleared. Still the father of the prisoners remained between his two attendants nearly insensible. He was almost the last to depart. I followed him out. It was a dark and stormy night. The wind beat full against the miserable wretch, and made him totter as he went along. His attendants were addressing to him some words of consolation connected with religion, (for these people are, with all their crimes, not destitute of religious impressions,) but the old man only answered them with his moans. He said nothing articulate, but during all the way to the obscure cellar into which they led him, continued moaning as he went. It was not, I trust, a mere love of the excitement which arises from the contemplation of scenes in which the passions are brought out, that made me watch this scene of human misery. I may say without affectation, that I was, (as who would not have been?) profoundly moved by what I saw; and when I beheld this forlorn and desolate man descend into his wretched abode, which was lighted by a feeble candle, and saw him fall upon his knees in helplessness, while his attendants gave way to sorrow, I could not restrain my own tears.

The scenes of misery did not stop here. Old John Russel pleaded guilty. He had two sons, lads of fifteen or sixteen, and, in the hope of saving them, acknowledged his crime at the bar; "Let them," he said, in the gaol where I saw him, "let them put me on the trap if they like, but let them spare the boys."

But I shall not proceed farther in the detail of these dreadful incidents. There were many other trials at the assizes, in which terrible disclosures of barbarity took place. For three weeks the two Judges were unremittingly employed in trying cases of dreadful atrocity, and in almost every instance the perpetrators of crimes the most detestable, were persons whose general moral conduct stood in a wonderful contrast with their isolated acts of depravity. Al-

most every offence was connected with the great agrarian organisation which prevails through the country. It must be acknowledged that, terrible as the misdeeds of the Tipperary peasantry must upon all hands be admitted to be, yet, in general, there was none of the meanness and turpitude observable in their enormities which characterise the crimes that are disclosed at an English assize. There were scarcely any examples of murder committed for mere gain. It seemed to be a point of honour with the malefactors to take blood, and to spurn at money. Almost every offence was committed in carrying a system into effect, and the victims who were sacrificed were considered by their immolators as offered up, upon a justifiable principle of necessary extermination. These are assuredly important facts, and after having contemplated these moral phenomena, it becomes a duty to inquire into the causes from which these marvellous atrocities derive their origin.

The first and leading feature in the disturbances and atrocities of Tipperary is, that they are of an old date, and have been for much more than half a century of uninterrupted continuance. Arthur Young travelled in Ireland in the years 1776, 1777, and 1778. His excellent book is entitled "A Tour in Ireland, with general Observations on the Present State of that Kingdom." He adverts particularly to the state of the peasantry in the South of Ireland, and it is well worthy of remark that the outrages which are now in daily commission, are of exactly the same character as the atrocities which were perpetrated by the Whiteboys (as the insurgents were called) in 1760. From the period at which these outrages commenced, the evil has continued in a rapidly progressive augmentation. Every expedient which legislative ingenuity could invent has been tried. All that the terrors of the law could accomplish, has been put into experiment without avail. Special commissioners and special

delegations of counsel have been almost annually despatched into the disturbed districts, and crime appears to have only undergone a pruning, while its roots remained untouched. Mr. Doherty is not the first Solicitor General of great abilities who has been despatched by Government for the purpose of awing the peasantry into their duty. The present Chief Justice of the King's Bench, upon filling Mr. Doherty's office, was sent upon the same painful errand, and after having been equally successful in procuring the conviction of malefactors, and brandished the naked sword of justice, with as puissant an arm, new atrocities have almost immediately afterwards broken forth, and furnished new occasions for the exercise of his commanding eloquence. It is reasonable to presume that the recent executions at Clonmel will not be attended with any more permanently useful consequences, and symptoms are already beginning to reappear, which, independently of the admonitions of experience, may well induce an apprehension that before much time shall go by, the law officers of the crown will have to go through the same terrible routine of prosecution. It is said, indeed, by many sanguine speculators on the public peace, that now, indeed, something effectual has been done, and that the gaol and the gibbet there have given a lesson that will not be speedily forgotten. How often has the same thing been said when the scaffold was strewed with the same heaps of the dead ! How often have the prophets of tranquillity been falsified by the event ! If the crimes which, ever since the year 1760, have been uninterruptedly committed, and have followed in such a rapid and tumultuous succession, had been only of occasional occurrence, it would be reasonable to conclude that the terrors of the law could repress them. But it is manifest that the system of atrocity does not depend upon causes merely ephemeral, and cannot, therefore, be under the operation of temporary

checks. We have not merely witnessed sudden inundations which, after a rapid desolation, have suddenly subsided ; we behold a stream as deep as it is dark, which indicates, by its continuous current, that it is derived from an unfailing fountain, and which, however augmented by the contribution of other springs of bitterness, must be indebted for its main supply to some abundant and distant source. Where then is the well-head to be found ? Where are we to seek for the origin of evils, which are of such a character that they carry with them the clearest evidence that their causes must be as enduring as themselves ? It may at first view, and to any man who is not well acquainted with the moral feelings and habits of the great body of the population of Ireland, seem a paradoxical proposition that the laws which affect the Roman Catholics furnish a clue by which, however complicated the mazes may be which constitute the labyrinth of calamity, it will not be difficult to trace our way. It may be asked, with a great appearance of plausibility, (and indeed it is often inquired,) what possible effect the exclusion of a few Roman Catholic gentlemen from Parliament, and of still fewer Roman Catholic barristers from the bench, can produce in deteriorating the moral habits of the people ? This, however, is not the true view of the matter. The exclusion of Roman Catholics from office is one of the results of the penal code, but it is a sophism to suggest that it is the sum total of the law itself, and that the whole of it might be resolved into that single proposition. The just mode of presenting the question would be this : " What effect does the penal code produce by separating the higher and the lower orders from each other ? "

The law divides the Protestant proprietor from the Catholic tiller of the soil, and generates a feeling of tyrannical domination in the one, and of hatred and distrust in the other. The Irish peasant is not divided

from his landlord by the ordinary demarcations of society. Another barrier is erected, and, as if the poor and the rich were not already sufficiently separated, religion is raised as an additional boundary between them. The operation of the feelings, which are the consequence of this division, is stronger in the county of Tipperary than elsewhere. It is a peculiarly Cromwellian district, or, in other words, the holy warriors of the Protector chose it as their land of peculiar promise, and selected it as a favourite object of confiscation. The lower orders have good memories. There is scarce a peasant who, as he passes the road, will not point to the splendid mansions of the aristocracy, embowered in groves, or rising upon fertile elevations, and tell you the name of the pious Corporal, or the inspired Serjeant, from whom the present proprietors derive a title which, even at this day, appears to be of a modern origin. These reminiscences are of a most injurious tendency. But, after all, it is the system of religious separation which nurtures the passions of the peasantry with these pernicious recollections. They are not permitted to forget that Protestantism is stamped upon every institution in the country, and their own sunderance from the privileged class is perpetually brought to their minds. Judges, sheriffs, magistrates, Crown counsel, law officers,—all are Protestant. The very sight of a court of justice reminds them of the degradations attached to their religion, by presenting them with the ocular proof of the advantages and honours

which belong to the legal creed. It is not, therefore, wonderful that they should feel themselves a branded caste; that they should have a consciousness that they belong to a debased and inferior community; and having no confidence in the upper classes, and no reliance in the sectarian administration of the law, that they should establish a code of barbarous legislation among themselves, and have recourse to what Lord Bacon calls “the wild justice” of revenge. A change of system would not perhaps produce immediate effects upon the character of the people; but I believe that its results would be much more speedy than is generally imagined. At all events, the experiment of conciliation is worth the trial. Every other expedient has been resorted to, and has wholly failed. It remains that the legislature, after exhausting all other means of tranquillising Ireland, should, upon a mere chance of success, adopt the remedy which has at least the sanction of illustrious names for its recommendation. The union of the two great classes of the people in Ireland, in other words, the emancipation of the Roman Catholics, is in this view not only recommended by motives of policy, but of humanity; for who that has witnessed the scenes which I have (perhaps at too much length) detailed in these pages, can fail to feel that, if the demoralisation of the people arises from bad government, the men who from feelings of partisanship persevere in that system of misrule, will have to render a terrible account?

STANZAS WRITTEN FOR MUSIC.

LADY, why thus turn away
 Youth and beauty's sunny glance?
 Why, where all around are gay,
 Tread'st not thou the lightsome dance?
 Are thy thoughts on music bent,
 Is't for that thy young cheeks glow?
 Would'st thou hence the minstrel went?
 Lady, no! lady, no!

Hark! I hear a deep-drawn sigh!
 Wildly throbs thy snowy breast!
 Lo! a tear-drop pearls thine eye—
 Is it Pity's pilgrim guest!

Yet that sigh what does it there?
 Wherefore does that tear-drop flow?
 Is it sorrow claims thy care?
 Lady, no! lady, no!

Near thee stands a youthful form,
 Looking thoughts no words may speak;
 Glances bright, and blushes warm,
 Light his eye, and rose his cheek;
 For he sings of “Love's young dream,”
 O'er his lyre as bends he low;
 Would'st thou have him change the theme?
 Lady, no! lady, no!

GLEANINGS AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

THERE is no European capital so beautifully situated as Constantinople. Encómpassed by seas, swarming with life, and by a region of eminent fertility, nature seems to have secured it against any want of the necessities of life ; and from the mildness of its climate, the loveliness of its varied scenery, the abundance of its streams, and the noble expanse and depth of its sheltered harbour, to have peculiarly fitted it for the purposes of social existence and international enterprise.

Like ancient Rome, Constantinople crowns the summit of seven hills, or rather acclivities, which are readily discernible as the eye traces its longitudinal expanse from the northern side of the harbour. Towards the south, it discovers the Mysian Olympus, clad in eternal snow, and immediately opposed to it, the Argauthonis, glorying in its forest of oaks and boe trees. Immediately behind Scutari, lies the double-peaked Damatris, (from an adjacent village now called *Bolgarlu*.) An hour spent in ascending to its summit is richly compensated by a finer prospect than you can elsewhere enjoy, of the delightful environs of this capital. Following the sinuous course of the Bosphorus from its very mouth, the view spreads across the thickly-studded towers of Constantinople to the expanding plains of the Propontis, where it encounters the Prince's and Marmaric Isles, and thence stretches to the far-distant mouth of the Hellespont.

The celebrated "*Mountain of Giants*," rises immediately from the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus, near its uppermost narrowing, opposite to Berjukdere. The foot of this mountain was formerly adorned by the temple of Jupiter Urios, from whence the heathens proceeded to explore the "*Camp of Hercules*" on its summit. The gigantic site of this encampment is still an object of pil-

grimage to the pious Moslem, who, by the way, has transformed it into the "*tomb of the prophet Joshua* !"

The Koran lays down *seven* seas as the basis of Mohammedan hydrography, and therefore right dear to the eye of its disciple, are the seven great reservoirs of the Propontis, the Bosphorus, the Pontus, the Palus Mæotis, the Hellespont, the Egean, and the Mediterranean. Whilst on this subject, I cannot refrain from observing that the fertile imagination of the East has baptised the seven great oceans of his globe with the names of so many colours. In his geographical nomenclature, therefore, the Archipelago and Mediterranean become the *White*, the Pontus or Euxine the *Black*, the Caspian the *Green*, the Arabian gulph the *Red*, the Persian the *Blue*, the Chinese the *Yellow*, and the Atlantic, the *Brown* or dark seas.

For extent and depth, there is probably no harbour in the world superior to Constantinople. Its breadth, between the point of the Seraglio and Topchana is not less than five hundred fathoms ; its length exceeds four thousand ; and its depth is so great, that the largest vessels may cast anchor close to its marge. By means of a constant current, nature has provided for an immediate removal of those fetid and insalubrious disgorings, which are the inevitable concomitants of populous cities. The entrance to this magnificent harbour is somewhat impeded by the conflicting streams, which join, and issue at its mouth, but when once it is effected, the mariner may defy the virulence of wind and waves.

Here, again, I must have my own way, and remind you, that the wealth, which this harbour formerly boasted, both upon the surface of its waters as well as below them, induced the ancients to call it Chrysokeras, or the "*Golden Horn*."

For, so says the old story, being pursued by the jealousy of Here, and arriving at the promontory of *Semistra*, she was overtaken by the pains of childbirth, and brought forth a daughter, who bore the symbol of her parents' transformation on her forehead; hence she received the name of *Keroessa*, the cornuted, and *Semistra* became her nurse. And it was her son by Poseidon, to whom ancient Byzantium is indebted for its foundation. Geologically and historically speaking, *Keroessa's* marriage with Poseidon implies, that the fresh waters of the *Cydaris* and *Barbysis*, which intermingle at the foot of the promontory of *Semistra*, united themselves with the briny stream of the harbour; and the issue of this union was the aforesaid *Bysas*.

Constantinople, placed under the forty-first degree of northern latitude, has been no less favoured in regard to climate than position, and enjoys a delightful succession of seasons; soft and refreshing breezes alternating through the placid heat of summer and temperate chills of winter. For these reasons, I am justified in pronouncing it an extremely salubrious spot, notwithstanding the frightful drawback of the plague; an affliction, however, which is by no means ascribable to the climate, but to the neglect of medical precautions.

Though the spring enlivens the charming month of February, it loses much more of its charms, after the vernal equinox, than might have been expected in so southerly a clime; in fact, the bland amenity of the Bithynian succumbs under the rigour of the Thracian sky; and hence, the alternate prevalence of northerly and southerly winds at this season of the year occasions a variability of temperature, sufficient to bring the indisputable fineness and salubrity of the remaining seasons into disrepute.

On the first of May, (old style,) spring achieves her irrevocable triumph over winter. Whilst many an European is busied in devoting this

day to the planting of May-trees, and many an Indian in attending the sacred procession of the palm, the Grecian maiden rises before the dawn and sallies forth, with her companions, in quest of the dew-tipt erstlings of spring: the whole day is dedicated to mirth and recreation; and the declining sun sheds its crimson ray on the blithesome *Romaika*, "tripping o'er the glade with light, fantastic toe." The first of May, as well as the first of April, still retains its votaries, from the Ganges to the Thames; but the arrival of the first of March, a day peculiarly sacred to the ancient Romans, is celebrated among the Greeks by an observance, which they have inherited from their ancestors. On the eve of this day, the Greek women fling their old pots and household gear out of the window, duly singing out, "*Away with ye, bugs and fleas; welcome, bride and joy!*" This is nothing more nor less than the ceremony of the *Bulimos*, of which Plutarch endeavours to trace the origin in his conversations. (Sympos. VI. 8.) The only difference is that the ancient Grecian was more decorous in his ejaculation; "*Away,*" he vociferated, "*Away with starvation! Welcome wealth and health!*"

To those who may be desirous of witnessing the celebration of the festivals, which take place at the beginning, middle, and close of spring, I recommend a very cautious exposure of their persons in the narrow streets of Pera on the eve of the first of March; otherwise, their skull or limbs may bear away an unpleasant memorial of the ejections issuing from the pious matron's casement. Nothing can be more exhilarating than a visit to the "Prince's Isles" on the first of May, when the Greeks are released from the presence of their taskmasters, and give a loose to the joyous gaiety of their native dispositions. Often, too, have I roamed, at this season of the year, to the banks of the canal, where Berjukdere and the other Greek villages exhibit a line of bonfires, which convert the

hills and waves of the Bosphorus into one wide blaze of glory.

The heat of summer is moderated by northerly winds, which set in late in the forenoon or early in the afternoon, and leave behind them a delightful coolness, to which the Constantinopolitans are indebted for their moonlight promenades and water excursions. Towards the close of August, when the heat is greatest, though it never becomes insupportable, the atmosphere is refreshed by torrents of rain, which do not continue above eight days at the utmost. The autumnal equinox is accompanied by its usual tempestuous handmaids; and these are succeeded by rains, which often last to the middle of October; when a series of the most cheerful and tranquil weather sets in, and carries you on its halcyon wing, frequently beyond the hibernal solstice. The winter season begins, in general, with the new year, and does not last above six weeks; during which period storms of snow are wafted from the Thracian mountains, but seldom cover the ground for a longer interval than

three days. I have often seen the south and north winds deciding their ærial conflict by a tempest, when the forked flash has tipped the falling feathers of the snow with its golden burnish, or arrayed the mountain peaks with an evening attic of glorious crimson, after the morning had silvered them with its spotless snows. Such was the tempest which overtook Brennus and his Gauls, when they stormed the shrine of Apollo at Delphi, or the English fleet, when it raised its anchor in the sea of Marmora, previously to its descent upon the shore of Egypt. It seldom freezes in the daytime; nor have I ever known the thermometer, even during the night, to fall more than two or three degrees below the freezing point; yet the time has been, when the Byzantian has walked across the ice-field of the Bosphorus to shake hands with his Asiatic neighbour. Amongst others, the winters of the years 928 and 934, when the Turks made their first inroads into the Greek territories, were characterised by all the extremities of the rough and rigid climate of the north.

THE SOLDIER'S BRIDE.

Yes, ye may pay your thoughtless duty,
Vain throng! to Glory's distant star,
And ye may smile when blooming Beauty
Rewards the gallant Son of War;
For me, I sigh to think that sorrow
May soon that gentle heart betide,
And soon a dark, a gloomy morrow,
May dawn upon the Soldier's Bride.

Oh! were her path the scene of brightness
Pourtray'd by ardent Fancy's ray;
Oh! could her bosom thrill in lightness,
When Glory's pictured charms decay;
Could Hope still bless her golden slumbers,
And crown the dreams of youthful pride,
Then might ye smile, ye thoughtless num-
bers,
Then greet with joy the Soldier's Bride.

But when dismay'd by threatening dangers,
And doom'd in distant scenes to roam;
To meet the chilling glance of strangers,
And vainly mourn her peaceful home;
Oft will her tearful eye discover
The fears her bosom once defied,
Oft shall the smiles that bless'd the lover
Desert the Soldier's weeping Bride.

And when, perchance, War's stunning rattle
Greets from afar her shuddering ear,
When, yielding to the fate of battle,
Her hero meets an early bier;
Condemn'd in hopeless grief to languish,
She yields to Sorrow's gushing tide,
And tears express, in silent anguish,
The sadness of the Soldier's Bride.

What then avails the wreath of Glory?
The victor it should crown is fled,
The din of fame, the martial story,
Reach not the mansions of the dead;
She greets with sighs the dear-bought treas-
ure,
That seems her sadness to deride,
And shuns the mimic gleam of pleasure,
That mocks the Soldier's widow'd Bride.

To me, her flowery crown of gladness
Seems like the drooping cypress wreath;
Her nuptial throng—a train of sadness;
Her minstrel band—the dirge of death.
Ah! soon may Grief those blossoms sever,
Despoil that cheek with blushes dyed,
And cloud with dark despair for ever,
The triumph of the Soldier's Bride!

DESCRIPTION OF THE COAST OF PERU.

THE coast of Peru may be said to consist of a line of sandy desert, five hundred leagues in length, the breadth varying from seven to above fifty miles, as the several branches of the Andes approach to, or recede from, the shores of the Pacific Ocean. It presents great inequalities of surface, and has the appearance of having once formed a part of the bed of the adjoining ocean. Were it not for the stupendous back ground, which gives to every other object a comparatively diminutive outline, the sand hills might sometimes be called mountains. The long line of desert is intersected by rivers and streams, which are seldom less than twenty, or more than eighty or ninety miles apart. The narrow strips on each bank of every stream are peopled in proportion to the supply of water. During the rainy season in the interior, or from the melting of the snows upon the Andes, the great rivers upon the coast swell prodigiously, and can be crossed only by means of a *balsa*, which is a raft or framework, fastened upon four bull-hides sewed up, made air-tight, and filled with wind. A few of the large rivers reach the sea, but most of those of the second order are consumed in irrigating the cultivated patches, or are absorbed by the encompassing desert, where it never rains; where neither birds, beasts, nor reptiles, are ever seen, and where a blade of vegetation never grew. Sometimes a rill of water bubbles up, and is lost within the space of a hundred yards. Very often the banks of rivers are too steep and rugged to admit of the water being applied to the purposes of irrigation; consequently the surrounding country cannot be cultivated. No stranger can travel from valley to valley, as the inhabited strips are inappropriately called, without a guide; for the only indication that the desert has been trodden before, is an occasional cluster

of bones, the remains of beasts of burden that have perished. The sand is frequently raised into immense clouds by the wind, to the great annoyance of the traveller, who generally rides with his face muffled up. The obstacles to moving a body of troops from one point to another in this country can only be appreciated by military men who have had to contend against them. But description, unaccompanied by a statement of facts, will fall short of conveying even a faint idea of the horrors of the desert.

It is not a rare circumstance for the most experienced *vaquianos*, or guides, to lose themselves. In that case, terror instantly reduces them to a state of positive insanity. Unless they recover the path by chance, or are fortunate enough to see other travellers loom above the horizon, they inevitably perish, and their fate is no more known than that of a ship which founders unseen in the distant ocean. In the desert, a puff of wind obliterates the footsteps of a column of soldiers.

The *vaquianos* are nevertheless very expert, and regulate their course by circumstances unobservable to the casual traveller. When Colonel Miller galloped across the desert of Sigua, ten leagues in breadth, he expressed some doubts to the guides, as to whether they were in the proper direction. They told him that, so long as a bright star which they pointed out was in sight, there was no danger of losing themselves. They remarked, that as the wind always blew from the same quarter, they had only to keep the breeze in their left eye, to make the valley of Vitor. However, detachments, and even entire corps of the army, often have been known to lose themselves for a considerable time.

When the remains of General Alvarado's army were on the passage by sea, from the *Puertos Interme-*

dios to Lima, in 1823, a transport conveying above three hundred cavalry got on shore, and went to pieces twelve leagues south of Pisco, and fourteen leagues west of Ica. All hands escaped on shore, but, in attempting to find their way to Pisco, they lost themselves for thirty-six hours, and became bewildered by despair. On the wreck being known at Pisco, a regiment of cavalry was ordered out with a supply of water to pick up the wanderers. The commanding officer of the wrecked soldiers, Colonel Lavallo, was one of the survivors, and has recounted the sufferings of the party in that dreadful calamity. He had an orderly who had fought by his side at Chacabuco, Maypo, Nasca, Pasco, Rio Bamba, and Pinchincha, and who had on one occasion saved the colonel's life at the risk of his own, but who was now as insensible to the distresses of his master as to those of his comrades. Overcome by fatigue, the unfortunate men would sometimes drop upon the burning surface, and tear up the sand in search of water with agonizing fury. After proceeding some leagues, a few date-trees were discovered at a distance, near the roots of which water is always to be found. A feeble cry of joy issued from the parched tongues of the foremost. It was not given to encourage those in the rear, but was an involuntary expression of internal feelings, animated by a glimpse of the palms towering in the distance. All in sight immediately quickened their pace, but numbers fell lifeless before they could reach the much desired place. Those who had strength enough left to arrive there began to excavate, and found water, which was scarce and muddy. The rush of the almost breathless throng rendered it at first impossible for any to satisfy the cravings of their thirst. Beyond the friendly palms, none had the courage to advance, but dropped or spread themselves around in fixed and mute despair.

At length the hussars sent from Pisco appeared in sight. Indescrib-

able emotions of joy were felt rather than expressed, for all had by this time become nearly speechless. Not one thought more of his fellow-sufferers than if he alone lay panting in the desert. Even those thoughts of home, of family, and of friends, which are the last to quit their hold upon the memory at the hour of death in a foreign land; even those tender recollections appeared to have vanished from every mind. Their first joyful emotions were chilled by unutterable anxieties, lest their hoped-for deliverers should not shape their course towards the date-trees, and all were too weak for one to stand up and make a signal. They could turn their glazed eyes upon the horsemen, and form a silent hope, but that was all, for not a word was spoken. They were, however, at last delivered from a state of frightful suspense by the arrival of the hussars, who poured water down the burning throats of the men as they lay extended on the ground, unable to stir, or to ask for the delicious draught, or to give thanks for it, excepting by an expression of delight which faintly beamed on their features. Many drew their last breath before relief could be administered, and nearly one hundred unburied corpses which strewed the dreary waste will, for ages, mark the calamitous route.

It is not an unusual circumstance for soldiers to drop down dead, or to see the blood gush out from their ears and nostrils as they march, sometimes ankle deep in sand. On one occasion, six hundred men marched from Arica to the valley of Lluta, only four leagues distant: six men died on the march, and forty more would have perished, had they not been immediately relieved by copious bleeding.

Perhaps nothing will more clearly convey an idea of the distance between one habitable spot and another, or the stupendous inequalities of the intervening ground, than quotations from local traditions, which state that between Atico and Cha-

parra there is a valley inhabited, as is supposed, by descendants of the ancient Peruvians, and which was unexpectedly fallen in with by one Navarro, of Chaparra, who, having lost his way, came upon it in the night. He saw lights and heard voices, but he was afraid to descend into the valley. He reported the circumstance when he arrived at home, and several parties afterwards set out upon a journey of discovery, but not one succeeded. This was related by Don Juan de Neira y Caravajal, living at Chaparra in 1822, who remembered Navarro, and had often heard him mention the circumstance.

It is also asserted, that there is another unknown valley between Chorounga and Majes, which was

once seen by chance, like the first mentioned, and which has also baffled every attempt to discover it a second time with sufficient force to ensure egress, it being supposed that any person entering singly would be immediately slain, or detained for life.

These accounts are not generally believed by those dwelling in the neighbourhood, and best qualified to form a correct opinion; but the bare admission of the possibility of the existence of such valleys by people accustomed to explore the most uninviting regions in search of mines, may give some notion of the extraordinary country where the works of nature are upon a scale equally grand, terrific, and sublime.

IMITATION OF HUMANITY BY INANIMATE NATURE.

THE imitation of humanity is strikingly apparent in inanimate nature. Look on that pretty, little, white-rinded, airy, yet weeping birch-tree, still in her teens, so murmuring, and so balmy in budding spring, that breathes of summer too, and say if ever you saw a sweeter symbol—nay, it is her very self—of L. E. L., in her virgin elegance and loveliness, charming all eyes, while, as if a breeze came by, her tresses are all a-dance over her forehead, and with poetic lustre irradiate the day.—That Sycamore, so bright above, so dark below, with head that loves the sunshine, and stem round which, like living things, the shadows conglomerate—a tent-like tree, beneath whose umbrage might Beauty lie dissolved in delicious tears over some divine lyrical ballad—haply the tale of Ruth, woo'd—won—wedded—deserted in time that, as “through dream and vision did she sink,” seemed to be all but one dear, dim, delightful day,—or Wisdom meditate, in the half-glimmer half-gloom, on the immortality brought to light, not only in Holy Writ, but in the inspirations too of the great poets—

that Sycamore, so fair and so august, so beautiful and so magnificent—remindeth it not of the Genius of Wordsworth, the very man himself personified before you in the shape of a Sylvan, conspicuous to those who can penetrate its haunts among all the trees of the forest?—If ever departed spirits revisit the earth they loved, that Mountain-Ash, call it by its own Scottish name, that Rowan-tree—with stem straight, smooth, and strong, yet in its abated brightness speaking of the blast—with leaves delicate indeed to look at, and soft to the touch, but imbued with preservative beauty as boldly they rustle to the winds—crowned with a thousand diadems, all blended into one glory visible from afar,—gaze here, gaze here, Caledonia, and, with the voice of all thy streams, bid hail the Image of thy own Burns illumining the banks and braes o' bonny Doon, while all the linnets break out into delighted lifting among the broom, and the blackbird, on the top of his own tree, sends up his song in chorus to the lark, thick, fast, and wild-warbling beneath the rosy cloud!—Whence comes that fragrant breath

upon the woody wilderness—is it from the sweet unseen ground-flow-ers, or from a tree in blossom some-where hidden in the shade? Lo! yonder stands the old Hawthorn, white as the very snow—yet, as you approach, 'tis mixed with glorious green, even as the summer sea-wave heaves in foam. Therein the cheerful shilfa builds her nest most beautiful—or therein—hark the crashing and then the flapping wing—as the cushat, ne'er disturbed before, is startled from her shallow couch. Lonely as is the place, yet see on the old rough bark, now hard to read among moss as some ancient inscription on the stone that shades in its cell some solitary spring—the names of lovers fond and faithful of yore, now and long ago sleeping in the mools by each other's side! The roamer thinks of the rural poets that have tuned their pipes to rural loves,—and some sweet wild strain touches his ear from the Queen's Wake, or from "Bonny Kilmeny, as she gaed up the glen," or from the rich yet simple melodies which "honest Allan" yet lives to breathe, inspired by the songs of auld Scotland—on whose darkness and dimness, his genius, strong in love, has streamed light like sunbeams, regardless of the more flaunting flowers, and seeking out the primrose and violet in nooks of the untrodden woods!

Nay, there is a White Currant Bush, trained up on trellice against the loun sunny walls, and thickly clustering with berries, in their lucid roundness almost as large as grapes,—put out your hand and pull a few, and to the taste they are as sweet and luscious too, as from Lorraine or Provence—that white currant-bush, with innocent thorns tipped with silk and velvet, so that you may pluck ungloved, we declare, is liker than even the amiable poet himself, to William Proctor Barry Cornwall, the delight of the suburban fruit-gardens, and furnishing to tender virgins an exquisite dessert—or when distilled by household matron, a wine that never intoxicates, and worthy a

gold medal from Mr. Loudon, the ingenious editor of the Gardener's Magazine.—Out of the sun altogether, stuck in among the gravel, and sorely stunted because of no manure, that dwindled, dwarfed, diminutive of the small black red hairy gooseberry, no leaves, few berries, and nearly all jag, is a most fearful picture indeed of a Cockney, whose name is needless—while that other, the bramble yonder, tufted chiefly with tags of dirty wool and hair, which a singing bird rather than peck at, would go without a nest, is a staring and ragged likeness of an unmentionable sonneteer in the last stage of a consumption,—sick and sorry, weak and worthless, and, ere another month go by, to be pronged up by the little decayed root, flung over the hedge amongst nettles, and there left to rot in the general rubbish.

Hactenus of plants. Now look at that Castle, a noble ruin. Yet not a ruin either, though old, and belonging to the olden time. On its head a crown of battlements—for hair, wall-flowers—granite for its body, "cased in the unfeeling armour of old time"—and "seated on a heaven-kissing hill." Cliffs guard it on the right—below which "goes a river large," sweeping round a loch—behind a morass, in which "armies whole might sink,"—in front the everlasting mountains. See—how like the figure of a man! What a trenched forehead, yet how bold! That "coign of vantage" is the nose! That rent makes a mouth, from which the wind plays like a warlike harper. A grim upper lip—and a chin that defies the elements. A giant to fear and to venerate! And what has become of your imagination, if in that castle, with its banner still outhung, which

The evening air has scarce the power
To wave upon the Donjon tower,

you see not a glorious statue of—Sir Walter Scott?

So with clouds and mountains,—they are all in various moods and manners like great men. But we have not time now to trace their outlines.

SKETCHES OF CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS.

NO. VIII.—MR. JEFFREY AND THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

THE "Edinburgh Review" is now chiefly known as a political pamphlet of great talent, published once a quarter. The gold and azure of its dawning gives us the promise of three or four solid calculating articles on history and political economy, a paper of pleasant jokes against the Tories, and, perhaps, a few pages of scandalous chronicle on the sins of our great grandmothers, with some gentle gossip about modern science and the Society for Useful Knowledge. It was not always thus. The time has been when not only the dealers in political small-talk, but the whole mass of literary feeling and opinion, and no trifling portion of what is called the religious public, were disturbed and startled by the successive charges of these Edinburgh Light-Horse-Volunteers, in their sky-blue uniforms, and yellow facings.

What we have to say upon the causes of this change must be merely incidental, as the main subject of the present paper is the mental character of Mr. Jeffrey, the boldest and most bustling of these redoubted cavaliers.

Mr. Jeffrey's name first became known as that of an anonymous critic (anonymous to the world in general, from the omission of an avowed name to his articles, but sufficiently known to all the literary circles of Europe.) He came into life with the kind of cleverness, and the degree of self-confidence, naturally produced by conflict only with men of his own age and stamp, in literary and debating societies. In these he had found little to call out the higher powers of the mind, or the nobler moral capacities; among very young, and not very learned men, he can scarcely have encountered any antagonist over whom he could not triumph, at least in appearance, by his ready and ingenious volubility, and the resources of a fertile, though rather flippant, fancy. He was, there-

fore, admirably qualified to be the Editor of a new Review. His profusion of plausible language would enable him to supply with ease and decency any accidental deficiency of matter; his levity in the treatment of grave subjects would make them amusing, if not instructive, to the meanest capacity; and the careless impudence of his editorial colouring was excellently calculated to lend the appearance of conscious superiority even to the blunders and inanities of his associates.

The Review accordingly appeared, and bore in every line the traces of Mr. Jeffrey's superintendence. Airy ridicule, or solemn banter, the declamatory roar, the decisive dogma, the sly half-masked innuendo, all and each were employed alternately or together; so that the sufferings of authors, and the applauses of the public, were equally obvious and unprecedented. No single book probably ever made so decided and general a sensation. It is not wonderful that a knot of young men, reeking from the pleasurable exertions of debating societies, and the delight of mutual applause, should have been led into taking that tone of decision and defiance which is the main secret of their first success. It is still less to be marvelled at, that the shouts and gratulations of the whole mob of literature should have urged them to still bolder enterprises. Least of all, will a wise man be surprised at the triumph of the Edinburgh Reviewers, when he considers the state of the public mind to which they addressed themselves, and the nature of the instruments they used.

Mr. Jeffrey appeared before the world at a time when the minds of men were all afloat; not indeed resolutely bent, as at the period of the Reformation, upon a voyage of discovery; but wandering at the will of the breezes and the billows, and now and then unconsciously following for

a moment the guidance of some self-appointed pilot, or the course of some hidden current. In politics, the overpowering interest and frightful nearness of the French Revolution, had destroyed men's belief in principles, and absorbed their anxiety in the contemplation of mighty and terrible events. The aristocracy of this country, moreover, had felt or thought themselves in such imminent peril, that they had exerted all their influence over the public mind; and, by the aid of newspapers and debates, political dinners, and bloody battles, had succeeded in making every appearance of sympathy with the people, or attempt at speculation on the theory of government, in the highest degree unpopular and unfashionable. The "*Edinburgh Review*," accordingly, instead of opposing itself to an anti-revolutionary horror, which though just in itself, was then carried infinitely too far, assumed and held for several years a high aristocratical and monarchical tone of opinion. This was only modified by its becoming the tool and organ of a party. The political discussions of the "*Edinburgh Review*" have thus been always based upon the narrow system of a particular sect; and we doubt whether it has ever contained a single article tending to enlarge or exalt men's views of the social interests of their species.

In criticism, before Mr. Jeffrey became notorious for his attempts to philosophise upon poetry, this country had been fed upon such weak and mawkish spoon meat, that it is no wonder we did not for some time discover how really vague, unsubstantial, and unsatisfactory were the speculations of this celebrated author. Any one who looks back to his writings from the vantage ground on which we now stand, will readily perceive that, under a considerable appearance of freshness and novelty, and of a tendency to look at poetry in connection with the nature of the human mind, instead of with the rules of the critics, there is really to be found little more than an elaborate atten-

tion to details, a wish to conciliate the appearance of originality with a real determination to oppose no popular prejudice, and a want of any fine discrimination between the essential characteristics of great authors. His disgraceful obstinacy in depreciating Wordsworth, and exaggerating the merits of various men of undeniable elegance of mind, but of no creative power whatsoever, is lamentable proof of wilfulness and prejudice. He has given us no tolerable estimate of the merits of any living poet, except perhaps Mr. Moore, whom his mind is exactly calculated to appreciate. In this case, the want of profoundness, both of thought and feeling, in the critic, becomes of less importance, from the absence of any thing in the poet on which it could be exercised; while all Mr. Jeffrey's liveliness, prettiness, and neatness of mind, are brought into full play by the corresponding qualities in the object of his admiration.

But if we had time to enter into a detailed examination of the indications which Mr. Jeffrey has given of his metaphysical, moral, and religious opinions, we should have to lead our readers through a long and grave discussion of matters at present, we fear, very unlikely to suit the taste of general society. The whole structure of Mr. Jeffrey's mind is eminently French, and the only books in the higher departments of speculation for which he seems to feel a thorough liking, are the works of French philosophers. It is a singular illustration of the spirit of the times, that while this is undeniably true, he should yet have been one of the most earnest champions for the strength and freedom of our elder poetry. Nevertheless, the whole tone of his writings seems to us to be redolent of his fondness for the solemn flippancy and sparkling common-places which abound in the works of Voltaire, Diderot, and Helvetius. His philosophy is, like theirs, of the stamp which brings every thing from without, and sees in the human mind nothing more precious or powerful

than an empty receptacle for those dead forms which are borne in upon it by the external world. We have not at present the opportunity of following out all the conclusions as to his mind, which may be derived from this principle, and which are verified in every page of his writings. But we have no doubt that it is very closely connected with the absence of all warm moral enthusiasm, the contempt for all plans of wide political amelioration, and the recourse for the elements of human virtue, not to any native strength or high aspirations within us, but to subtle calculations of consequences, whereby he would substitute for the definite and unchangeable rule, that the right is always the expedient, the maxim of the knave and the fool, or rather of that compound of both—the sophist, that the expedient is always the right.

The only virtues which have been much insisted upon by Mr. Jeffrey, as far as we remember, are good-nature and family affection. These are, doubtless, excellent things, and we very sincerely believe that Mr. Jeffrey is himself a conspicuous and most amiable example of the qualities which he delights to honour in his writings. But how small a portion are they of all which is demanded from us by God, our consciences, and society; and how much may a man be distinguished for what is commonly called goodnature, and for the fulfilment of ordinary domestic duties, without ever dreaming of accomplishing a tithe of that good which is within the reach of every one. Humility, self-denial, vigorous unceasing exertion for the benefit of others,—these are duties imposed upon every man. Instead of this, the “*Edinburgh Review*” has exhibited to us, under Mr. Jeffrey’s guidance, the wanton indulgence in a most criminal vanity, at the expense of the reputation and feelings of authors, of all the moral delicacy of its readers, and very often of truth on the part of its writers. It scarcely contains a page which does not attempt to depress, either by con-

temptuous silence, grave argument, or flippant ribaldry, every emotion and principle that spreads itself beyond the narrow circuit of our external and personal interest. And almost all the men of our day who have attempted to widen the petty confines of our former intellectual and moral domain, however they may have been different in other respects, yet have been uniformly treated with the same contempt by Mr. Jeffrey. Lessing, Goëthe, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Godwin,—there probably are scarcely any names connected in our memories with systems and peculiarities so discordant,—and by what singular combination of circumstances is it that Mr. Jeffrey has united his reputation, whatever it may be, with the recollection of his abuse, or at least his contempt of these men, who are among the wisest and the greatest of our age? To them the evil is nothing, for their glory and their usefulness are nourished in a far different atmosphere from that of declaimers and reviewers, and ephemeral ribaldry. Their fame has already become a part of the empyrean galaxy, whence they shed upon the dusty pathways of this work-day world a consolatory influence and holy dew. The sting and bitterness are all reserved for the writer who has corrupted his own mind to such vile uses, and perverted to such widely mischievous ends that instrument, so powerful for good or for evil, with which his hands were entrusted. The real misery is for him, and for those of his readers who may have imbibed from him any portion of that scornful and careless indifference to all that is most profoundly important in man’s nature; which, in almost any age but ours, would have broadly marked out from all his contemporaries the Editor of the “*Edinburgh Review*.”

In fine, the peculiarities of Mr. Jeffrey’s mind appear to us to be extremely prominent and well defined. He has little of genial and joyous wit, absolutely nothing of pure imagination, very little of the power of ab-

straction, but a good deal of ability for sarcasm and repartee, a graceful and glittering fancy, a singular talent for clear distribution and lively illustration, and a very vivid apprehension of the outward and formal differences of mind so superior to his own, that he has never been able to conceive their earnestness, strength, and majesty. And here, in fact, consists his essential incapacity to be an instrument of any wide and permanent good; that he has felt within himself so feeble and casual an action of those nobler moral and religious

propensities which are the glory and consummation of our nature, as to be utterly incapable of flinging himself boldly and decidedly, and with an utter sacrifice of merely personal objects, into any high and unfrequented path of exertion; and, as is especially remarkable in his attempts to estimate the rarer and mightier spirits of our age, he seems to have a mind as hard and dead as the nether millstone to the impression of that highest order of genius, which alone offers us a subject of study uniformly pregnant and inexhaustible.

THE PLEDGE.

BY L. E. L.

COME, let your cup flash sunshine-like
To friends now far away:
"Here's to the absent and the loved!"
The absent, did you say?

And wherefore should we drink to them?
It is a weary toast:
What boots it to recall the friends
Whom we have loved and lost?

Fast cuts our good ship through the sea—
What does it leave behind?
There is no path upon the wave,
No track upon the wind.

Like that swift ship we have past on,
And left no deeper trace;
The circle parted from at home
Has now no vacant place.

Fewer and happier years than mine
On thy young brow are set;
Soon thou wilt learn Time's easiest task
Is teaching to forget.

I'll fill as high, I'll drink as deep—
Or, must a toast be said?
Well, here are all I ever pledge—
"The present and the dead!"

THE OLD ASH TREE.

THOU beautiful ash—thou art lowly laid,
And the traveller no more shall greet,
From afar, thy cool and refreshing shade,
To give rest to his weary feet.
The wing'd and the wandering tribes of air
A home 'mid thy foliage found;
But thy graceful boughs, all broken and
bare,
The wild winds are scattering round!

The storm demon sent up his loudest shout,
When he levell'd his bolt at thee;
When thy massy trunk, and thy branches
stout,
Were riven by the blast, old tree!
It has bow'd to the dust thy stately form,
That for many an age defied
The rush and the roar of the midnight storm,
When it swept through thy branches
wide!

I have gaz'd on thee with a fond delight,
In childhood's happier day;
And watch'd the moon-beams of a summer
night,
Through thy quiv'ring foliage play;
When I gather'd the ivy wreaths that bound
Thy old fantastic roots,
And wove the wild flowers that blossom'd
round
With spring's first tender shoots!

And when youth, with its ardent visions,
came,
Thou wast still my favourite seat;
And the glowing dreams of future fame
Were formed at thy hoary feet—
Farewell! farewell! the wintry wind
Has wag'd unsparing war on thee,
And only pictur'd on my mind
Remains thy form, time-honour'd tree!

SUFFERINGS FROM FAMINE.

THE following account of the sufferings of an individual by famine is worthy of record, if only to show how long abstinence is endurable, and what are the principle symptoms felt under its fearful infliction.

The siege of Manheim by the French took place early in the last war, and the relator of the circumstances was lately alive at Frankfort, in which city he had been for many years a resident. The narrative is given, as nearly as possible, in his own words. He was an agreeable lively man, fond of anecdote; and he diverted his friends with many interesting circumstances which occurred during the investment and after the capture of his native place. He told us that the boy Ernest, mentioned in the narrative, possessed the faculty of seeing the shells in the air after their projection from the French batteries, and that he was accustomed to call out, that people in the streets might take care of their descent; this warning, however, was useless, as until a missile had reached the ground, no one knew which way to run to avoid it. There were several individuals who were equally acute in vision among the besieged at the same time.—But to the subject.

The siege had commenced, and the firing had begun to wax warm, so that the inhabitants were glad to avail themselves of any adequate shelter from its terrible effects. The batteries *en ricochet* enfiladed every street, and the cellars of the houses became the only secure places of refuge. Thither most persons betook themselves, with what stock of provisions they could muster. These cellars were strongly arched over, and it was a rare circumstance that a bomb, after forcing through the roof and strong floors of a house in succession, had power enough left to penetrate the arches which covered them. An unfortunate accident prevented my affording any aid to the

garrison in the defence, having broken my leg by a fall from the ramparts a day or two after the city was invested. I lived in a tolerably broad street, but much exposed to the enemy's shot, which frequently plunged along its whole range from end to end. Now and then a shell had fallen within a few yards of my door, and it became evident that it was no longer safe to remain above ground. I therefore caused a mattress or two to be removed into my cellars, together with a small quantity of food, some candles, necessaries, and a few books, and took up my abode there.

There were two cellars, each situated at the end of a vaulted passage. The second was occupied by my two female domestics; a lad named Ernest, about fourteen years of age, lived in one or the other, and ran backwards or forwards as circumstances or his own inclinations disposed him. About the centre of the arched passage, on the right hand side, was a flight of stone stairs, which led to the kitchen above. The boy Ernest was of a lively fearless disposition, and would frequently get weary of our subterranean residence, and run up to look out at the street-door, and sometimes venture towards the ramparts, whence he would contrive to bring us news of the state of affairs and mention what houses were ruined by the firing.

Matters had proceeded in the foregoing manner for a week or two after we had lived in our subterraneous apartments, when one morning the firing seemed to rage with redoubled violence, both within and without the defences. The earth around and above me shook with the explosions from the batteries, and I concluded some decisive attack was about to take place. My helpless situation, stretched upon my mattress or sitting up and supported with pillows, became doubly painful. At such a moment to be powerless and inert,

as peculiarly afflicting ; and my reflections were not of the most agreeable character. Ernest came to the door of the cellar about ten o'clock in the morning, for the last time, and told me he should go up and learn what the terrible loudness of the firing indicated. He left me and mounted to the kitchen above, which I could scarcely imagine he had crossed, before a noise and crash, loud as the loudest thunder, involved me at once in dust and darkness. I was at the corner of the cellar farthest from the entrance, and a load of rubbish choked up the doorway, extending some feet within the entrance of my abode. I immediately conjectured the cause ; namely, that a shell had fallen upon the house and exploded on or broken through the arched passage at the entrance of the cellar, making me a prisoner.

When I had recovered a little from my surprise, I found the entrance hermetically sealed against ingress or egress ; and what was, in my circumstances, equally dreadful, a tinder-box, candles, and a little store of provisions, which were just without the cellar-door in an excavation in the wall of the passage, were lost to me. I might have crawled thither from my mattress and secured them, but the masses of stone piled on each other forbade the most distant prospect of hope from any exertion of my own. I threw myself back in an agony of despair. In the confusion which reigned without, I must remain forgotten ! All the horror of my situation came upon me at once, and my heart died within me. To add to my misfortune my candle was nearly burnt out ;—with what feelings did I watch its glimmering in the socket ! Its last flash was like the arrow of death passing through my heart. I now wept like a woman amid the darkness of my unseen abode, that was, as far as I could judge, to be my charnel-vault. Death from hunger was before me, with all its keenness of suffering. The dull and as it were remote sound of the guns from without, so different in in-

tensity from what it had lately been, told me that the mass interposed between myself and the upper world must be very considerable. I felt my heart shrink up at the discovery of my situation. The hours lingered into ages ; but it was long before the feeling of hunger affected me—so much was my mind occupied with apprehensions for the future, and filled with hopes and fears in continued ebb and flow. In groping around me I found two stale crusts of bread, and some water yet remained in a vessel by the side of my mattress. Both I used avariciously, yet at every mouthful my apprehension for the future increased, and a hundred times did I in vain feel around carefully for some other relic of food ; I had, I then thought, no alternative but to die. Why should I fear to do so ?—hundreds, perhaps thousands, were at the same moment dying above, but a short distance from me, in the violence of angry passions, and with horrible lacerations. I should go out from life like a taper ; and most probably the pains of such a death had been greatly exaggerated. Such were my self-comforts—refuges from despair.

I soon found a sensation of emptiness come over me, bordering upon faintness, similar to what many people feel who delay a meal to a very late hour. It appeared to me that my eyes were weak, and I fancied if I had had light near me that still I could have seen nothing distinctly. This sensation was accompanied by a tremor of the eyelids and a swimming in the head. I tried to relieve myself by giving way to sleep, the inclination for which came at times very strongly over me, but I could not gain more refreshment than a restless doze imparts, and this was always cut short by some horrible vision that prevented its affording me the least benefit. Now I thought I was seated at a splendid feast, where all that could attract the palate and delight the senses was before me. I was touching the richest viands—nay, actually lifting the envied morsel till

it touched my mouth, and its flavour was in my nostrils, when I was awake by some hideous phantom snatching the untasted morsel from my shrivelled lips and dashing it away. Sometimes I found myself in a delicious island, where the finest fruits grew in nature's utmost prodigality; but, on tasting them, they were nauseous and sickening, mere soot and ashes; and if I sought to relieve my thirst from the pure limpid streams that ran in crystal among the luxurious scenery, I found them changed into bitter blood. Everything seemed to combine to mock my sufferings and edge my tortures. I was much afflicted by spasms and twitching sensations internally, as if the viscera were drawn together and expanded too suddenly. Hollow, aching, gnawing pains, as if my vitals were torn with pincers, frequently assailed me, but seemed to diminish in force from repetition. I strove with all my might to bear up with patience and resignation; and at times I subdued my bodily pain with my mind's energy; but alas! such periods were only of momentary duration. Drowsiness generally accompanied the cessation of pain, but it was only to make me start from hideous visions and tantalizing dreams. It seemed as if no recollections of my past life—no images but such as would distress me to the utmost, at such a moment, were ever recalled; such as they were, they appeared horribly vivid and true, torturing me like fiends, and rendering my mind an instrument of pain horrible as that where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.

That absolute weakness which is the fruit of inanition in general, did not come over me for some days. It is true I had no opportunity of trying my strength; and I knew not what effect my recent accident might have had on my frame, in rendering it less or more capable of resistance to the approach of hunger. My mind seemed to me first susceptible of the advance of suffering, for my memory was very quickly impaired. All my

recollections seemed in disconnected links, or united with what had not the remotest affinity to each or either, as is often the case in a fevered dream. Almost intolerable restlessness of spirit at first accompanied my bodily torment, ending in deep depression of mind, and sighing, I poured forth my prayers to God incessantly; but they seemed to give little or no consolation. Instead of being followed by resignation (I am speaking of the early part of my suffering), I felt inclined to murmur the more at my destiny, and to task the justice of the Almighty in predestinating me to such a doom. Then my feelings would be converted into keen regret, or rather torment, for my murmuring. The prospect of death added weight to my mental anguish, and suddenly summoned before me, enlarging darkly in bulk, the sins of my past life, until they arose to be inaccessible barriers to the hope of eternal glory when my miserable existence on earth should have closed. I always rate the mental torment I endured on this occasion as equal to the bodily, during the time the body preserved the consistency of its functions. Afterwards the mind sunk down with it into a species of apathy no apprehension could rouse. In that dreadful state I demanded of heaven if my terrible sufferings would not propitiate my sins—whether heaven, that had so permitted agony to be heaped upon my head, would not balance it against my offences towards its majesty! Thus I prayed or murmured. Reason seldom aided me. I was the victim of suffering's impulses, and was cast upon wild fancies, enjoying no repose.

This stage of my trial soon had its end: I had no mode of computing time, for the hands of my watch were invisible from the darkness; I knew that it concluded just after I had finished the last drop of my water. The absence of this beverage, though I had made it last me as long as I could, produced a rapid change in my sensations; this I well recollect.

I began to feel fainter and more weak, and my limbs grew painfully cold. Shiverings now and then came over me; and my mind, contrary to what had happened before, seemed to have by far the advantage of the body. I was conscious of delirium at times, and of demoniacal dreams, but at intervals I was more composed, and suffered little pain, but inexorable debility. The viscera seemed to me diminished, and all energy in them extinct, feeling like a dead mass, and as if those of a dead disembowelled animal had been placed within me instead of my own. My giddiness of head increased, together with the spasms and faintness. I am certain, too, that about this time I became totally blind, at least such is my firm impression. I found, too, that in my paroxysms of delirium I had attempted to gnaw my arms, but the laceration was not deep, simply from the want of physical power to penetrate the muscle with my relaxed jaws. "When, O God, will my agonies end?" was my frequent sigh, for I was too weak for an articulate ejaculation. I seemed to have forgotten words, even to myself, as I found when I tried to pray: I could not connect what I would say, I can well remember. At length a repose, which seemed the forerunner of speedy death, came upon me, though still sensible, but powerless as a corpse. I looked for my deliverance by death with unconcern. I have an impression that, while lying in this state, I heard the sound of artillery, but I cannot be certain, any more

than I can tell how long it was before I became wholly insensible.

My next recollection of myself is a painful one. I was I could not guess where. Strange voices were around me, and I could not see the speakers, from utter want of vision. The horrible debility I felt in body, combined with the activity of my mind during my resuscitation, was unspeakably painful—so much so that the recollection almost overpowers me at times even now. It appeared that Ernest had escaped the effects of a thirteen-inch shell, which burst over the passage to the cellar and broke in the arch. The siege grew warmer, and the city was taken. When matters were a little quiet, the faithful lad did not fail to implore all he met in my behalf. A humane French officer ordered a search to be made, and I was found, apparently lifeless, stretched on my mattress. To the care of a French surgeon I also owe my recovery and the power of now relating my sufferings. That recovery was slow. I had endured a fasting of nine entire days. I am six feet high and proportionally stout; when found, a boy could have carried me on his back, and I seemed shrunk to the lowest stature, a mere cage of bone and skin. Nothing of inconvenience remains to me now from this my severe trial, save now and then, a dream of horrible vividness, which comes upon me whenever I suffer from feverishness or indigestion, and fearfully recalls the past.

EFFECTS OF LIGHT UPON ANIMALS, VEGETABLES, AND MINERALS.

THE physical properties of Light are extremely curious, as is well known to all those skilled in Optics; its chemical effects upon most parts of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, are not less worthy of observation. Vegetables, flowers, plants, &c. are principally indebted to light, not only for their *colour*, but also for

their *taste* and *fragrance*. Many of them seem to follow the course of the sun; and it is remarkable, that plants which are usually kept in the house, appear, as it were, solicitous to get at the light. Those, again, which are placed entirely in the shade, are pale and colourless, and hence some gardeners avail them-

selves of this fact to render vegetables white and tender. The more plants are exposed to the light, the more brilliant their colours. From this cause, we find that hot climates are the native countries of perfumes, odoriferous fruits, aromatic spices, &c. The action of light upon the organs of vegetables, causes them to throw out streams of *pure* air, while they are exposed to the sun; but when, on the contrary, they have been long in the shade, air of a *noxious* quality is emitted.

Animals who are deprived of light for a long period, generally droop, become sickly, lose the brightness of colour which their coats had previously possessed, and ultimately die. Nor can it be questioned that light is of the utmost importance to the health of human beings. Birds that inhabit the southern, or tropical climates, have a much greater brilliancy of plumage than those of the northern; and the same is equally true with regard to insects.

Another strong proof that light conduces much towards the colours of substances, may be seen in fishes; for we find that those parts of fish which are exposed to the light, such as the back, fins, &c. are invariably coloured; whereas the belly, which is deprived of light, is *white* in all of them.

All metallic oxydes, but especially those of mercury, bismuth, lead, silver, and gold, acquire a deeper colour by exposure to the rays of the sun; some of them become perfectly revived, others only partially. The yellow oxyde of tungsten, if exposed to the light, loses in weight, and turns *blue*. Again, the green precipitate of iron, when exposed to the solar light, becomes also blue.

Light has likewise a very considerable influence upon the crystallisation of salts. Indeed, some of them will not crystallise at all, except they be exposed to the light. Camphor, kept in glass bottles, usually crystallises in symmetrical figures, upon that side of the phial which has been so exposed.

There are certain bodies which, after exposure to the light, appear to combine therewith, and afterwards to emit it when put in the dark. Several substances of this nature have been prepared by chemists, as the phosphorus of Canton, Baldwin, Homberg, and the Bolognian phosphorus.

Various animals and vegetables appear to have this phosphoric property; among others, the *glow-worm* is a remarkable instance. Dead fish, rotten sea-weeds, putrid bodies, and a vast number of insects, appear also to possess this property in greater or less degrees.

ADELAIDE: A SKETCH.

THE morning mists had disappeared, and the sun had burst forth with unusual brilliancy, its bright rays reflected in the beautiful stream that meanders through Elmwood Park, as I paused at an open window to bid a long adieu to the scenery around, and to the home which I loved. It was, in truth, a beautiful prospect; and I remained gazing intently upon it, until, aroused by hearing the gentle accents of a female voice in an adjacent room, I recollected that I was about to offer my congratulations to my cousin,

Adelaide Manvers, on her bridal morning, and to bid her a long and perhaps an eternal farewell. My heart beat tumultuously as I entered her apartment; but a strong effort enabled me to subdue my agitation. I approached Adelaide, and, placing a diadem of pearls beside her, I expressed, in a few words, my sincere wishes for her happiness. "But, why will you leave us, Horace?" said the sweet girl; "surely you can remain with us one day longer?" and she looked earnestly at me, while a deep blush spread itself over

her ingenuous countenance. Alas ! she little knew the agony I suffered in being obliged to leave her, nor the deep, the very deep interest I took in her welfare. I endeavoured to convince her that longer delay was impossible, and that I had already exceeded the time allowed to me. "Well, then," said Adelaide, "if you are indeed going, I have a little gift for you" (and she placed in my hand a small miniature of herself cased in gold) "which will sometimes serve to remind you of a cousin who will ever remember with affection the friend of her youth."

I strove to speak ; but the words died away on my tongue, and, hastily clasping her to my heart, with the freedom which our long intimacy and relationship warranted, I pressed my lips on her beautiful brow, and rushed from the room. Years have passed away since then, but that interview still lives in my memory ! Adelaide Manvers was the orphan child of my father's favourite sister. Both of her parents had died when she was very young. My mother received her under her protection, and she was educated with my sister Catherine. I was ten years the senior of Adelaide ; and, when she first became an inmate of our family, I was preparing for the university, and had but little intercourse with my pretty cousin. Years rolled on-wards, and the joyous laughing child ripened into a beautiful and artless girl, whose smiles and presence formed to me the chief attraction of my home, and whose grace and engaging simplicity were never-failing objects of interest and delight. Adelaide was, however, unconscious that I entertained for her a sentiment warmer than that of friendship ; nor had I the courage to make her acquainted with my feelings, as I feared to interrupt the harmony then existing between us. About this time an opportunity presented itself for my accompanying a gentleman in the continental tour, and as I was much pressed to avail myself of the offer by my father, and could

offer no plausible reason for refusing, I reluctantly consented. I was absent two years, and during that time the sweet image of Adelaide still haunted me, and I thought of her with unabated affection. At length I returned, and hastened to embrace my family, who were then staying at Southampton. Adelaide was with them, and—how beautiful she looked ! Every where she was the object of universal attraction ; but I thought less of her personal loveliness than of the endearing and estimable qualities of her heart and mind. We renewed our former friendly intercourse, and hope whispered to my heart that I might yet be happy. Soon, however, I learned with dismay, that Sir James Mantravers was an ardent admirer of my cousin Adelaide, and that it was suspected she regarded him with partiality. Here was a death-blow to the airy fabric of happiness which I had been raising. The Baronet was younger than myself ; handsome, and of most polished manners. He evidently sought to gain Adelaide's affection, and I watched her closely when in company with him. I saw the deepened blush on the cheek of my cousin when the young Baronet addressed her, and the sparkle of her eye as she listened to his welcome conversation : from that moment the long-treasured and secret hopes of my heart died within me. I saw that her young heart's affections were fixed, and that she was lost to me for ever. I resolved that my wretchedness and disappointment should be buried in the recesses of my own heart. Sir James soon after made proposals for the hand of Adelaide, which were accepted. I know not why, but though he was a general favourite in society, I never liked him. I suspected that much of dissimulation lurked beneath his smooth exterior and insinuating address. Though I knew Adelaide would soon be the bride of another, I still lingered near her ; willing to listen to her sweet voice, and gaze on her enchanting smile ; but when

the day of her union was fixed, I awoke from my trance, to a full sense of my misery. I felt that I could not witness her the wife of another, and retain my senses. I resolved to leave England for India, where I had an uncle, who had for many years filled an important post under the Government. "I will quit England," I exclaimed in bitter sorrow, "for years, perhaps for ever, and lose, if possible, the remembrance of my misery amid new climes and scenery."—My wish was at first strenuously objected to by my family; but when they saw my settled determination, they refrained from offering further opposition, and a day was named for my departure. Circumstances, immaterial now, connected with the Baronet's family, obliged him to name an earlier day for his marriage than had been anticipated, and it happened to be the very one which was also to witness my departure from Elmwood Park, my paternal home. I was indeed importuned to remain and witness Adelaide's espousals; but I offered so plausible an excuse that it was quite sufficient to satisfy the unsuspecting mind of Adelaide. At length, the morning of my departure came. My parting scene with Adelaide I have already described; but how shall I tell of the bitter dejection with which I sank back in the carriage, as it swept round the lawn, when I saw the wave of Adelaide's hand at the window, and felt that on earth I must behold her beloved form no more, or look on her as the wife of another!

While in India I heard frequently from my sister Catherine. She, however, said but little respecting Adelaide, as I half suspect that she had some idea of my unhappy attachment; but I learned that Adelaide was a mother, and that Sir James was extremely gay, and the first to join in every fashionable extravagance. I sighed when I read this, for my heart whispered to me that Adelaide was unhappy, as I knew her habits and disposition were

averse to scenes of reckless gaiety and dissipation. Time soothed my bitter feelings of disappointment, and the novel scenes of activity in which I engaged, tended to dissipate my unhappiness, until at length I was enabled to think of Adelaide with calmness, yet still as a dear and cherished being for whose welfare I felt the most tender solicitude.

I had been twelve years in India, when my uncle died, and left me the bulk of his property; the remainder to be equally divided between Adelaide and my sister Catherine. When I lost my uncle I had no remaining tie in India, and I felt a longing desire to revisit my native shores, and to embrace my mother and sister—my father had been dead some years. How my heart even then throbbed when I thought that I should see Adelaide!

I found my mother but little touched by time; scarcely a furrow on her brow, and she wore the same placid smile as ever: and Catherine, dear Catherine, still as lively and good-humoured as when I left her. A tear trembled in my sister's eye, however, when she spoke of Adelaide. Sir James, she told me, was then on the continent; but neither my mother nor herself had seen Adelaide for the last two years, though they yet corresponded. Sir James had looked on them as unwelcome visitors; and they, in their turn, could not conceal the disgust they felt at his neglect of Adelaide, nor bear to witness her dejection, the cause for which she sedulously abstained from speaking of, and they were too delicate to mention, as she seemed to wish to avoid it. Their circumstances were no longer flourishing; for Sir James's debts of honour had dissipated the greater part of his fortune. Adelaide was said to be in ill health! and there were rumours abroad that the Baronet's conduct was exceedingly harsh and unfeeling. Three children had died in their infancy, and one only was now living—a girl.

I will not endeavour to paint my

feelings when I listened to this melancholy recital. Adelaide was unhappy! and I could offer no consolation; but I could see her, and my friendship might yet be of service to her. This resolution I resolved immediately to execute; and a few trifling matters, relative to the fortune which my uncle had left her, formed a sufficient excuse for my soliciting an interview.

It was the season of spring when I arrived at Lee Priory, a small estate of the Baronet's in the county of Dorset, and the only one, I believe, which his propensity for gaming had left him. Adelaide had resided there for the last year. The situation of the Priory was in truth beautiful in the extreme: it stood on a gentle eminence, whence the eye looked out on fertile meads, rich in wood and water; and the extreme verge of the prospect was lost in the blue waves of the distant ocean. Yet there was something about the Priory itself which seemed to speak of desolation, as I passed through its beautiful but neglected gardens, and I sighed to think how much it was in unison with the heart of its mistress. I was informed by the servant that Lady Mantravers was at home, and I was shewn into the library, where I had time to collect my scattered thoughts, and to preserve my fortitude, which seemed on the point of deserting me, for the approaching interview.

A beautiful whole-length portrait of Adelaide hung over the fire-place, so like, so very like her when I last saw her, that, as I gazed upon it, I almost believed the years that had passed an illusion.—I was awakened from my reverie by a beautiful little girl running into the room, apparently about five years old, with a little basket of flowers in her hand. I had scarcely time, however, to look at her ere I heard Adelaide's voice; and she advanced to meet and welcome me as an old friend. I looked at her, but, gracious heavens! what a change was there! Had it not been for her voice, I could scarcely

have believed that it was Adelaide who stood before me. She was very thin—alarmingly so. I looked for the sunny smile which I remembered, but it was gone; the rose had fled from her cheeks—they were very pale, but her hair was still soft and beautiful, and her voice as sweet and gentle as ever. Adelaide saw in a moment the cause of my emotion. "Ah, Mr. Morton!" she said, with a melancholy smile, "I see you have forgotten the years that have passed since we met, and you find me sadly changed." My heart was too full to speak. "I am far from well at present," she continued; "my spirits, too, have left me sadly of late; but I have a little antidote here, which seldom fails to restore me in my melancholy moods;" and she drew forth her little girl and presented her to me. She was a lovely child, the very image of Adelaide herself, when she first came under my mother's protection, save that there was a shade of thoughtfulness over her sweet face, which her mother, at her age, had not. I placed her on my knee, and, encouraged by my caresses, she began prattling to me with all that bewitching artlessness which renders childhood so attractive.

"And how is dear Catherine?" said Adelaide. I told her that she was well, and regretted that they did not meet more frequently. "Alas!" she continued, "Catherine cannot regret our separation more than I do. Circumstances, however, forbid our meeting; but I trust that your sister still thinks of me with affection." I endeavoured to assure her that Catherine's regard for her was as lively and undiminished as ever. "You will perhaps smile," replied Adelaide; "but I have a fancy that my time in this world will be short, and the wish nearest my heart is, that your estimable mother and dear Catherine would consent to take charge of my little treasure;"—and she pointed to her infant daughter. I expressed my hopes that she would yet live many years, and regain her former strength and spirits. "My

physicians tell me that I shall," she said, "but I know better—the seeds of decay are too deeply sown to be eradicated; nor do I wish to live, save for Adelaide. Life has no charms for me. But, enough of this. Will you take charge of a packet for your sister, wherein I have fully expressed my earnest wishes respecting my child?" I readily promised to do so, and assured her that I felt certain of their being complied with. I, however, hinted that Sir James might not accede. "Sir James," she said, "has seriously promised never to interfere with any arrangement of mine respecting Adelaide; and I think he would respect the dying request of his wife."—"Then all shall be as you wish," I exclaimed; "and for myself, I will cherish your little Adelaide with a father's kindness. She shall be the object of my solicitude, and the heiress of my fortune!" "God bless you, Horace!" said Adelaide; and her whole countenance lighted up for a moment with unusual brilliancy. "I believe, and accept your kind offer. Oh, you know not the weight of anguish from which you have relieved me."

She bent her head, and her eyes were filled with tears, which little Adelaide observing, she stole gently on the sofa behind her mother, and, throwing her arms round her neck, sought to soothe her by her infantile caresses. I was visibly affected, and I spoke of a change of climate, which might, I thought, have a beneficial effect upon Adelaide's health. She shook her head. "No! No!" said she, "no change of climate will benefit me: it is too late: my illness is here—here;" and she laid her hand on her heart: "*this* is broken—withered—miserable." She stopped for a moment, and I dared not trust myself to reply. "This may be our last interview, Horace," she continued; "why, then, O why, should I seek to hide from you, the friend of my youth, that my marriage with Sir James has been productive of misery! An unhappy pro-

pensity for play lured him from his home; he seemed to exist only in a crowd. I was neglected and forgotten, and he threw from him the love which I bore to him then.—Then, did I say?" cried Adelaide, as she hid her face in her hands, and burst into tears. "Alas! alas! *my* affection knows no decay—it will not fade until death. Hear me," continued Adelaide; "watch over my child, I charge you, and save her from her mother's fate. Let her not give her heart and affections to one who will break her gentle spirit by his unkindness, and then leave her to sorrow and scorn." "I will shield her from every evil, Adelaide, that human foresight can guard against; but, tell me," I said, "wherein can I serve *you*? Any thing that the most sincere friendship can—" "No! No!" said she, hastily; "for myself I have nothing to ask. Think of me as of one whose sand of life is nearly run out, and whose cares and sorrows will soon be hushed in the tranquillity of the tomb. Farewell, Horace," she said, as she extended her hand to me. "My blessing and my prayers shall follow *you*, who have promised to be the faithful guardian of my child."—"God for ever shield you, Adelaide," I cried, as I tenderly kissed her hand; and, disengaging myself from the grasp of her little girl, I quitted the apartment.

It was my last interview with Adelaide.—I saw the being whom I had so fondly loved no more! When the cold winds of autumn swept the leaves from the trees, Adelaide was at rest in the grave; her gentle spirit had passed away from this scene of sin and suffering. I have faithfully fulfilled my promise respecting her child. Ten years have now passed away since she came under my roof; and her affectionate attentions and engaging cheerfulness enliven my declining years, and soothe the many melancholy thoughts which, even now, often press on my spirits, when I think of her mother—of Adelaide, my first and only love.

WITCHCRAFT.

WITCHCRAFT! does there exist a believer in witchcraft in 1828? Doubtless, exclaims the reader. Yes, I maintain that though the "march of mind" is making sad inroads on the "wisdom of our ancestors," yet several instances within the last three years will bear out my assumption, that a belief in witchcraft still prevails amongst the peasantry of our country to a considerable extent. I allude to those cases where the offenders were brought to the bar of public justice. The swimming case in Suffolk in 1825 must be fresh in the minds of my readers. Leaving these "modern instances," which form no part of the object of the present paper, I shall proceed briefly to trace the origin of witchcraft, with such anecdotes as may be required to season the subject for the general reader.

The progress of intellect in the human race towards perfection, during the last century, has certainly been much more rapid than could have been expected. The "simplicity of old times" consisted in a great measure of a sort of gloomy dogmatism and obtuseness of intellect, the fetters of which happily have lost their effect on mankind. "That maidens pined away, wasting inwardly as their waxen images consumed before a fire—that corn was lodged and cattle lamed—that whirlwinds upstirred in diabolic revelry the oaks of the forest—or that spits and kettles only danced a fearful, innocent vagary about some rustic's kitchen, when no wind was stirring," remarks a popular writer, "were all equally probable where no law of agency was understood." In short, the age of superstition has passed away—the light of philosophy, so discordant to the lover of witchcraft or a ghost story, has burst in and "scattered them to the winds," and we are no longer troubled and tormented with the flight of wizards on broomsticks,

or the visitation of "black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray, with all their trumpery." A witch, according to old descriptions, was generally blessed with a "wrinkled face, a furrowed brow, a hairy lip, a gobber tooth, a squint eye, a squeaking voice, a scolding tongue, a ragged coat on her back, a scull-cap on her head, a spindle in her hand, and a dog or cat by her side;" and Lord Coke pathily describes a "*witch* to be a person that hath *conference with the devil*, to consult with him or to do some act." In former times the most eminent men and philosophers (Sir Thomas Browne for instance) were not proof against the prevailing opinions. A contemporary writer observes, that one would imagine that the establishment of Protestantism would have conduced to the abolition of this lamentable and pernicious credulity. But the Reformation did not arrive with great rapidity at its full extent, and the belief in witchcraft long continued to "overspread the land." Indeed it has been proved by Hutchinson, in his *Essay on Witchcraft*, that the change of religion at first rather augmented than diminished the evil. A degree of importance, hardly credible in these times, was attached to it; and in the sixteenth century the unbelievers were accounted "Sadducees, Atheists, and Infidels." One of the most eminent divines of his day, a strenuous advocate of the belief in witchcraft, characterises them thus in the most forcible language. *O tempora!*

It is not surprising, therefore, that the supposed dabblers in the infernal art were hunted out and exposed to the most dreadful cruelty and oppression, not only from those who imagined they had suffered under their charms, but from the very laws of the realm also. The first trial of any note took place in 1593. Three persons, old Samuel and his wife and daughter Agnes, were condemned at

Huntingdon, before Mr. Justice Fennel, for bewitching a Mr. Throgmorton's family, &c.

A few years after an advocate for this belief appeared from no less a quarter than the throne itself. King James I. in his *Demonologie*, completely superseded Reginald Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, a work which so completely unmasked the whole machinery, and was a storehouse of facts on the subject. The infection, commenced at the throne, soon reached the parliament, and (as it has been observed, the greatest part of mankind have no other reason for their opinions than that they are in fashion) a statute was passed in the first year of King James, having for its object, as expressed in the preamble, "the more effectual punishment of those detestable slaves of the devil, witches, sorcerers, enchanters, and conjurors." The statute is worded with great care, and contains many clauses which our limits forbid inserting, but which include every description of the "crime." The punishment was enacted to be the pillory for the first offence, (even though its object were not effected,) and death for the second. "Thus was the detestable doctrine established both by law and fashion; and it became not only unpolite, but criminal to doubt it; and as prodigies are always seen in proportion as they are expected, witches were every day discovered, and multiplied so fast in some places, that Bishop Hall mentions a village in Lancashire where their number was greater than that of the houses." There was dreadful havoc in that county after this law had passed. Lancashire has always been remarkable for the number of its witches.

Though the information we have to go upon cannot of course be considered as very accurate, yet it has been ascertained that between the commencement of the statute in question (1602) and the year 1701, in the space of one century, three thousand one hundred and ninety-two persons, whose age, poverty, or infirmities

rendered them objects of attention, were executed for the crimes of witchcraft and sorcery. The act alluded to was rigorously enforced during this period, and the above calculation is probably very much under the mark, and does not include the numbers that were tried on suspicion, but acquitted for want of sufficient proof of the charges alleged against them. The most trivial and frivolous circumstances were sufficient to commence a prosecution against the unfortunate objects of suspicion, and their trials were conducted in the most summary manner. In that respect there is a striking similarity between this epoch and the reign of terror in France.

In 1634 seventeen Pendle-forest witches were condemned in Lancashire, by the infamous contrivances of a boy only eleven years of age and his father. Amongst other charges equally wonderful and miraculous, this little villain deposed that a greyhound was transformed by their agency into "one Dickenson's wife," &c. These poor creatures, however, obtained a reprieve, and were sent to London, where they were first viewed and examined by his majesty's physicians and surgeons, and then by "*his majesty himself and the council*." The result was that the boy's contrivances were exposed and properly punished. In 1664, Alice Hudson, who was burnt at York, said she received money from the devil, ten shillings at a time.

In the same year the most singular trial which has been recorded took place before Chief Justice Hale at Bury-St.-Edmunds. Notwithstanding the acknowledged piety and learning of this eminent character, he was as credulous, and followed as nearly as possible in the footsteps of the most unrelenting of his precursors. I regret I cannot find room for the details of this remarkable trial, which ended in the conviction and execution of Amy Duny and Rose Callender. There were thirteen indictments against the prisoners, which all consisted of charges of the most frivolous

nature ; but Sir T. Browne, of Norwich, decided the matter on being asked for his opinion. Lord Hale would not sum up, but left the case to the jury, praying "that the great God of heaven would direct their hearts in this weighty matter."

Much has been said and written on the possibility of raising his Satanic majesty. However, the potentate is said sometimes to have favoured us mortals with a visit unasked. It is related that Mr. White, of Dorchester, the assessor to the Westminster Assembly, was one night visited by the arch-fiend himself, who met with a reception that must have astonished him in no slight degree. "The devil, in a light night, stood by his bedside. The assessor looked awhile whether he would say or do any thing ; and then said, 'If thou hast nothing to do, I have,' and so turned

himself to sleep." Several erudite scholars have advocated the possibility of raising him ; and Defoe, who has paid more attention to the "devil's circumstances and proceedings with mankind" than any other individual, tries to prove, that "although we can hardly suppose that the master-devil comes himself at the summons of every ugly old woman," yet there are several "emissaries, aids-de-camp, or devil's angels, who come and converse personally with witches, and are ready for their support and assistance on all occasions of business." The story of St. Dunstan conversing with and taking the devil by the nose with a pair of red-hot pincers, is well known in the annals of fame.

I have already exceeded my limits, and must conclude for the present.

VARIETIES.

INDIAN TRADITIONS.

THE Dog-rib Indians, who are derived from the same stock with the Chipewyans, say that, according to the traditions of their fathers, the first man was named Chapewee. He found the world well stocked with food, and he created children, to whom he gave two kinds of fruit, the black and the white, but forbade them to eat the black. Having thus issued his commands for the guidance of his family, he took leave of them for a time, and made a long excursion for the purpose of conducting the sun to the world. During this, his first absence, his children were obedient, and ate only the white fruit, but they consumed it all ; the consequence was, that when he a second time absented himself to bring the moon, and they longed for fruit, they forgot the orders of their father, and ate of the black, which was the only kind remaining. He was much displeased on his return, and told them that in future the earth would produce bad fruits, and that they

would be tormented by sickness and death—penalties which have attached to his descendants to the present day. Chapewee himself lived so long that his throat was worn out, and he could no longer enjoy life ; but he was unable to die, until, at his own request, one of his people drove a beaver-tooth into his head.

WARM CLOTHING.

Our ancestors wore garments formed of materials much better calculated to exclude the effects of damp and cold than we do in modern times. The attire of females in particular consisted principally of woollens, worsted stuffs, and quilted and brocaded silks,—a difference totally opposed to the light and thin draperies of our own fashions. Nor was the clothing of the male part of the community of former years, less adapted for protection from the vicissitudes of the weather. On this subject, Dr. Southey, in his excellent work on Consumption, remarks, that in many parts of Scotland, where con-

sumption is now prevalent, the old people affirm that it was unknown before the warm Scottish plaiding was exchanged for the thin, fine, cold English cloth, and woollen cotton.

THE UNIVERSE IN A NUT-SHELL.

The great Sir Isaac Newton believed that, by sufficient compression, the whole matter of the universe—the solid globe itself—with the sun, planets, and stars, might be brought into a globular space of only one inch in diameter. With all humble deference to the memory of Newton, we venture to think that this is more akin to romance than to philosophy.

SUGAR FROM THE BEET ROOT.

An establishment is now forming, in the neighbourhood of Paris, for the manufacture of this sugar on a very extensive scale. A British gentleman is said to have offered a house called the Chateau d'Ormes, and an immense territory for the culture of the beet. More than sixty establishments are, or soon will be, in activity in all parts of France for this manufacture; and, we believe, from calculations recently made, that the sugar from the beet root, by means of the ameliorations lately introduced in the processes of baking and crystallisation by various manufacturers, particularly by M. Crespel d'Arras, may before long enter into competition even with the sugar of the Indies.

HOW TO SECURE A CUSTOMER.

An English officer, who had fitted up his house at Brussels with showy polished furniture, purchased without judgment at the shops of the *fripriers*, was desirous of having a mangle made on the English construction: a fellow, who had got into his good graces by selling him *bargains*, undertook to make one in a month for 200 francs, about half the price in Oxford-street. "*Je connais bien votre affaire,*" said the unblushing rascal; "*soyez tranquille.*" The period expired, but the machine was not "*tout à fait achevé,*" on account of the negligence of the *serrurier*

who had undertaken the iron-work. This apology was received, and another month allowed; but our amateur found that, from some other cause, it was still unfinished. Chagrined at this second disappointment, he insisted upon seeing what progress had been made: when the rogue found that he could no longer carry on the delusion, he said with great *sang froid*, "*Mais, Monsieur, qu'est ce qu'un mango? Je n'en ai jamais vu!*" "But what induced you," replied our countryman, "to pretend to make a machine that you had never seen?" "*Ah! ma foi,*" said he, "we Flemings will undertake any thing; and though I could not make a *mango*, yet I thought you might occasionally visit my *magazin*, while you imagined it was in hand, and buy some other articles. I hope you will excuse this little *ruse*—*c'est notre maniere!*"

FASCINATING POWER OF CATS.

The fascination of serpents is beyond a doubt, though it is often disbelieved by those who are afraid of obtaining a reputation for credulity, and who delight to feed their vanity by rejecting opinions that are deemed vulgar or common. The celebrated Montaigne was not a person who could be accused of credulity, and he informs us, that near his house, a cat was observed, watching a bird at the top of a tree. For some time they mutually fastened their eyes on each other, and at length the bird let itself fall as if dead into the cat's claws;—either, he remarks, being dazzled by the force of terror, or by some unknown attractive power in the cat.

THE MONKEY.

The Monkey has not had justice done him; for what right have you to judge of a whole people, from a few isolated individuals,—and from a few isolated individuals, too, running up poles with a chain round their waist, twenty times the length of their own tail, or grinning in ones or twos through the bars of a cage in a menagerie? His eyes are red with perpetual weeping—and his smile is sar-

donic in captivity. His fur is mouldy and mangy, and he is manifestly ashamed of his tail, prehensile no more—and of his paws, “very hands as you may say,” miserable matches to his miserable feet. To know him as he is, you must go to Senegal; or if that be too far off for a trip during the summer vacation, to the Rock of Gebir, now called Gibraltar, and see him at his gambols among the cliffs. Sailor nor slater would have a chance with him there, standing on his head on a ledge of six inches, five hundred feet above the level of the sea, without ever so much as once tumbling down; or hanging at the same height from a bush by the tail, to dry, or air, or sun himself, as if he were flower or fruit. There he is, a monkey indeed: but you catch him young, clap a pair of breeches on him, and an old red jacket, and oblige him to dance a sara-band on the stones of a street, or perch upon the shoulder of Brain, equally out of his natural element, which is a cave among the woods. Here he is but the Ape of a Monkey. Now if we were to catch you young, good subscriber or contributor, yourself, and put you into a cage to crack nuts and pull ugly faces, although you might, from continued practice, do both to perfection, at a shilling-ahead for grown up ladies and gentlemen, and sixpence for children and servants, and even at a lower rate after the collection had been some weeks in town, would you not think it exceedingly hard to be judged of in that one of your predicaments, not only individually, but nationally,—that is, not only as Ben Hoppus, your own name, but as John Bull, the name of the people of which you are an incarcerated specimen? You would keep incessantly crying out against this with angry vociferation, as a most unwarrantable and unjust Test and Corporation Act. And, no doubt, were an Ourang-outang to see you in such a situation, he would not only form a most mean opinion of you as an individual, but go away with a most false impression of the whole human race.

AGE OF TREES.

In cold climates, the age of trees may be known by counting the circles which appear upon making a transverse section. In warm climates, this cannot be done, for there the tree is *always* growing, and is not, as in cold countries, interrupted in its vegetation by the cold of winter. We may even, indeed, distinguish hard winters, by the appearance of the circular layers, which are also generally found to be thicker on the south than on the north side. Linnæus counted no less than 300 layers in a common oak, (*Quercus robur*.) In the fir, (*Pinus sylvestris*,) 400 have been counted. If the tradition is to be believed that the Scots patriot, Wallace, planted at Ellerslie, in Renfrewshire, the oak which bears his name, it ought to exhibit more than 500 layers; but we think it extremely doubtful whether any trees were planted in Scotland during so turbulent a period. In old trees, there are often hollows which prevent the counting of the layers.

IMPROVED PEDOMETER.

Mr. Harris, the ingenious optician of Holborn, has constructed a pedometer on an improved principle. The apparatus is contrived to indicate the distance travelled on the principle of registering the number of steps. The box containing the wheel-work, is made of the size of a watch-case, and goes into the fob or breeches pocket; and by means of a brass lever fastened to the thigh, the number of steps which the wearer takes in his regular paces are registered from the action of the lever upon the internal wheel-work at every step, to the amount of 30,000. It is necessary, to ascertain the distance walked, that the average length of one pace be previously known; and that multiplied by the number of steps registered on the dial-plate, will give the distance required.

By a similar apparatus, called a *way-wiser*, attached to the wheel of a carriage, the distance travelled may be accurately ascertained.





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